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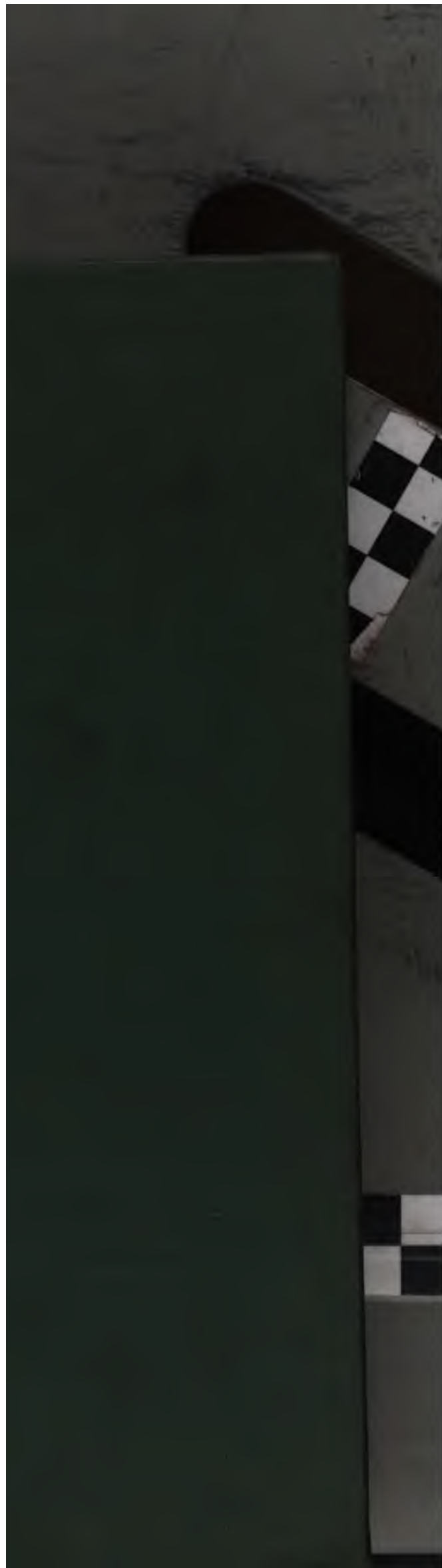
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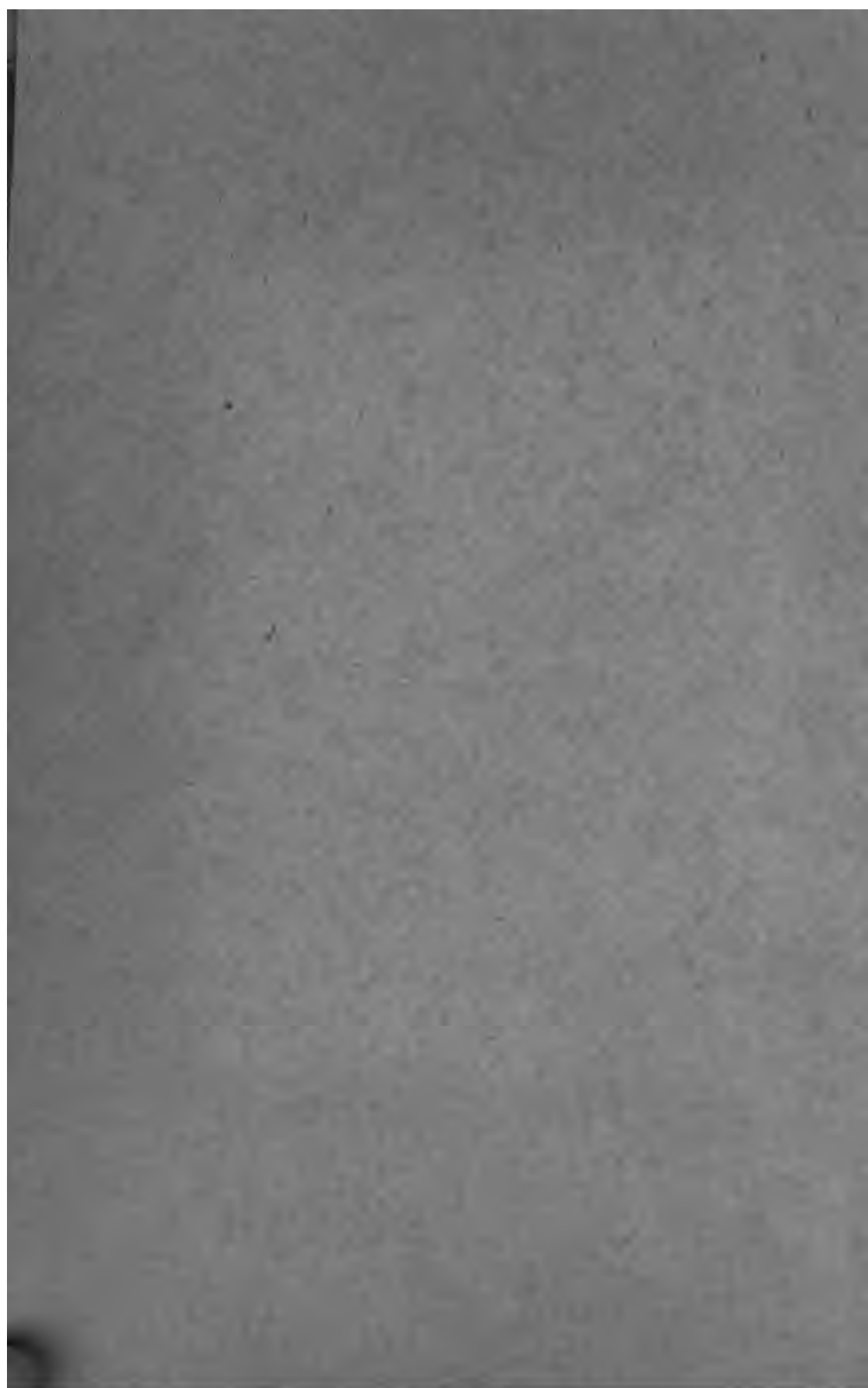




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THE INLANDER

A LITERARY MAGAZINE BY THE STUDENTS
OF THE UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

FOUNDED BY THE LITERARY CLASS OF 1891

VOLUME XIV

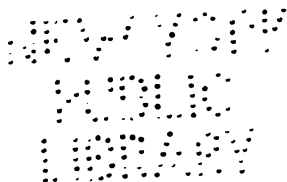


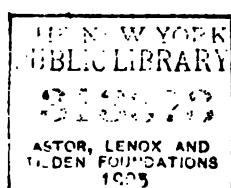
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INDEX

TO

THE INLANDER

VOLUME XIV

ACROSS THE NIGHT (<i>Poem</i>)	Mary Lowell	169
ACROSTIC SONNET, AN	W. D. Russell	66
ASS'S HEAD	33, 85, 132, 182, 230, 269, 312, 351, 395	
AT SEA (<i>Poem</i>)	Ruth Dutcher	164
BALLAD OF EAST AND WEST, A	E. W. Waldron	214
BLOODSTONE, THE	E. W. Waldron	112
BOOKS	50, 141, 187, 277, 319, 398, 419	
BROWN, J. B., MISFIT	Avery Hopwood	327
CHANGES IN FOOTBALL RULES	Charles Baird	32
CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE	Ruth Dutcher	407
CLASS ROOM TRAGEDY, A	R. B.	131
CONCERNING ART AND OURSELVES	Edith L. DeLong	67
CRY IN THE NIGHT, A (<i>Poem</i>)	Mary Lowell	218
DAVIDSON, JOHN—POET; A FRAGMENT	R. M. Wenley	2
ENROUTE (<i>Poem</i>)	Richard Kirk	326
EVAN CUMMINGS' COURTSHIP	Stanley Waterloo	33
FACING THEIR BACK YARD	Mabel Holmes Parsons	384
FATE (<i>Poem</i>)	D. M. Norris	62
FISH STORY, A	Wm. C. Sanford	412
FOG, THE	H. P. Rowe	294
FOOTBALL GAME, THE	Ruth Dutcher	127
FRESH SPRING (<i>Verse</i>)	L. C. Hull, Jr.	383
FRAGMENT, A (<i>blank verse</i>)	D. M. N.	154
GOD BLESS YOU (<i>Poem</i>)	W. D. Russell	311
HIS FIRST CASE	I. M. B.	415
HOLE'S CANTERBURY PILGRIMS	Eva M. Kinney	261
HARVARD UNION, THE	J. S. P. Tatlock	323
HOUSE ON THE HILL, THE	G. M. Johnson	63
IF I WERE BRAVE (<i>Poem</i>)	Mary Lowell	160
ILLUSTRATION AND THE NEWSPAPER	W. B. Shaw	219
IN MEMORIAM	C. S. Denison	108
INTERVIEW WITH MINNIE MADDERN FISKE, THE	G. M. Johnson	377
INTO THE SUNSET	E. W. Waldron	296
INVITATION, AN	L. M. Perez	168
JOURNALISM AND LITERATURE	J. J. Krouser	118
KIPLING, PROPHET	C. B. Morrill	171

MY CIGARETTE (<i>Verse</i>).....	Harry R. Trusler.....	387
MRS. FISKE IN "HEDDA GABLER".....	Wilkie N. Collins.....	380
MAIN POINT, THE (<i>Poem</i>).....	Outlander.....	126
MAKING OF THE ARTICLES OF CONFEDERATION, THE.....	J. J. Krouser.....	193
"MAN IS DEBTOR TO HIS OWN DEFECTS, A".....	W. C. Packard.....	265
MAN WITH THE WAY OF THE BEAR, THE (<i>Poem</i>).....	Edmund Sawtelle.....	129
MASK, THE.....	E. W. Waldron.....	14
MCLAUGHLIN, ANDREW C.....	E. W. Dow.....	1
MECHEM, FLOYD R.....	V. H. Lane.....	51
MOOD, A (<i>Poem</i>).....		246
MUCKER, THE.....	G. M. Johnson.....	263
MUTINY AT CATABANGO.....	A. C. Pound.....	402
NEW ENGLAND PURITANISM AND CULTURE.....	George Rebec.....	52
NIGHT WIND, THE (<i>verse</i>).....	Thomas Mailland Marshall.....	401
ON A RAINY EVENING.....	H. S. S.....	215
OUT OF THE NORTH.....	H. P. Rowe.....	157
PINE AND THE PALM, (THE <i>Poem</i>).....	L. C. Hull, Jr.....	111
POEMS FROM THE SPANISH OF CAMPOAMOR.....	F. B. Marsh.....	105
POLLOCK, SIR FREDERICK.....	A. L. Cross.....	95
PROUD PRINCE, THE.....	D. C. Stuart.....	80
REAL AMERICAN REVOLUTION, THE.....	C. H. VanTyne.....	22
RELAY, THE.....	H. P. Rowe.....	341
RESOLUTIONS.....		109
REVIEW OF THE FOOTBALL SEASON.....	J. B. Roberts.....	161
RICH MAN, POOR MAN, BEGGAR MAN, THIEF.....	E. S.....	82
R. L. STEVENSON AND THE VIRGINIBUS PUEBISQUE		
ESSAYS.....	C. P.....	388
SCRUPLES OF OLCOTT.....	J. A.....	74
SOMEBODY (<i>Poem</i>).....		340
SOME FRESHMAN ALLEGORIES.....		266
SONG (<i>Poem</i>).....		21
SONNET.....	Scott Moncrieff.....	79
SONNET.....	I. A. J.....	305
SPENCER, HERBERT.....	L. M. Perez.....	241
STORY FOR THE MAIL EDITION.....	F. G. Kane.....	306
SUDERMANN, HERMANN.....	W. W. Florer.....	283
TABLES TURNED, THE.....	Florence E. Burton.....	165
TAFT, JONATHAN.....	W. H. Jackson.....	110
THEATRE, THE.....	J. R. Effinger.....	363
THERE IS NO WINTER (<i>Poem</i>).....	Richard Kirk.....	229
'TIS SPRING (<i>Poem</i>).....	M. H. P.....	295
TO A FRIEND (<i>Poem</i>).....	Mabel H. Parsons.....	170
TRANSLATIONS (<i>Poems</i>).....	Maude C. Perry.....	257
TRUTH DISCREET (<i>Poem</i>).....	Richard Kirk.....	78
TWO ENGAGEMENTS.....	E. J.....	247
UNREST (<i>Poem</i>).....	G. M. J.....	104
UNREST (<i>Poem</i>).....	M. H. P.....	350
WHY.....	Mabel H. Parsons.....	125
WHOLE WAY, THE.....	Avery Hopwood.....	125
WISDOM (<i>Verse</i>).....	Richard Kirk.....	376
WIND IS WILD, THE (<i>Poem</i>).....	E. W. Waldron.....	31
WORD ON FORESTRY, A.....	Filibert Roth.....	147





THE INLANDER

A Monthly Magazine by the Students of Michigan University

ANDREW CUNNINGHAM McLAUGHLIN

E. W. DOW

PROFESSOR ANDREW C. McLAUGHLIN has gone to Washington to be director of historical studies for the Carnegie Institution. A graduate of the University in the class of 1882 and the law class of 1884, and a member of the faculty since 1886, for almost twenty-five years, he has taken an active part in the life on our campus. During this time he has gained many friends, taken a high place among his associates, won the respect and confidence of scholars, and attached to him unnumbered students. All wish him now still further weal; but we who have been in his classes would take the occasion to say a brief word more. He has lead us in these years on high, fine ways; requiring much of us, but with sympathy, and judgment. With appreciative, virile knowledge, he has shown us the springs and course of American history, and given us an example of sane scholarship. He has besides quickened our ideals, and inspired us with something of his sincerity, love of truth, and sense of right. An honor to himself as to us, we heartily commend him to others. He will come to Ann Arbor in the course of the year to give some lectures on constitutional questions of the period from 1765 to 1790; and we maintain the hope that he may yet decide after a year, or two years at most, to return permanently to Michigan.

JOHN DAVIDSON—POET; A FRAGMENT

R. M. WENLEY

LIKE many of his countrymen who have filled a large place, Davidson was not born in the purple. His father was a minister, belonging to one of the poorest and least considered dissenting sects. The environment and opportunities peculiar to the Evangelical Union manse in the Glasgow suburban village, Barrhead, saluted his birth, during the spring of 1857. What his boyish days were the record does not tell. He received his schooling at the Highlanders' Academy—one of those nondescript schools, part grade and a tiny part classical, still not uncommon in Scotland—at Greenock, the seaport town of Glasgow, reeking with the smoke and smell of many sugar refineries, ringing to the clang of the rivet-hammer swung in the shipyards. At thirteen he faced the music of the battle of life, so that his formal training could not have proceeded very far. For two years he worked as a bottle-washer in the chemical laboratories attached to the refineries. Then, from 1872-76, he served as a pupil-teacher—a kind of educational bottle-washer—in the Board or grade schools of Greenock. Later, at Glasgow, he taught in an excellent preparatory school; and while he held this appointment, I made a passing acquaintance with him in the English literature class of the university, then under the guidance of the fiery and eloquent Nichol. Several of my fellow-students knew him more intimately and from them I learned something of his aspirations and early achievements. I think the year was 1879. The teacher's career was to continue for some years, and the crisis of his life did not arrive till 1890 when, practically friendless, he plunged into the seething mälstrom of London, which has time and again swept off into undeserved oblivion Scots too good to disappear in its ravenous

JOHN DAVIDSON POET

maw. The struggles that drive the iron into a man's soul, but bring grist to his intellect, pressed full heavy now, as even a cursory reading of the poems tells. Journalism staved starvation off—the tang of his style reveals as much. By 1894 the force of the man's personality began to attract notice, and by 1896 he had won his way to Parnassus' brink.

It is significant that Davidson's successful assault upon an indifferent public synchronizes with the rise of Kipling, the recognition of Henley—whose recent loss all deplore, the appearance of Francis Thompson, and the beginning, if no more, of Stephen Phillips; significant, because, all things considered, outside this small group no one writing poetry today in the English tongue merits more than casual notice. Opinions may clash, and reasonably, with respect to the comparative merits of these poets, and, on the whole, we stand too near them to compass final judgment. Nevertheless, no one can question the conclusion that Henley, Kipling and Davidson bear the palm for originality. In a word, more than the others they speak for themselves, no echoes can be traced in their best productions. And thereby hangs a tale.

By 1870 the great ornaments of Victorian poetry had accomplished their mission. *Place aux dames*, Mrs. Browning's reputation had rested secure for more than a decade, and the eclipse to be undergone by George Eliot was not even foreseen. Browning's best work had been before the public for fifteen years, and his masterpiece was published in 1869. Although still a voice crying in the wilderness, he was then on the eve of that tidal recognition which may be called *the* literary phenomenon of the ebb period from 1870 to 1890 or a little later. "In Memoriam" had weathered criticism for twenty years, and "The Idylls of the King" were receiving final revision. "The Stealthy School of Criticism," that terrific reply to attacks upon Rossetti, was printed in *The Athenaeum* of December 16th, 1871. By

JOHN DAVIDSON—

1865, Matthew Arnold had earned applause for the prose achievements, his refuge, as with Scott before him, on finding himself worsted in poetry by a younger lyricist. So, too, "Jason" (1865) was soon to be followed by "The Earthly Paradise" (1868). William Morris' last significant contribution to poetry ere he was sucked into the backwaters of socialism. "Atalanta in Calydon," "Chastelard," "Mary Stuart," "Poem and Ballads" date from the sixties and, all in all, Swinburne's best work ends with the "Songs before Sunrise" (1871). After this date, the vitality of the elder masters disappears never to return save in the swan-songs of Browning and Tennyson. Browning's philosophical excursions, Tennyson's dramas more valuable than many critics suppose, William Morris' translations, Swinburne's ductile verse and superductile prose, not to mention Arnold's services to criticism and to the educational system of his country, tell nothing new, bear no sort of message from out the seething heart of things. Thus, for twenty years, Britain and the United States fed on gleanings guaranteed by great names. Of fresh inspiration, voicing the spirit of the ascending generation, there is little or none. Utilitarianism enthroned in high places, commercialism engrossing the best minds and most strenuous characters, expansion whirling off the strongest and most venturesome natures, a ceaseless hurry afflicting all, were hardly favorable to creative effort in art. And, when the new poets do come, it is inevitably to strike a new note, to sound it in and to a new environment. Blamed for lack of style, Henley and Kipling and Davidson really revel in the single kind of verse their age has permitted them. Their limitation it may be; it is also their glory, their glad hand stretched to proffered opportunity.

Proceeding to particulars now, note, first, Davidson's modernity—a horrid word, I admit, but adopted for lack of better. All that Tennyson flouted in "Locksley Hall Sixty Years After" Davidson understands, penetrates to its essence,

POET; A FRAGMENT

and sets forth in form fit for the virile of his generation. The old theology has gone by the board incontinently, as many feel more or less vaguely. The poet snatches the central truth from encircling chaos, and at a lambent stroke makes all clear. He draws the conclusions already involved in the premises of "In Memoriam," the laureate's unconsciousness notwithstanding. The tremendous conception of the progressiveness of deity, a necessary accompaniment of the evolutionary view of the universe, comes to its own.

"But God has no machine
For punching perfect worlds from cakes of chaos.
He works but as He can;
God is an artist, not an artisan.
Darkly imagining,
With ice and fire and storm,
With floods and earthquake-shocks,
He gave our sphere its form.
The meaning of His work
Grew as He wrought.
In creases of the mud, in cooling rocks
He saw ideas lurk—
Mountains and streams.
Of life the passionate thought
Haunted His dreams.
At last He tried to do
The thing He dreamt.
With plasm in throbbing motes,
With moss and ferns and giant beasts unkempt
He laboured long, until at length He seemed
To breathe out being. Flowers and forests grew
Like magic at His word: mountain and plain,
Jungle and sea and waste,
With miracles of strength and beauty teemed:
In every drop and every grain,
Each speck and stain,
Was some new being placed,
Minute or viewless. Then was He aghast,

JOHN DAVIDSON—

And all His passion to create grew tame;
For life batted on life. He thought
To shatter all; but in a space
He loved his work again and sought
To crown it with a sovereign grace;
And soon the great idea came.
'If I could give my work a mind;
If I could make it comprehend
How wondrously it is designed;
Enable it with head and heart
To mould itself to some accomplished end—
That were indeed transcendent art.'
Trembling with ecstasy He then made man,
To be the world's atonement and its prince.
And in the world God has done nothing since:
He keeps not tinkering at a finished plan:
He is an artist, not an artisan."

Similarly, the poet often alights upon *the* contradictions characteristic of modern life and thought. Sometimes, especially in his early periods, he thinks Nature careless of the single life; again, and the more frequently the more he masters his own power, he insists upon the value of the lone individual, who never can be lonely. This latter mood is so much the more prevalent that the poem "Earth to Earth," in *The Last Ballad* might well stand for Davidson's motto.

"Where the region grows without a lord,
Between the thickets emerald-stoled,
In the woodland bottom the virgin sward,
The cream of the earth, through depths of mold
O'erflowing wells from secret cells,
While the moon and the sun keep watch and ward,
And the ancient world is never old.

Here, alone, by the grass-green hearth
Tarry a little: the mood will come!
Feel your body a part of earth;
Rest and quicken your thought at home;

POET; A FRAGMENT

Take your ease with the brooding trees;
Join in their deep-down silent mirth
The crumbling rock and the fertile loam.

Listen and watch! The wind will sing;
And the day go out by the western gate;
And night come up on her darkling wing;
And stars with flaming torches wait.
Listen and see! And love and be
The day and the night and the world-wide thing
Of strength and hope you contemplate.

No lofty Patron of Nature! No;
Nor a callous devotee of Art!
But the friend and the mate of the high and the low,
And the pal to take the vermin's part,
In the grey earth of your brain aglow
With the red earth burning in your heart."

The poems printed at the end of this book are full of the contradiction between the strength of man and his abundant weakness. The theme is treated with remarkable insight in the closing dialogue between Artist and Votary. The problem, mark, is yours and mine, no less than the poet's; and he so wins upon us that we see our own situation limned unmistakably, and learn somewhat of its baffling factors. No solution is forthcoming, for this does not belong to poetry. But we seize, and are seized by the enigma, willy-nilly—a better kind of solution, be it remembered, than that borne by many abstract ideas scintillating doubtfully.

While such changes, and others similar—on which space forbids me to dwell—have transformed our spiritual world from the likeness of that wherein our immediate fathers dwelt, our material environment, also, has not remained all it was fifty years ago. Whether set on an hill or no, cities have not been hid. Their growth, and double growth, and spill over constitute one of the most significant phenomena, and therefore one of

JOHN DAVIDSON—

the profoundest problems, of the time. When, Cowper said, God made the country, man made the town, he uttered he knew not what, assuredly something very far from his intention. The subtle sorcery of the city has attracted much, mayhap too much, of our best blood and brain—often to lead them a hell's-dance down to bootless ruin. But the sorcery is so subtle, so uncomprehended in its complexity, that, to this point, poets have failed to perceive its charm, to alight upon its artistic possibilities. Probably the hour of

“The million-peopled lanes and alleys”

has not yet struck; that it is nigh at hand admits of not the slightest doubt. But Davidson's eye looks out as well as in, and so we have fine efforts suggested by

“Prosperity's accustomed foil,
Millions of useless souls.”

In this connection, too, he touches the seamy side of life, thus exploiting that artistic enfranchisement, won by the so-called realists, and recognizing the revolution wrought by them as similar to that brought on by the romantic explosion at the beginning of the century. He is one of the very, very few to see that, at bottom, romanticism and realism are identical. To this order belong “The Excursion from Houndsditch,” “London,” “The Street Piano,” and much that informs the *Fleet Street Eclogues*. While “The Excursion from Houndsditch” ranks masterpiece in this line, “Thirty Bob a Week” is more completely characteristic of the enfranchisement mentioned. It represents the attitude wherein the kid-gloved critic, who usually belongs to the generation left behind by the poet, sees naught but flat blasphemy. Here we have a distinct infusion of autobiography—insistence on the strength of a man, even if overborne midmost contemporary urban conditions; and, as to form, the license of the latter-day writer—his strenuous egoism,

POET; A FRAGMENT

his riant confidence, his break with every kind of consecrated convention in art, so be that he intimate his message. For the sake of truth and insight, not in obedience to prejudice, one is glad to notice that this rules most in the early poems; for, later, it commonly finds a larger setting, so that it appears rather as an incident—which it is—than as a dirty corner magnified into the universe. The squalor, the disease, the sorrow, the hopelessness are indeed there, and even the poet dare not burk them, because they hint of deeper, less dreary things; causes which, once understood, may be controlled to heavy discounting of the awful price now paid for our vaunted civilization. As the poet sees, give the slum-stricken soul but a shred of encouragement to tend his innate humanity, and the man will out. Being human, he awaits a new Baptist, skilled to read the signs of that ever dread time, the present, and a new Christ, so convinced as to translate into practice the formless warnings of his forerunner, even at the uttermost cost.

"Come down from where you sit;
We look to you for aid.
Take us from the miry pit,
And lead us undismayed:
Say, 'Even you, outcast, unfit,
Forward with sword and spade!'
And myriads of us idle
Would thank you through our tears,
Though you drove us with a bridle,
And a whip about our ears!
.
You might try to understand us;
We are waiting night and day
For a captain to command us,
And the word we must obey.

But, when all is said and done, Davidson stands forth at his strongest, his most overwhelming, his most triumphant, in the *Ballads*. "Alice," "The Gleeman," "Thomas the Rhymer,"

JOHN DAVIDSON—

"Anselm and Bianca;" in another manner, "John Baliol at Stracathro;" then "The Last Ballad," the tremendous autobiography, "The Ballad of the Making of a Poet," "A Ballad of Heaven," "A Ballad of Hell," "The Ballad of a Nun," almost in ascending series, speak to you, to me, the author's contemporaries, brain to brain, heart to heart. Involuntarily we are wrought upon, wrought with, and exclaim triumphantly, although with no sense of triumph, with another living Scottish poet:

"Now has the passion of my soul
Embraced the passion of my blood
And both together onward roll
One river in a crimson flood."

We acclaim this man "head of all *our* quire," because, being of our circle, he speaks forthright assurance and solace to each one of us apart. The poets are not dead, and we have ours. We listen to the following, as men must listen when set tingling with the sensations peculiar to moments when they know the awe and the joy of great poetry face to face.

A BALLAD OF HEAVEN

"He wrought at one great work for years;
The world passed by with lofty look:
Sometimes his eyes were dashed with tears;
Sometimes his lips with laughter shook.

His wife and child went clothed in rags,
And in a windy garret starved:
He trod his measures on the flags,
And high on heaven his music carved.

Wistful he grew but never feared;
For always on the midnight skies
His rich orchestral score appeared
In stars and zones and galaxies.

POET; A FRAGMENT

He thought to copy down his score:
The moonlight was his lamp: he said,
'Listen, my love;' but on the floor
His wife and child were lying dead.

Her hollow eyes were open wide;
He deemed she heard with special zest:
Her death's-head infant coldly eyed
The desert of her shrunken breast.

'Listen, my love: my work is done;
I tremble as I touch the page
To sign the sentence of the sun
And crown the great eternal age.

'The slow adagio begins;
The winding-sheets are ravelled out
That swathe the minds of men, the sins
That wrap their rotting souls about.

'The dead are heralded along;
With silver trumps and golden drums,
And flutes and oboes, keen and strong,
My brave andante singing comes.

'Then like a python's sumptuous dress
The frame of things is cast away,
And out of Time's obscure distress,
The thundering scherzo crashes Day.

'For three great orchestras I hope
My mighty music shall be scored:
On three high hills they shall have scope
With heaven's vault for sounding-board.

'Sleep well, love; let your eyelids fall;
Cover the child; good night, and if—
What? Speak—the traitorous end of all!
Both—cold and hungry—cold and stiff!

'But no, God means us well, I trust:
Dear ones, be happy, hope is nigh:
We are too young to fall to dust,
And too unsatisfied to die.'

JOHN DAVIDSON—

He lifted up against his breast
The woman's body stark and wan:
And to her withered bosom pressed
The little skin-clad skeleton.

'You see you are alive,' he cried.
He rocked them gently to and fro.
'No, no, my love, you have not died;
Nor you, my little fellow; no.'

Long in his arms he strained his dead
And crooned an antique lullaby;
Then laid them on the lowly bed,
And broke down with a doleful cry.

'The love, the hope, the blood, the brain,
Of her and me, the budding life,
And my great music—all in vain!
My unscored work, my child, my wife!

'We drop into oblivion,
And nourish some suburban sod:
My work, this woman, this my son,
Are now no more: there is no God.

'The world's a dustbin; we are due,
And death's cart waits: be life accurst!'
He stumbled down beside the two,
And clasping them, his great heart burst.

Straightway he stood at heaven's gate,
Abashed and trembling for his sin;
I trow he had not long to wait,
For God came out and led him in.

And then there ran a radiant pair,
Ruddy with haste and eager-eyed
To meet him first upon the stair—
His wife and child beatified.

They clad him in a robe of light,
And gave him heavenly food to eat;
Great seraphs praised him to the height,
Archangels sat about his feet.

POET; A FRAGMENT

God, smiling, took him by the hand,
And led him to the brink of heaven:
He saw where systems whirling stand,
Where galaxies like snow are driven.

Dead silence reigned; a shudder ran
Through space; Time furled his weary wings;
A slow adagio then began
Sweetly resolving troubled things.

The dead were heralded along:
As if with trumps and drums of flame,
And flutes and oboes keen and strong,
A brave andante singing came.

Then like a python's sumptuous dress
The frame of things was cast away,
And out of Time's obscure distress
The conquering scherzo thundered Day.

He doubted; but God said 'Even so;
Nothing is lost that's wrought with tears;
The music that you made below
Is now the music of the spheres.' "

Little wonder that this man has won his way to recognition as a "type of the younger generation which is knocking at the door, and will assuredly vivify us with the breath of its new life and the ardour of its new song." If there be a truer poet in the English world today, let him stand forth! God knows our need is unfathomable, and our cry goes up for guides

"To the hush of our dread high-altars
Where the Abbey makes us We."

THE MASK

ETHELBERT W. WALDRON

THE door at the end of the corridor was ajar an inch. Creath struck his knuckles on the casing. There was a tiny brass palette nailed to a panel of the door, and the words FELKER—ARTIST lettered across it stared at his. As he waited, his eyes on the brass palette, he began to remember he had seen one like it fastened to the casing at the street-door downstairs.

Creath knocked again. There was a movement inside, a metallic click, a footfall.

"Come!"

Creath pushed into the room. It was bare and small. A man was standing in a door facing the one he came in through.

"I came down to visit you, Mr. Felker," Creath began, moving across the floor and holding out his hand.

The man shuffled forward reluctantly and lifted his hand, limp and soft-skinned. His face was thin and colorless, netted with wrinkles, that converged from every direction toward his eyes, immense eyes, gray and dull.

"Yes—," he said tentatively, his eyes on the window, and for a breath Creath was sorry he had come.

"Yes," the voice crept on, "I am glad you came. Come in."

He brushed back the brown chenille curtain. Creath had to duck his head a little to get under the curtain-pole.

"Hah!" The syllable got between his lips involuntarily. The room was strange, striking, different from his image of it. Long and somewhat narrow, two high windows looked down on the street through the outer wall. The walls were crowded, almost hidden, by unframed pictures,—immense ragged charcoals, pale stipples, overlapping, pinned one upon the other.

THE MASK

There was a book-case between the windows, its shelves well filled. The far end of the room was shrouded, top to bottom, by a deep red curtain. In front of the curtain stood a photographer's camera, half open. There was a small box-stove in the corner near the door, bursting with heat.

"Sit down, Mr. —"

"Creath."

"Sit down, Mr. Creath. You're rooming above? I think I've seen you on the stairs." The man pointed out a chair. "I can't talk just now. You can watch me."

Creath was across the room, examining a charcoal.

The man shuffled back to the table that was shoved close to the window. Creath drew back from the wall, his eyes drinking in the pictures. Upstairs there was only blank plaster and the sooty roofs. He moved toward the window then, and stood looking down at the man, watching his deft fingers.

"Why," he exclaimed suddenly, seeing what the man was doing, "why, this is beautiful!"

The man was binding a book, sewing through and through the back, with a broad-headed needle and a linen thread. The binding was limp amber leather. The pages of the book were thick and rough-edged, and the numerals of the chapters were lettered in purple in each margin lengthwise. The book was William Morris's "The Wood Beyond the World."

"I'm a photographer," the man said, looking up, at Creath's ejaculation, his risible muscle twitching. He put down his head again, working silently. Then, jerking the thread tight, he flung down the needle. "I don't have an extremely rushing trade, though; I don't encourage one. Business straggles in somehow. I get away with the rest of the time, like this, and that." nodding to the pictures.

Creath stared around the room, a little puzzled. There was not a photograph in sight.

"Hah!" the man cried out, reading him, his dull eyes lighting an instant. "You don't see any photographs? Nor any sky-light? Those are notions of my own. I don't stick my business in people's faces, and I can do better without a sky-light. Look here; stand back a little."

He stepped in front of the window. Creath moved back a few feet, looking at him. The gray light of the late afternoon lay on the older man's face, throwing it into light and shadow.

"How are you going to get your character out of a picture," the photographer ran on, his eyes bright again, "if you don't do it this way? Suppose I stood under a sky-light,—where would the light and shadow be, where would the character-lines be? There wouldn't be any shadow in the face. It would be all smooth, and dough-colored, and pretty,—but not true. Sit down here; look at some of my results." He pulled another chair into the window-light. He and Creath sat down, facing, and the photographer opened a drawer of the table beside them, lifting out a thick sheaf of pictures. He shuffled them through Creath's hands, commenting on them rapidly.

Creath sat spell-bound, feasting his eyes on the photographs, trying to detain them in his fingers. They were so strange, so different from anything he had ever seen. Faces of men and women, strange Rembrandesque faces, looked at him from black backgrounds, soft gray light picking out the facial lines. The prints were all square, pasted on immense rough-edged cards.

"I work on suggestion. You throw an ordinary photograph down after a glance at it, because you have seen it all. Here only the character-lines show; you have to study it out, and at the end there's always something left for the imagination. I try to catch people as they are. Every man, when he gets up in the morning and goes into the street, puts on his mask. Usually he wears it till bed-time, meets strangers with it, does business with it on. Sometimes, though, he drops it, maybe in a

MASK

fit of anger, or enthusiasm, or when he catches sight of an old friend, or thinks no one is watching him. Under every man's mask you can read his personality; catch it at twenty, it's there at forty. The real face never changes. Then is when I get my pictures, when the mask is off." Creath sat still, his eyes on the photographs, revelling in their sombre beauty.

"And you?" the photographer said suddenly.

"I?" started from Creath. He laughed, a little bitterly. "I'm a common type—a scribbler. I came up from Lengsville two weeks ago. I had a job on a sheet there. I've been to every paper in the city; I can't get anything to do, though. They all say they'll talk to any man who can do something new, who can bring in things nobody else knows. But, I can't—I hardly thought it would be like—like it is. A man said to me this morning, 'If you can do something on this, I'll give you a basis.' If I could do something like that, you see, it would give me a hold, a start. Down there it was slow, and wretched. I was there three years; mean work too, and not a chance of getting up. I saved a hundred dollars, and dropped it. The hundred is about gone."

"Is that all?" the photographer asked.

"No," Creath answered, "not quite all. I had some stories and—and some verses. I have them yet."

Suddenly, as Creath sat still, brooding on the hard reality, he fancied he heard a sound, a movement, somewhere in the room.

The photographer shoved his chair back abruptly, muttering an apology. The pictures slid from his lap to the floor.

Creath twisted his head, and he saw the man glide down the shadowing room toward the red curtain. He caught it up from the floor in the middle then, and ducked under it. There was a door behind the red curtain.

Creath stooped to the floor, shuffling his fingers among the

scattered photographs. All in a breath, then, his fingers stiffened. The picture that came to the top was one that he had not seen. He straightened slowly and moved to the window, staring at it. Then his hands slid to his hips. He stood motionless, looking out into the graying street. In the lower right corner of each photograph was scrawled the date of the sitting. This one was dated *the day before yesterday!*

Creath started, his pulse leaping, for the photographer stood at his elbow. He held the picture up. His voice almost failed him.

"Who is this a picture of?" he faltered.

The man's eyes, dull and immense, brooded on the sombre face, set on the white expanse of card.

"That is a picture of my son. He is here, now. He had been gone eight years, since ninety-four. I had not seen him since then. He has changed. He has met—I think he has been unfortunate. He is sick now,—today. But I do not think it is anything serious. I think he is worn out by something."

A thought flashed upon Creath—the sound, the door behind the red curtain.

"I am sorry," he said to the man, trying to steady himself. "I hope he will be better. And the picture—the picture is wonderful." He moved into the room, and laid the picture on the table. "I believe I must go now, Mr. Felker. I have troubled you too long. And I have something to see to before evening."

Protesting politely, the man held the chenille curtain back for him, and went with him to the outer door.

It was dark in the corridor, and Creath had to explore cautiously for the stair-rail. He reached the bottom somehow, and got the street-door open and closed it after him. His cheeks were burning; the outdoor air was strangely cold.

He wavered an instant at the bottom of the steps, almost deciding to go back for his overcoat. But no; it would take

MASK

time. Pushing his hands into his pockets, he strode off rapidly. At the end of the next block he knew a short-cut,—crossing the street diagonally into an alley, down that to a court, then down another alleyway that elbowed abruptly into a thoroughfare, already ablaze with light, clamorous with the business of the late winter afternoon. He pressed into the crowd feverishly, block after block, always denser, busier, more tumultuous. Then the portal of the *Star* building loomed over the heads of the throng. Elbowing out of it, Creath ran up the steps. He was inside then, his shoes ringing on the tiles of the corridor. One of the elevator-cages stood open, waiting; he stumbled into it, and the gate clashed.

He was the only passenger. "Four!" he said sharply, when two floors had shot past. The gate clashed again, he strode across the corridor, into a great room, filled with desks, at some of which men sat writing hurriedly by the light of shaded electric globes. The floor, the desks—everything was strewn with paper, newspapers, half newspapers, sheets of copy.

At the end of an alley between the lines of lights was the city editor, a dark undersized man, striding up and down in front of his desk, both hands full of papers. He nodded to Creath, but he was gone immediately, talking rapidly with some one at the telephone; the next moment he was back, shouting orders into the speaking-tube; then he called to a man at one of the desks. Creath waited, it seemed to him, interminably. His eyes wandered across the desk at his elbow, and suddenly they fell on the corner of a photograph, protruding from the litter of paper. He drew it out, studying it for a moment. No, there could be no doubt.

The editor came back to the desk, jammed some sheets upon a spindle, and sat down, shoving back the mass of paper.

"You were here this morning?" he said, not looking up, his fingers rustling in the sheets. Then, suddenly, he saw what Creath had in his hand.

"You have got something on that?" he asked sharply. Throwing out his arm, he pulled a chair near to his. "Sit down here. Tell me what you have found."

"Yes," said Creath, sitting down, "I have found something." He told his story rapidly. The editor's eyes clung to Creath's face, his hand moving back and forth on a pad.

"But are you sure of this?" he broke in suddenly. "Remember the picture here was taken in 'ninety-five, seven years ago."

"Yes, I'm sure," Creath repeated. "The real face never changes."

"Very well; we'll notify headquarters at once. You will go up with the officers?"

"No," Creath exclaimed, startled. "Not that —"

"Ah, I see. You are in the house, they know you—perhaps that would not be best. And the address again?"

"One thirty-seven Comstock."

"Ames!" the city editor shouted. A man jumped up half way down the room. "Look here," running on more softly, "we've got a line on that Grossberg murderer. Will you go up with the officers? The young fellow—ah," he looked across the room sharply, "he's gone. Well, no matter, then. Step there and call up Whittenhal."

Creath descended the steps of the *Star* building like a man in a coma, a trance, puzzled at the brightness of the lights in the street. The crowd, surging steadily uptown, jarred and jostled him and carried him with it. After awhile, he felt that the people around him had melted away, that he was walking by himself. He halted, and seemed to recognize the contour of the houses near-by. He had chanced into a street that was taking him home.

Suddenly Creath found himself walking faster. He struck diagonally into the next cross-street. He grew warm, and

MASK

unbuttoned his coat, walking faster and faster. Then he began to run. When he came to the alleyway that divided the square he swerved into it. It was very dark there, and once Creath tripped on something and fell on the cobblestones. He struggled up, putting his hand to his head as he ran on. There was something damp and sticky in his hair.

"Oh God!" he sobbed, "if I should be too late!"

He ran out into light again. There was something level under his feet. It was his street. His own door, his own number, was directly in front of him, and he was afraid to look up as he ran toward it, stumbling blindly, fearing to see the thing at the curb he had an image of. But no,—the street was quiet and empty.

He was at the street-door, he had it wrenched open, he was inside, climbing the stairs swiftly. It was dark, pitch dark, at the top, but he found his way somehow to the door at the end of the corridor, pounding his fist on it, shouting frantically:

"Mr. Felker! Mr. Felker!"

SONG

Over the sea a-sighing, sighing,
The soft salt zephyrs, ever flying,
Whisper to me
From over the sea
Of the heather hills and highlands free.

Sweet love, the sounds have set me dreaming, dreaming,
Till now I scarce can tell the real from seeming.
And over the sea
My heart shall be
Till the winds have blown thee back to me.

THE REAL AMERICAN REVOLUTION

C. H. VAN TYNE.

DURING the long, disheartening campaign of the summer and fall of 1776 while Washington was being driven out of New York, up and across the Hudson, down to New Jersey and across it into Pennsylvania, the American states were courageously adopting new constitutions—preparing to govern themselves in their own way. In doing this they effected the real revolution, and their work was the most important accomplishment in the political history of the world. The Declaration of Independence, if actually made good, would break the political union with Great Britain, but America must also secure independence from the old, European ideas of government. In the destructive work, just accomplished, the Whigs had only put into practice the theories of Milton and Sydney and Locke—ideas not original in America, nor the product of the Revolution, though they doubtless had come to have a different meaning for Americans than they had for Englishmen. Now, in the making of new state constitutions, they were realizing the teachings of philosophy. They were making new political experiments—substituting for monarchy and nobility, democratic forms, some of which had been suggested a century earlier, but had found no place for themselves in the English system of that day. It was a serious problem that was before them. John Adams had seen with delight “the end to royal style, titles and authority,” but neither he nor Washington, nor Franklin, nor Jefferson, nor Jay had ever expressed a preference for a republic until very recently. George III. was renounced not because he was a king but because he was a tyrant. For the moment they had nothing to substitute for the unifying royal office, and they set about forming thirteen republics upon the

THE REAL AMERICAN REVOLUTION

basis of their old charter governments and of certain political ideals which for the time had fast hold upon American minds.

The dominant idea of the time was that all men are created free to rule themselves, equal as far as any jurisdiction or authority to rule themselves is concerned. No man is born ruler and governor of others. Primitive men, however, tired of protecting and defending themselves against every danger, entered into a social compact, giving up certain rights in order to insure the protection of others. History had no account of this transaction, but there was no need to bother with proof. The present problem of supplying new governments could be met with the simple axiom that "governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed." That alone demonstrated to the patriot mind that the people were the basis of all legitimate political authority. To form a new government therefore it was necessary that there be a social compact between all the citizens and each citizen, that certain laws for common good should govern all. It was obviously impossible for all the people of a province to come together for the purpose of forming this compact, wherefore they resorted to conventions in which the representatives of the sovereign people could make the compact for them. The people could then accept or refuse it at their will.

Up to the day when independence was declared, three states, Massachusetts, New Hampshire and South Carolina had formed temporary governments, and Virginia had framed a constitution for a permanent one. On the very day that Lee's motion was adopted, New Jersey's convention issued a constitution which was to be "firm and inviolable" if there should be no reconciliation with Great Britain, but "temporary and provisional" in case of such an event. Thus far, haste and confusion and unfavorable conditions had prevented any state framing a government in the ideal way. The bodies which did the work were revolutionary and not specifically empowered to make a constitution. They

THE REAL AMERICAN

not only made laws while making the frame of government, but they executed those laws, and their committees sat in judgment like a court.

It remained for the little state of Delaware to do the work in a more regular way. In July, the old Assembly recommended that the people choose deputies who should meet at Newcastle, in August, "to form a government on the authority of the people." In September, the "representatives being chosen by the freemen of the said state, for that express purpose" offered the results of their work to the people.

Though all the remaining original states adopted constitutions during the progress of the war, none did so in the ideal way except Massachusetts. She, at first, had one rejected by the people in their town meetings, partly because it was "a high-toned government," and did not secure equality of representation, or contain a declaration of rights; partly because the work had been done by an assembly sitting as a convention. It is dangerous to have a government overthrown, or made, at the caprice of a small body of temporary representatives not elected for the purpose, and the people very sensibly refused to approve of such a precedent. Besides, as one town meeting declared, "it is no time when foes are in the midst of us and an army at our doors to consider how the country shall be governed, but rather to provide for its defense."

As a result of this failure the next attempt was made with the utmost care. The legislature directed the selectmen of the several towns to learn from the qualified voters whether they desired that a constitution be made. Would they instruct their next year's representatives to vote for the calling of a convention for that purpose? The people assented to both propositions and the next legislature provided for the election of delegates to a constitutional convention. The delegates were elected, and, when they met, selected John Adams, James Bowdoin and

REVOLUTION

Samuel Adams to draft a constitution. After fully discussing this draft it was adopted, and sent out to the people to approve in their town meetings. This they did, spending days discussing the new instrument, sentence by sentence, adjourning from day to day; assigning parts to select committees; showing independence of judgment, moderation and practical good sense in the amendments which they suggested, nearly a thousand in number. After the instrument had thus passed the scrutiny of the people the convention re-assembled and declared "the Constitution established by and for the inhabitants of Massachusetts." At last the democratic theory of the origin of government had been realized in practice.

In the making of these thirteen new governments, our forefathers could use, of course, only the stuff that was at hand, the constitution of England or what they thought it to be, and the existing constitutions of the colonies. Out of this material and the political philosophy of the past decade, republics were to be created. If any elements were lacking they must be spun from the ingenious brains of men like Mason, Jefferson, Madison, Jay or the "brace of Adamsses." In the preambles and bills of rights or in the body of the instruments they embodied the hopeful philosophy of the time. The long pent-up theories of an ideal society and government—the ideas of right which had made them so touchy when the British government balked their wishes—all these were suddenly poured out in a flood of political maxims. The object of government, they declared, is to secure to the people under it their happy existence. It must furnish to individuals the power of enjoying in safety and tranquillity their natural rights and the blessings of life. The power is the people's. They are not to be controlled except by laws to which they or their representatives have consented. The magistrates vested with legislative, executive and judicial functions are trustees and servants, and accountable always. This delegation of power was

THE REAL AMERICAN

a favorite theme. Not only were the people originally the source of power but they must continue to be. To this end government must be checked, be ever under suspicion, and limited in many ways. Its power to enforce law was restricted by prohibiting, a standing army which was declared dangerous in times of peace. The few powers that government had should be balanced and apportioned among the several branches. This was a lesson learned in their colonial days, and one of their teachers, Montesquieu, had thought that the English government, which was the American model in many respects, was thus balanced. The legislative department should never exercise executive or judicial powers, and likewise the executive none of the legislative or judicial functions nor the judiciary the powers of the other branches—that the government may be of the laws and not of men. To this separation of powers, the Fathers added the safeguard of short terms of office. Officers should, from time to time, return among the people and feel again the people's burdens and wants. Election might return them to office, but their tenure should be brief, for "where annual elections end, tyranny begins." Of all abominations hereditary office was declared the worst.

In spite of much talk of the balance of power, however, the real power was placed with the legislature—"the best security of liberty"—"the foundation of all government." Long years of quarreling with royal governors had made them very jealous of the executive—of "one-man power." Now was their opportunity, and they made the state executive a very sorry figure. In eight states he was elected by the legislature and thus became their creature. Ten states limited his term of office to a year. In eleven states he had no veto. A number of states contrived a council of state to advise the governor. The legislature as a rule chose this council and the civil officers. In Virginia, where Lord Dunmore was still fresh in mind, the governor could not adjourn

REVOLUTION

or prorogue the legislature. An executive was, they believed, a necessary evil, a demon to be bound. The Fathers did not fear incapacity or inefficiency, but dreaded the power to oppress.

In their jealousy of any power but the people's, the constitution mongers spoke their dislike of privilege and hereditary rank. The Americans were starting out—first among the peoples of the earth—without a privileged class, and they meant to forestall the establishment of one. "No man or set of men," they declared, "are entitled to exclusive or separate emoluments or privileges from the community, but in consideration of public services," and office should not be hereditary. Government was instituted for the common benefit, not for the benefit of any single man, family or set of men. Four states declared in their constitutions against the entailment of estates, that chief support of hereditary aristocracy. In Virginia, where there existed the only aristocracy America has known, the subject was omitted in the constitution, but the chief prop was withdrawn in October of 1776, by a bill which did away with the whole system of entail. This system, which protected estates even against the extravagance of spendthrift owners, went down before the audacious reformer, Jefferson. Primogeniture followed. To the plea that the elder son might at least have a double share, Jefferson replied, "not until he can eat a double allowance of food and do a double allowance of work." For this aristocracy of wealth and social inheritance, the great democrat hoped to substitute an "aristocracy of virtue and talent, which nature wisely provided for the direction of the interests of society."

The chief interest of the Patriot constitution makers was in the negative side of government. The natural rights of the individual must be protected against the government. The state did not give or yield rights to the individual, but by his own nature he had them. That was America's contribution. The idea of the inherent and sacred rights of the individual had only a relig-

THE REAL AMERICAN

ious significance in the Reformation era. Roger Williams had introduced the ripened idea into America, where it soon took on political significance. Later, James Otis proclaimed its meaning for the colonies. Parliament might take away every American charter, still, "the natural, inherent, and inseparable rights of the colonists, as men and as citizens, would remain." The English "Bill of Rights" and the "Magna Charta" spoke only of an *inherited*, not an eternal, natural right. Hamilton scorned mere inherited rights that must "be rummaged for among old parchments or musty records." The sacred rights of mankind, he declared, were "written as with a sunbeam in the whole volume of human nature." John Adams found them "rooted in the constitution of the intellectual and moral world"—founded "in the frame of human nature." To protect these rights the makers of the Virginia constitution made a list or a bill of them which was drafted by George Mason and placed in the forefront of their frame of government. This was the first Bill of Rights, but, one by one, Pennsylvania, Maryland, and North Carolina, adopted like bills, in the year of Independence. Vermont, Massachusetts, and New Hampshire followed later, and the other states, though they had no special bills, made like provisions in the body of their constitutions.

Virginia's bill, adopted June 12, 1776, contained much of the thought and phrase of the Declaration of Independence, which it antedated by more than a fortnight. Other bills added some rights not found in this famous prototype, but the spirit of all was the same. Freedom of speech and of the press, and of religious worship, were guaranteed. The English common law guarantees of personal liberty were placed in the fundamental law. "A freeman's remedy against a restraint of his liberty ought not to be denied or delayed." The people's representatives alone should have the power to suspend the laws. Jury trial was guaranteed, the accused must be faced with his accu-

REVOLUTION

sers, and he himself fully heard, but not compelled to witness against himself. Remembering some of their complaints against the British government, the Fathers forbade general warrants where the offense was not particularly described and supported by evidence. Security from unreasonable search of persons and papers was pledged. Cruel and unusual punishments were prohibited, as were also retrospective laws. Especially in the matter of punishments the Patriots showed a revulsion from the stern British code. Excessive bail and fines were declared wrong. The right of immigration and that of petition, and of assembling, was guaranteed in Pennsylvania's constitution. Not forgetful of the chief cause of their war with England, they provided that no subsidy tax, or impost should be laid without the consent of the people or their representatives.

Finally in defense of their own rebellion against the king, they declared that the doctrine of non-resistance to arbitrary power and oppression was absurd and slavish. Even after the citizen had made a contract with the other citizens to surrender part of his rights, if he did not receive an equivalent, the surrender was void. The revolutionary philosophy had long ago disposed of the men to whom the powers of government were delegated. The President of Harvard College had declared that if magistrates forget their duty "reason and justice require that they should be discarded," and a leading Boston patriot had gone so far as to assert that "the reluctant poignard of a Brutus, the crimsoned axe of a Cromwell, or the reeking dagger of a Ravillac," is preferable to a degrading servitude.

The overthrow of the ancient system of government seemed complete. The men who had led the reform movements exchanged congratulations. "The people," Jefferson wrote to Franklin, "seem to have laid aside the monarchical, and taken up the republican, government with as much ease as would have attended their throwing off an old garment and putting on a new

THE REAL AMERICAN REVOLUTION

suit of clothes." Yet, with all they had accomplished, they had not so fully donned the new garment of democracy as they thought. Over half a century elapsed before democracy was fully clothed with its own raiment. The new governments, as the old, derived their "just powers" from the consent of the property owners and the tax-payers, not the plain people. Virginia considered herself very liberal in giving the right of suffrage to all men having "sufficient evidence of permanent, common interest with, and attachment to, the community." Massachusetts took pride in having granted to "those having the qualifications" equal rights to elect officers and to be elected. Manhood suffrage existed only in Vermont, but she was not yet recognized in the sisterhood of states. The renters of houses, the owners of a certain number of acres, those taxed for property, or enjoying certain incomes, were the qualified voters. The privilege of holding office was also denied the poor. Besides a belief in certain creeds and doctrines a candidate must have certain property qualifications which increased with the dignity of the office. There was not even proportional representation in the legislature. A county or city, or town, was represented on the basis of its tax-payers, or freeholders, not on the basis of the number of human heads it contained. In three states the senate contained an equal number of representatives from each county, regardless of their proportional taxes and population. There was left, in a word, for future generations, the work of putting on many of the frills of democracy, some of which have by no means received the unqualified approval even of democratic political thinkers.

To understand these many apparent inconsistencies we must remember the conditions under which the real leaders of reform constantly worked. They were obliged to get the consent of stubborn, narrow-minded, bigoted men to every clause of the constitutions which they drafted. Political tricksters, in the hope

THE WIND IS WILD

of personal gain, delayed and aggravated them. Wild, impractical theorists annoyed and hindered them with impossible schemes. Timid conservatives had to be won over, and there were unyielding ones with whom they must compromise. After all this was done the result was not what they wished, but it was the compromise with which the true statesman is content.

THE WIND IS WILD

ETHELBERT WALDRON

The wind is wild on the empty hills
And long the road and dreary
And dark the way and lone:
I cannot find her, near or far,
I cannot find my dearie,
I cannot find my own.

The rain is wild on the empty hills
And dark the way and weary
And long the road and lone—
I seek, I cry, and near and far,
But cannot find my dearie,
Ah, cannot find my own!

The night is wild on the empty hills
And long my road and dreary
And dark my way and lone—
I cannot find her, gone, ah, gone,
I cannot find my dearie,
And I am all alone.

CHANGES IN THE FOOTBALL RULES

CHARLES BAIRD

THE objects sought by the Football Rules Committee, in changing the rules for 1903 are twofold. First, to reduce the mass playing and so secure a more open game. Secondly, to increase the penalties for rough playing so as to eliminate all unsportsmanlike conduct. However, as the committee was uncertain as to the effect of its legislation, it decided to make the changes apply only to that part of the field lying between the twenty-five yard lines. Therefore in 1903, we shall have on exhibition in the same game two styles of playing, the new in the center of the field, and the old at the ends. A trial of a year will show the wisdom or folly of the changes.

Under the new style seven men must be in the line of scrimmage. This will leave only four men to mass for interference. However, the quarter-back is allowed to carry the ball, directly after receiving it from the center rush, providing that he first run directly toward the side-line at least five yards. The object of this rule is to secure more end running, but the writer doubts whether such a result will be obtained.

The penalties for off-side playing and foul tackling have been doubled and the use of hard offensive armament, such as sole-leather head harness, etc., has been forbidden. As a whole the changes are quite radical, and the effect will be very closely watched by lovers of the sport. It has been frequently stated as an opinion that Michigan would suffer more than other western universities by the changes in rules, but the writer does not share this notion.

EVAN CUMMING'S COURTSHIP

BY STANLEY WATERLOO

VERY likely no one now connected with the University will remember him, because his career there was not extended and, besides, it was so long ago. There were, however, three or four of us in a class adjacent to him—"adjacent" seems better than "contiguous,"—as being a trifle more indefinite—who knew him very well and who will not forget him. Personally, of course, forgetting is out of the question, for I know him and meet him occasionally, even now. He was one we rather looked up to and respected because we knew him to be the man who was to write the Constitutional History of the United States.

Our intimacy with Evan Cummings was traceable to two reasons, one being that he roomed in the same house with us and so, thrown constantly in our society, became inclined to us, half-way recluse though he was, and the other that his individuality was certainly a striking one. He was not exclusive at all but was naturally somewhat retiring, and so it came in time, that he gave his confidence to us, I believe more fully than even to members of his own class. The reserve which hedged him once broken down, he proved a companionable fellow and we—there were three of us—became much interested in him. He was a good-looking fellow, of Scotch descent, and the national character shone out plainly in his sturdiness of air and purpose. A good student, he really sought to be popular, as well, and sought, somewhat clumsily, despite his natural non-gregariousness, to enter into the spirit of the life of the University outside of classes. But, somehow, he did not succeed. It was all perfunctory with him and, finally, he ceased to make an effort in that direction. It was just as well. It was not in him to be an all-round collegian, because of the concentration of his mind

EVAN CUMMING'S

upon a single aim and end in life. He was not one of your diffusive students. He knew what his mission was and devoted himself to preparation for it, with an ardor which never flagged.

It was not, of course, until after our acquaintance had well developed that Evan did me the honor of making me his confidant in the matter and telling me of his fixedness of purpose. Nothing could change his plans, he said, and I respected him for it. With ideas of what I should be and do in the world less crystallized, I could but honor one with more sense of perspective and more sense.

Eventually, my friends were admitted to this close intimacy and we, all together, became more and more interested in Evan Cummings and his inevitably grand and useful future. He rejoiced himself in much unctuous dilation on it. As I have already said, his work was to be the writing of a Constitutional History of the United States. I quote the title exactly because Evan had it already written out in large letters on the first page of a large blank book originally intended for an hotel register. He had also composed a portion of the introduction to the work, but had made no further advance because, as he explained, he did not feel justified in doing so until he had increased his stock of information.

The more Evan talked to us, so glowing with enthusiasm and absolute determination, the more we become impressed. As he explained it all we wondered that the vast subject had not already commanded more attention and that so many learned and naturally gifted men had missed their greatest opportunity. We knew that some slight effort had been made in the direction indicated, but nothing on the scale outlined by Evan Cummings. We almost envied him the practical pre-emption of a field so splendid, but we appreciated the fact that the one who recognized its possibilities was the only one to tell it. His scheme was simple too.

COURTSHIP

"First acquire the best education the University can give you. Attain the extreme in that. Then study law and become the best lawyer going. Then write your Constitutional History. There you have it!" said Evan Cummings, and I thought then, and think now, that his programme was an absolutely perfect one.

It was toward the end of Evan's sophomore year that he thus revealed his heart and its ambition to us, and he passed the examinations brilliantly and buoyantly. He should read a good deal, he informed us, during the vacation, and all with an eye to the History. He never returned to college.

It was seven years later when I saw Evan Cummings again, and then under circumstances in sharp contrast with our life together in college. My journalistic duties were such at the time that I was compelled to make frequent railroad journeys between Chicago and St. Louis, and I had contracted the habit of idling away the evening in the smoking-room of the sleeping car and chattering with the "drummers" certain to be found there. One may learn many things from these traveling men, forced by the very nature of their business to be acute observers and adaptable members of the floating, encountering world. It was among them, one night, that I met Evan Cummings, hardly changed in appearance since the time when we were studying and discussing many things together. He met me genially enough, but passively and with no allusion to our former life together. He informed me, that he was a traveling salesman for a wholesale grocery house and appeared really glad to see me and confirmed this impression, later, by joining me whenever we chanced to be on the same train. I never indulged in a reference to the History. Somehow, I felt that it would be out of place.

Evan was a good man to meet on the train. When we were gathered in the smoking compartment he was as full of spirits as the rest, but I noticed that, while taking an active part in the

EVAN CUMMING'S

conversation, he never told any of the somewhat risqué stories that the air of the smoking compartment too often breeds. Instead, he would tell uncanny tales of Scotland in the old days, tales of wizards and warlocks, and of the strange things to be seen at night on ancient battle-fields, and we always listened to him with interest. He was mightily fixed in his views and many a good-natured dispute we had with him over this or that. Eh, but he was stubborn!

Evan was a good man of business, though, and had a host of friends. Among these was a conductor of a particular train on which he often traveled and the friendship developed into such a degree of intimacy that one day the conductor, Luke Johnson,—a man whom I knew myself and who was really a well-educated and fine fellow—invited him out to dinner with him upon a return to the city. Evan, having no particular business on hand that evening, accepted the invitation. It was from Johnson, months later, that I learned the story of all that followed.

Johnson's house was in the suburbs, decidedly. It was on the very picket line of the army of houses of the ever-marching city, out on the prairie at least a couple of blocks distant from any other house. A plank sidewalk extended to it from the more settled district near and, with its barns and sheds and vine-covered front, it did not have a lonesome look. Inside, Evan found the house quite as prepossessing as its exterior, and he found something else there more prepossessing still.

Johnson's family consisted of himself, his wife, his child, little Gabriel, about four years old, and his sister-in-law, a Miss Salome Hinman. Evan found Mrs. Johnson a pleasant sort of a woman, and found in Miss Hinman his undeniable affinity! Stolid as he usually was in the presence of femininity, he felt, in the very marrow of his bones, that he was a lost man. That he succumbed so quickly was not altogether to be won-

COURTSHIP

dered at. Miss Hinman was pretty, was very slender—what a school-girl writer would call willowy or lissou, or possibly, svelte—and was wildly devoted to her little nephew, of whom she had the chief care.

Well, Evan didn't waste any time. He contrived it so that he was in the city often and, as often, was at Johnson's house, making vigorous love to Miss Salome. Finally, he accepted a good city position with his firm and abandoned the road, just for the sake of being near his sweetheart, though he liked the road better. All would have gone well now, but for the young lady. He knew she cared for him, for she had admitted it, but she was a bit of a coquette and couldn't resist the temptation of playing a fish so firmly hooked. Urge as Evan might, he could not persuade her to fix a date for their marriage. She would not absolutely deny him, but she was elusive. He became desperate. Something must be done! It was!

One day, just as Evan, brooding as he walked, neared the home of his sweetheart, to renew his useless pleading, he noticed little Gabriel playing in the yard with a toy balloon, the string of which was tied to a button-hole of his jacket and which tugged strenuously away at him. Evan sat down upon the horse-block in front of the house watching the boy dreamily, and trying to devise a plan to bring Miss Salome to terms. When, all at once, his planning ceased as suddenly as the stopping of a clock. The boy and the balloon had given him an awful inspiration! He returned to town.

That evening Evan Cummings bought a toy balloon, some bird-shot and one of the tiniest of little baskets. In his room at the hotel he attached the string of the balloon to the handle of the basket. Then, as the balloon with its burden rose toward the ceiling, he dropped shot after shot into the little receptacle until the balloon could no longer raise it. Taking the little basket of shot to the drug store, he had the basket and shot

carefully weighed. He now knew the exact lifting power of a toy balloon—it was just five ounces. He had seen Gabriel weighed and knew that he tipped the scales at forty-two pounds. The calculation was easy; sixteen ounces in a pound; sixteen multiplied by forty-two makes six hundred and seventy-two. Gabriel, therefore, weighed 672 ounces: a single toy balloon would lift not quite five ounces; five goes into six hundred and seventy-two, one hundred and thirty-four times; one hundred and thirty-five toy balloons would lift little Gabriel! The next day Evan went to a harness shop and had a stout leather harness made which would just about fit Gabriel, passing round his small body under the arms and over his shoulders, from each of which two broad straps extended upward and met in a strong iron ring. Then he went out and invested in two hundred and fifty toy balloons—thus adding over an hundred for possible requirements and contingencies. He bought, also, a stout piece of clothes-line, fifty feet long, and a thick cord two hundred feet long, which would, if required, sustain the weight of a man. The next afternoon he attached the balloons to the clothes-line, not all in a bunch, but at intervals, that, in the event of an accident to one, another would not be affected. At the lower end of the clothes-line was a strong steel snap.

At about three o'clock in the afternoon, when he knew Mrs. Johnson was to be absent in town, Evan hired a covered express wagon, into which he piled his balloons and was driven near the Johnson's place. A block or two away from there, he dismissed the driver and wagon and went on alone, the balloons tugging at him fiercely as he walked. He saw little Gabriel playing in the yard, as usual, and called to him. The youth came running out and shouted in childish glee when he saw the mountain of red balloons.

"Would you like to take a ride, Gabriel?" asked Evan kindly,

COURTSHIP

"Yep, yep!" cried Gabriel. "Gimme a ride!"

Evan carefully and securely adjusted the harness upon the youngster and then snapped the contrivance at the end of the clothes-line into the ring above the boy's head. He tied one end of his two hundred feet of cord firmly to the same ring. Holding on to the cord, he eased up gently and had the satisfaction of seeing Gabriel lifted from his feet.

At the height of thirty feet little Gabriel emitted a sudden bawl such as a four-year-old probably never gave before; at fifty feet his screams were something startling, and when, at last, he hung dangling two hundred feet above, the string of balloons rising fifty feet higher still, the volume and loudness of his shrieking seemed scarce diminished by the distance. He swung and swayed far away up there, a remarkable kicking object, the string of balloons uplifting above him like a pillar of fire, and the whole forming a wonderful and alarming vision against the sky. Evan calmly tied the end of the cord to the hitching staple in the horse-block, then sat down upon the block and drew out and opened his pocket knife.

The front door of the house suddenly flew open and a hysterical young woman reached Evan's side in the fraction of an instant. She looked upward and shrieked out:

"Oh! What are you doing with little Gabriel? He'll be killed! Oh! he'll be killed!"

"No he won't," answered Evan, quietly, "I can pull him down at any time. He'll stay where he is—that is unless I cut this cord," he added reflectively, as he held the blade of his knife against it. "Salome, will you marry me, and fix the date for the ceremony now? If you won't promise, I'll cut the cord!"

"Oh, you brute! Oh, you murderer! I'll never— Oh—"

"I tell you he's all right," explained Evan. "Promise when we'll be married, and I'll pull him down."

The girl but shrieked the louder and, sinking down, clung pleadingly to his knees.

EVAN CUMMING'S

"Save him!" she cried. "He'll be killed! Oh, poor little Gabriel!"

"I tell you he won't be killed! Little Gabriel has only gone aloft, to be nearer his namesake. He's almost up to where the Cherubim and Seraphim continually do sing. Don't you hear him singing himself, already? Will you fix the date or shall I cut the cord?"

The girl was getting calmer, though quivering all over. She only sobbed now. "He'll be killed! He'll be killed! Oh, my poor little Gabriel!"

"I tell you he will not," reiterated Evan. "I don't believe he will be killed even, when I cut the string. He will alight gently somewhere, as the gas in the balloons gradually exudes, and somebody will take care of him. It may not be in this county, but he will alight. When will you marry me?"

The young woman did not answer.

"Salome," said Evan, now pleadingly. "You know that you love me and that I love you. Why not stop all this dalliance and coquetting? You know you are going to be my wife. Will you not make it all definite?"

Salome looked up into her lover's eyes then bowed her head. Finally she looked up again and sobbed out:

"Y-e-s, only pull down little Gabriel."

"When shall the wedding be? Will the Twentieth of next month do?"

"Y-e-s."

Evan closed his pocket-knife. Then taking hold of the cord he began pulling little Gabriel down. As that youth, still loudly bellowing, reached the ground, Salome caught him up and darted into the house with him. Evan paid slight attention to people who came running to see what the monstrous red thing aloft had been. He said only that he had been trying an experiment. Then he gathered up the balloons and carried them into

COURTSHIP

the woodshed, where they rose in a mass to the roof and stayed there. Then he went into the house and had a talk with the indignant Salome. It was an exciting session but it ended peaceably.

Well, she married him, as she had promised, for honesty was among her virtues. She looks upon her husband as a desperate character, and so, is in love with him, of course.

I'm not surprised at the whole business—it was Evan all over—but I am wondering about his future. He is well-to-do now, a partner in the house, and I hear of him occasionally as appearing and exhibiting a will of his own at meetings of business men. Is the virus of the college dream still working in that stubborn nature? Has it been his plan to get rich first, and then write that Constitutional History of the United States?

At the Sign of the Ass's Head

"OH, WOULD THAT HE WERE HERE
TO WRITE ME DOWN AN ASS!"



THE ASS'S HEAD is a well-conducted inn, making some pretensions to a reputation for hospitality. So long as a guest is fair spoken, and his language shows him to be

of the locality, he is sure of welcome, and to him shall be extended all the privileges and immunities of the place, one of which is anonymity; but if he speaks a dialect of strangeness, the wise police regulations of the province relating to hostelries requires the publication of his identity. If a guest be predisposed to truculency and brawling, the courtyard is at his disposal.

INLANDER
BONIFACE

As the exegesis of the variorum plainly shows, the perfervid wish of Dogberry, above quoted, is liable to **Been Misread** misinterpretation. However, these are *not* words of conviction. Can the self-conceited, loquacious constable

be imagined in a mood of spiritual humility? Heaven forbid! Rather, is it the yearning of his vain soul to gather, from the pen of another, the sweet unction of a summary and transfiguring epithet, "Would that he were here to *write* me down an *ass*." With what facility vanity finds its word; and oh, if it were only put in writing, then might one feel assured! One may be fairly conscious of worth and station, but to see them set forth in black and white, that is compensation! And let it be *here* and *now*. Why must epitaphs be kept for the tombstone?

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Such, we may feel certain, was the meaning that Dogberry meant to convey — but his **And Sydney Smith** words have suffered persistent **Misunderstood** misconstruction, and the genial self-coddling constable has been made out the author of a malicious fling at his own dear self. The error has its replica in the inimical turn given to Sydney Smith's dictum: "The Public is an Ass." What greater tragedy can befall a master of phrase than to have a compliment taken perversely? Do you persist in seeing the neat lineaments of flattery as the ugly visage of jibe and jeer? Well may the craftsman

AT THE SIGN OF THE ASS'S HEAD

fear for his art. But in this particular case the verdict is fairly definite—"The Public is an Ass!" There is no elaboration of details, you see; no ambiguity; no obscuration of thought; yet the public insists on feeling insulted. Why?

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As in most intellectual difficulties, the germ of error is a false definition.

Suppose it had been given out that the Source of the Error

"Public is an Eagle," the public would have clapped its hands hilariously, thinking the while of a great well-taloned bird sweeping the empyrean. But now call the public an ass, and the public gets mad. It sees itself long-eared and gray, and munching thistles, and refuses to be comforted. And this is natural enough, too, considering the public's view of the case. But, as Mark Twain would say, the public "sees things darkly—as through a glass eye." Its vision has not pierced to the essence of things. Let then, we say, the light of criticism be borne in upon the scene.

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The reversal of historical judgments, characteristic of our times, is

one of those subtle forms of flattery

In a Wrong Historical Judgment that an age of great mental activity pays its own acumen—the flattery being ob-

vious: it has taken all time to mature the discernment necessary to grasp the recondite verdict. Sir Leslie Stephen has just been showing us that Carlyle and Lecky are wrong, and that neither Samuel Johnson nor Edmund Burke, but John Wesley kept an amphibious Revolution from passing the channel.

Sidney George Fisher, holding the power of the keys to "True History," has recently been standing our plethoric notions of the wise youth, "Poor Richard," on their heads until they are fairly groggy. But, thus far no one has undertaken a rehabilitation of Bah ram.

. . .

When we first discern the long, luminous ears of this servant and symbol of man-

The Ass in kind peering Balaam's Time above the horizon of historic time, we find him the instrument of providential vociferation, chiding an incorrigible prophet to his duty. Let us put, then, our main question tersely: Can the ass be less today than in Balaam's time? Is civilization a failure? Is evolution played out? If there be Philistine to deny the argument, let him recollect the valiant tale of Ramath-Lehi.

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What a clamor we are always raising for "horse sense!" "Horse

AT THE SIGN OF

sense!" False words!
In the Time of Aesop What we are really demanding is the sense of the jackass. Aesop is an authority not to be disdained, and what does he tell us? Characteristically chary of generalization, he gives us the concrete case: A horse and an ass were choosing their burdens, which were to be either of sponges or of salt. The horse, with shortsighted selfishness, chose the former, while the ass, furtively blending the smiles of resignation and wisdom, took up the salt. Of course, as the ass had foreseen, these animals came in time to the inevitable deep stream that had to be forded. The sponges filling with water, the horse was drowned; while the ass, its burden dissolved, swam the stream in triumph. This is but *one* episode—but the deduction is obvious. A great **Cannot Be Less Today** modern authority in natural history does not hesitate to make it. "Let us hear no more," he says, "of horse sense. The basis elements of good judgment are evidenced much more completely by the donkey."

. . .

One failing of the brute must be acknowledged. It has no kind sense of humor. It does **Falls Short in Humor, However** not wear "la panache" — the feather — which M. Rostand defines as the apology that heroism offers for its act. Ex-

pect nothing of the sort from the ass. He is as sturdily persistent in his heroics and unconscious of incongruity as Mahomet in his best days. Fable records his sorry attempt at trying to make the frightened traveler think him a lion. His bray discovered him, and he got a sound cudgeling for his thrasyleonaping. On the other hand we find him, bearing without pretense, the impedimenta of those highly novel expeditions of Don **Wherefore, Hath Been a Vallant Freelance** Quixote and the Democratic party. No doubt from his sturdy station he has yet to deliver many sounding kicks into the ribs of slatternly Circumstance—sometimes, mayhap, against the pricks.

. . .

But enough. The old judgments have been tumbled down, and a new one set up. The **Lol A Phoenix Miracle** fangs of many hasty revilings have been drawn. Best of all, the beast, with which, by our text, we seek a legible identity, has received justice.

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The INLANDER regrets that the following suggestion from *The Outlook* comes too late for utilization this season:
As to Summer Fiction: A Regret

THE ASS'S HEAD

FOUR COOLING NOVELS

<i>The Great Veranda Novel</i> "The Lady Paramount."	<i>Dolf Willarde's Tropical Novel</i> "The Story of Eden."
<i>Genial Social Satire</i> "Comment of a Countess."	<i>Bright, Light, Amusing.</i> "An English Girl in Paris."
* * *	(Adv.)

Barring William Dean Howells and Mark Twain, the foremost living American novelist, *The Mettle of the Pasture* is probably James Lane Allen. He is a charming idyllist, yet to those who have read his last novel, "The Mettle of the Pasture," Bliss Carman's breezy review of that book in the *New York Times* (July 18) will prove decidedly refreshing. Of the "fine piece of casuistry" that Mr. Allen presents his readers to unravel, Mr. Carman says: "Whether the psychology of the situation is right or wrong I cannot tell, but the artistic result seems to me un-
Bliss Carman happy. With a hero
Disagrees who is a prig and a heroine whose conduct seems to be quite out of keeping with her temperament, the prospect for a good novel was not very encouraging, and "The Mettle of the Pasture" is only saved by its narrator's genius and persuasive charm. From paragraph to paragraph, from page to page, he

leads us along by the force of a winsome and persuading spirit. There is sweetness and graciousness everywhere. Yet I question whether the prime fault of the tale is not too grave, too fundamental, to be redeemed by the inescapable air of dignity and gentleness in which it is set.

"Finally, I wonder whether 'The Mettle of the Pasture' may not be only another instance of the unfortunate subservience in which art is held by conventional ideas of morality. The Philistine atmosphere is hard for the artist to endure; it often overcomes him in the end, despise it as he may; under its blighting influence work which might have been encouraging and fine becomes only futile and confusing, and the artist or writer who fully intended to give us some vital help in the difficult matter of conduct is trapped by popular superstition into giving us only an antiquated solution to our problem.

"I suppose the average novel reader will be edified by 'The Mettle of the Pasture,' and praise the hero for his unblemished sense of honor, but a great many men and women who do their own thinking will consider the ethics of the situation false and petty, and will wish that Mr. Allen would lend his great powers to some more radical, free, and wholesome settlement of moral perplexities."

. . .

A practical age delights to turn even its amusements to account. It

AT THE SIGN OF

is therefore with particular gratitude that **Do You Read Reflectively?** we receive the following suggestion from "Life," offering, as it does, an opportunity to make some use of three months' fiction reading. Any one supplying the correct answers to these questions will be given a trip to the North Pole:—

Why did the town nestle among the hills?

Why did she feel a mantling blush steal over her cheeks?

How did it happen that a strange sense of unrest swept over him?

What was it that she swept out of the room?

Why did she never look more strangely beautiful than upon that evening?

What made him flick the ashes from his cigarette?

How long did her heart stand still?

Who deserted the ballroom, and why?

Why did the cold wind that fanned their cheeks feel so good?

Why did it seem to her as if all the life had gone of her young life?

What made the house stiller than death that night?

When confronted by the lawyers, why was he visibly affected?

Why was she the life of the whole gathering when her heart told her that all was lost?

Why did the dog look up at that moment and wag his tail, as if he too understood her?

What choked his utterance?

What made her look back on that day all the rest of her life?

Why was there a long pause?

Why were her hands so nerveless when she let the telegram drop?

What made her suspect that he had been drinking?

Why did he clutch the photograph so wildly?

What made her feel intuitively?

Why did his voice have a ring of triumph as he spoke?

Whose arm was she on when she went up the aisle?

And why was her face, though pale, so radiantly beautiful?

And why did the organ peal?

. . .

George Moore writes in *September Lippincott's* of English novels and novelists. Finally

George Moore's Favorite Assumption he puts the significant question: "Why is it that

England has failed to produce a first-class work of fiction?" He then proceeds to suggest an answer to his question: "It is refreshing to ask these questions, they lead into pleasant meads of meditation, and this is not the first time I have mused in these meads. I remember trying once before to answer this question, and I pointed out that the tragedies of Shakespeare were every one the development of a moral idea, that 'Hamlet' was but the tragedy of doubt, that 'Macbeth'

THE ASS'S HEAD

was the tragedy of ambition, that Lear was the tragedy of parental altruism. 'A nation,' I said, 'is interested in moral ideas in its infancy. As a nation grow old it becomes interested in discriminating between the different classes, the grocer and the baronet, the Methodist and the Unitarian; if the author is an American, between Americans who go to Paris and Americans who stay at home. As a nation grows old its language becomes polluted. In the beginning language is like a well-head from which all may draw pure water. The well passes into a rivulet, the rivulet flows into a river, the river passes through the town, and henceforth the water must be passed through a filter. Style is the filter that a language that has been much written in must be passed through. Milton was the first stylist.' "

. . .

Michigan is justly proud of her football team and of its achievements.

It is one of the chief centers of college spirit. Admiration of it is a tribute to sound bodies, without which the soundest mind is like a flickering taper in an empty lamp. It deserves every legitimate encouragement. Every student should rally to its support. Every man of brawn should try for a place in its ranks. But it is not a department of the University designed to lead to a professional career. The man who earns a place on it has not taken a degree which

represents professional equipment. He has simply won the honorable distinction of being entitled to represent the prowess and manly skill of the University in a purely amateur sport which has in it nothing further than the healthy spirit of contest.

. . .

The man using it as an avenue to a professional athletic career, having in mind merely the professional rewards for which the training fits him, deserves no place in the ranks of a University team. He gets his place only by subterfuge and is only nominally a student. Such a person, failing of admission in one department, will seek admission in another, with seemingly the utmost indifference as to the vital question of career. Michigan does not want such men on its team. She wants a team of men who are students quite as athletes.

. . .

Let us have a great team if we can. If the material does not offer itself, if we fail to score heavily. And a Never Falling Spirit of Loyalty to let us still be that Team game. When Princeton saw Yale bearing down on the goal with inevitable certainty, when defeat was assured, the whole body of Tigers on the grand stands arose as one man and chanted their song of victory.

AT THE SIGN OF

The thrill of it nerved the well nigh vanquished team. Charged with the spirit of it they rallied to a noble play. So let it be at Michigan. Let there be a great spirit of loyalty to the team, a team which stands for true sport.

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The University has just been bereft of two of its most able and distinguished professors

Recent Losses —McLaughlin and of the University Mechem. The former goes to the Carnegie Institute of Washington, D. C.; the latter to Chicago University.

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Professor Mechem is one of the pre-eminent legal authorities of the country, while his skill as an **Professor** analyst of intricate problems and the absolute lucidity of his exposition make him the most fascinating of teachers. Nor does his tutorship stop short with elucidation. In his kindly way of seeing and saying, the young men of the Law Department are always "my boys." The tyros at the law, in turn, have rarely forgotten what is due from the filial relationship.

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Professor McLaughlin is one of the greatest teachers of American History in this country. To **Professor** scores of young men **McLaughlin** and women, who have been his students, his

interpretation of his subject and his disclosure of his own charming personality have made up no small part of their undergraduate career. To graduates enjoying the intimacy of fellow students with him, he has been able to offer the additional inspiration of careful, suggestive, and enthusiastic scholarships. Michigan loses much in his departure.

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Besides Professors McLaughlin and Mechem, the University parts, this fall, with seven competent and well-equipped instructors. Indeed, to at least three of these gentlemen, these words are but faint praise. Such losses make an appalling total, yet seemingly we have no remedy, except resignation.

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Want of veneration for what is venerable is the sin of the age. I went into Tuttle's the other **O, Temporal** day to eat scrambled **O, Mereal** eggs and write in the album. Oh, the shock! I was not sure whether it was the refectory known of every son of Michigan, or some mere eating place. That wooden screen—you know its every knot—has been cut down to the proportions of a hurdle in the Barbour gym., and the eyes of the unthinking co-ed now gaze in upon

THE ASS'S HEAD—BOOKS

The Serry Work of Irreverence the sacred mysteries. The magic mirrors repeat their miracle before vulgar eyes; endless ranks of moving jaws masticate infinitely reduplicated doughnuts in the very presence of the rude populace. Alas, the partition!

Books

The new volume on American Literature, by Professor Trent, of Columbia, in Messrs. D. Appleton & Company's **American Literature** "Literature of the World," very decidedly surpasses in wisdom of plan and scope and in saneness of judgment, all other works we know of in this field. The thing most to be commended about Professor Trent's book is his decisive marking off of his subject at the outset. By not venturing in his discussion later than 1865 he is enabled to devote proportionately increased space to Pre-Revolutionary writers and writings, which in such works as those by Wendell and Beers, are slighted as if something not to be over-proud of in order to give room for catching criticisms of such late manifestations as Messrs. Howells, James, & Co. Professor Trent is thus enabled to surprise us by his success in infusing red blood and real life into supposedly dry-as-dust annals and annalists and unpoetical

poets. Professor Trent recognizes that it is futile to attempt an estimation of yesterday or of last week; and even in his criticism of such figures as Hawthorne and Lowell he illustrates a proper withholding of the laurel and the stone.

By William P. Trent. (D Appleton & Co.)
E. W. W.

. . .

The very interesting "Log of a Cowboy," just published by Messrs. Houghton,

The Log of a Cowboy Mifflin & Co., is the narrative of a "drive" of cattle from Texas to Montana, in the early post-bellum days, before the invasion of the railroad and "barb-wire." It is a clear, direct narrative, free from rhapsodizings over nature, as out door books are too often apt to be, and from attempts at "style." There is more than one thing in the book which suggests the initial narrative in Mr. Joseph Conrad's volume "Youth":—

"I was at a dance once in Live Oak County," relates one of the characters, "and there was a stuttering fellow there by the name of Lem Tadhunter. The girls, it seems, didn't care to dance with him, and pretended they couldn't understand him. He had asked every girl at the party, and received the same answer from each—they couldn't understand him. 'W-w-well, g-g-go to hell, then. C-c-can y-y-you understand that?' he said to the last girl, and her brother threatened to mangle him

BOOKS

horribly if he didn't apologize, to which he finally agreed. He went back into the house and said to the girl, 'Y-y-you n-n-n-needn't g-g-go to hell; y-y-your brother and I have m-m-made other 'r-r-rangements.'" By Andy Adams. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

E. W. W.

. . .

This volume, which we have recently received, is as the author states

in his preface

Introduction to an attempt to Modern Philosophy present a simpler

account

than already exists of the development of modern philosophy, avoiding technical discussion unfit for the general reader. There is danger, of course, that such a plan may lead to a mere compilation of facts of name, date, and event, which would be as useless as an unintelligible metaphysical discussion. Any work professing to deal with philosophy, even in the most cursory fashion, must, if it is to have an excuse for existence, enter into the *thought* of the subject, this being decidedly more true than of such a subject as history, although true enough there.

It must be said that Mr. Dewing has succeeded in lighting on a *Via Media* in this respect. His discussion of philosophical principles in general and of the foremost figures in pure thought in particular, since Nicholas

of Cura, is simple without being superficial. One curious thing about the book is the inclusion of such men as Bradley and Royce, and the failure to even mention the name of Nietzsche, who was certainly the most striking philosophical figure of the last quarter of the 19th century.

By Arthur S. Dewing. (Lippincott Company.)

E. W. W.

. . .

This is a short novel by a writer, who, though new in the field, seems to be making up for **Truth and a Woman** a lost time by prolificacy, for she has another book appearing almost simultaneously from the presses of another company. A crude and somewhat disappointing work, though not without signs of promise.

By Anna Robeson Brown. (Herbert S. Stone.)

E. W. W.

. . .

"The Land of Joy" is a strong and well-balanced story. An interesting feature of the book **The Land of Joy** Page & Co. is in the charming pen pictures of the life at Cambridge, that give us much more agreeable ideas of Harvard than most of us in the West are apt to entertain. Altogether the book passes one's time pleasantly.

Doubleday, Page & Co. \$1.50.

R. C. O'B.

2000

2000



THE INLANDER

A Monthly Magazine by the Students of Michigan University

FLOYD RUSSELL MECHEM

V. H. LANE

WITH the close of the last college year Professor Floyd R. Mechem severed his connection with the University, after eleven years of service as Tappan Professor of Law, to enter the faculty of the University of Chicago. His life among us had compelled so high an estimate of the man that the announcement of his retirement was received with universal regret.

His wide and accurate learning in the law, his clear perception of legal principles, his faculty for concise and lucid statement of them, are apparent not more in his published books on various subjects of the law, than in his work in the class-room. He is a teacher of law, exceptional in learning, and in power to impart it; one whose aims are high and broad enough to appreciate that something more than mere technical learning is to be desired in those who go out from our halls, and the ideals of many a student have been elevated through contact with him. While keenly sympathetic with the student struggling under adverse conditions—for he had felt their sting—his rugged sense of justice and lofty conceptions of University aims were always dominant when considering questions of administration and University policy.

A great jurist has said that "no man can ever be a truly great lawyer, who is not in every sense of the word a good man," and what was so spoken of the lawyer, could with equal truth be spoken of the teacher. Few lawyers or teachers possess in fuller measure the jurist's essentials of greatness.

NEW ENGLAND PURITANISM AND CULTURE

GEORGE REBEC

IN taking up once more this very old topic, our excuse is a conviction of the need of looking into it rather more curiously than is usual in the ordinary historical treatments. Without such closer examination, it seems to me impossible to appreciate the deeper underdrift of New England's culture-history, or, what is an even larger matter—since New England became the chief nuclear-point of our national life and our paramount center of dispersion not only of men, but of ideas and temperamental tendencies—the history of culture in America generally.

The historians rightly begin their consideration of this subject of New England Puritan culture, with an account of education among the founders, and their zeal for schools and learning. This is a feature of the old New England spirit whose import in our character and destinies as a people it would be difficult to exaggerate. It is therefore quite just to dwell at length on how, among the Massachusetts or Connecticut pioneers, an illiterate individual was an object almost unmet with; how they counted among them, as the records tell us, one Cambridge graduate to every two hundred and fifty inhabitants, as well as sons of Oxford not a few; how their ministers were—to adopt Moses Coit Tyler's adjective—men of an "heroic" learning; how it was legislated that every settlement of fifty householders among them should maintain a reading-school, and every one of one hundred householders a grammar-school; and how these astonishing frontiersmen decreed the founding of a college within six years of their arrival in the land, and "while the tree-stumps were as yet scarcely weather-browned in their earliest fields." All this is true, and excusably matter of a vast pride to the children's children sprung from New England sires. And the historians go on

NEW ENGLAND PURITANISM AND CULTURE

to give the correct explanation of this almost unique phenomenon back there in the seventeenth century. The Calvinistic and Puritan idea which made every man himself directly responsible to God for the state of his own soul, and without any mediation of priest or chapel, made it indispensable that every man should have a direct and personal access to that Word of God which to the Puritan and Calvinist was alone the way of Salvation. To this end he must possess not only the power of reading the Scripture, but sufficient mental training to understand his reading. Consequently the first anxiety of the immigrants to the Western wilderness, an anxiety even more intense than that for material well-being, was that the humblest man among them should be able to read, and should have some rudiments of mental discipline. In his religious democracy, moreover, the New England Puritan had the sound instinct of all sane democracy to appreciate the value of fit leadership. Accordingly, though to him the holy office was invested with no mysterious and still less any arbitrary powers, nevertheless he wanted his minister to be an educated man, one highly versed in that learning which would make him a fit expounder of the intricacies of the Divine message. And as it was with the clerical leaders, so in large measures also with the representative laymen; it was rather expected of them that they be men of knowledge, and usually they were such. Thus it came about that in these little commonwealths struggling for a foothold along the rim of the illimitable savage forests, there was to be found not alone an almost universally disseminated popular elementary education, but in addition a very unusual amount of the higher scholastic learning; that just as the common classes of New England were better educated than those of any part of Old England, so the upper ranks had among them a proportion of scholarship at least equal to anything found in any similar body of men in the home country.

NEW ENGLAND PURITANISM

At this point, however, the conventional account of New-World Puritan culture stops. As a matter of fact, not more than half the story has been probed. As observed at the outset, if we are to attain any other than a superficial insight, it is necessary that we proceed further in this inquiry touching the cultural condition and equipment of the fathers of New England. Education and learning really imply such very different things. Reading and writing and even scholarship are no sufficient clue to the cultural status. In a very brilliant article on "The Genius of Spain," Havelock Ellis points out how, in many particulars, an illiterate, poverty-stricken Spanish peasant with his twenty-five hundred years of unconscious instruction in courtesy, breeding, and gentility behind him, may be a higher cultural type than a loud-voiced, boisterous, hard-drinking but fairly efficient and fairly well-paid British workman. Only the person who remembers that it is a crude notion which supposes that book-learning or schooling of any sort is necessarily the mark of mental enlightenment or mental power, can comprehend, for instance, the paradox that in a Southern state of the American Union it should be possible to meet unlettered farmers who in all the essentials of intelligence, intellectual alertness, and intellectual maturity, surpass European peasants who have been driven through the whole officially prescribed curriculum. In writing history, we should not forget these facts, even in their subtler bearings. Scholarship and learnedness are but the raw nutriment, as it were, to the intellectual life, and what they will count for depends entirely upon the vital tendencies into which they are taken up. What was the mental life, what the point of view and the trend into which this New England learnedness of which we have been speaking became operative? The same question may be put as well in this form,—What, after its uncouth bulkiness and from the point of view of modern conceptions, is the most distinctive singularity of that erudition which the Puritan clergy brought with

AND CULTURE

them across the sea? The whole situation is immediately indicated in the reply that in his ideas of knowledge and mental furnishing, the Puritan minister still occupied essentially mediaeval ground, or perhaps to speak a little more accurately, still viewed culture in the scholastic point of view, and still was dominated by the idea of authority. The authority now bowed to was indeed no longer the extraneous one of Church or Pope, but the self-imposed authority of a hard-and-fast theological system and an inerrant book of Holy Writ; however, it was not necessarily less repressive because imposed by the individual's own self-crucifying will. The higher intensity of his resolution of obedience, his fresher, more unmitigated devotion to the program of life that found articulate utterance and sanction in his Calvinistic articles and texts not-to-be-tampered-with, might more than overbalance the concessions in the direction of an unobstructed movement won for his intelligence through his ardent adhesion to the individualistic Protestant standpoint. In New England, this is what notably was the case. When, therefore, we assert of the preacher in seventeenth-century Boston or Salem, that he, and his flock with him, hark back essentially to the Middle Ages and walk in the shadow of authority, we may seem to be ignoring his characteristic Hebraism, and the fact of his being himself a strange rebellious birth of the Renaissance, and our statement may not be technically altogether precise, but for the purpose of illustrating our general point here, it is correct enough. For that instinct and notion of free thought which long ages before had animated and shaped the Greek spirit, and out of which had come the wealth of Grecian art, and science, and philosophy, and which later again enformed the central movement of the Renaissance, and is the vital principle of our own whole modern period,—that notable somewhat which differentiates all these epochs alike from the mediaeval era, was alien likewise to the regnant temper, lay or cleric, of New England Puritanism. What free thought once signified to

NEW ENGLAND PURITANISM

New Englanders, is preserved for us in the still current opprobrious designation, "Free-thinker." To the Puritan of Massachusetts Bay as to the schoolman of the thirteenth century, free thought was licentious thought, God-and-order-over-turning thought, and a thing not to be abided. What was the sentiment of these men with respect to free inquiry, is perhaps best indicated by their attitude toward that matter of religious toleration. Let me give a few brief utterances as quoted in Tyler. Tyler tells us that there was a saying current in New England in the early days, that "Antichrist was coming in at the back door by a general liberty of conscience." Said Thomas Shepard, "It is Satan's policy to plead for an indefinite and boundless toleration." Again, "Every toleration of false religions or opinions," asserts Nathaniel Ward, "hath as many errors and sins in it as all the false religions and opinions it tolerates." Finally, John Norton proclaims, as Tyler comments, with the devout frankness of a Spanish inquisitor, that for the extirpation of error, "the holy tactics of the civil sword should be employed"; while the pious Dudley sings the chant of intolerance in this appropriately bad couplet,—

"Let men of God in courts and churches watch
O'er such as do a toleration hatch."

Clearly, with men of this mind, thinking must move in harness. It may be that Puritanism, for us, is associated with the idea of revolt, but it is only a revolt against the ascendancy of prescriptions other than its own. Add to this that these were ironily consistent men, suffering not in themselves what they endured not in another, as well as striving to carry all things through to their full issues, and you have the situation.

I need scarcely mention that we are not attempting to suggest that faith may not be a legitimate culmination of mental disposition. To be sure, to a thinking mind, even faith must show itself, not gratuitous—resenting question and critical clearing up

AND CULTURE

—a belief, according to Mark Twain's definition, in "what we know is not so"—but must itself be rational—as Kant would have said, requisite to reason for its own completion. All these, however, are considerations quite remote from Puritanism. But just because they are so, Puritanism, however hospitable it might be to common schooling, or scholastic classicism, was, no more than the temper of the Middle Ages, a congenial medium for the growth of science or philosophy, and still less, perhaps, as we shall see, for that of art. Not that none of the Puritans possessed, for example, any tolerable amount of scientific interest or information; for men are capable of a very considerable degree of inconsequence in reconciling scientific tenets with an unscientific general outlook. Nevertheless, the total and final tenor of Puritanism, established in undisturbed isolation in the New World and among unfavorable material surroundings, was against the development of the scientific spirit. It is no libel to say that much rather were the conditions which ended in Salem witchcraft and the phantastic superstitions of Cotton Mather, prepared among the forefathers from 1630-1690, than were the beginnings of a future scientific era.

The plight as regards philosophy was obviously still worse. Because science, in the narrower sense of the term, does not confront ultimate issues, but deals with problems of a secondary or even detailed sort, it is possible for it to travel far on its way without coming into serious conflict with authorized beliefs. Not so, however, with philosophy, whose whole meaning is to challenge and weigh first principles. The unqualified original bias of New England, therefore, could not be favorable even to the hope of philosophy. In brief, aptitude in either of the two great departments of free reflective thought—in scientific or in philosophy—was no part of the culture outfit which our forefathers brought with them from across the ocean.

In taking stock of the cultural resources of any people, it is

NEW ENGLAND PURITANISM

not possible to pass by the region of æsthetics. Art, it is hardly necessary to state, is one of the supreme forms in which the spiritual activity of mankind reveals itself. It is not an accident, a byplay in the life of man, but one of the modes in which man tries to find his way through the scheme of things. Consequently we must ask ourselves, what was the æsthetic preparation, the æsthetic capacity of the Puritans arriving in New England? To put the question, is almost to answer it. Roundhead hostility to everything verging on the realm of artistic enjoyment, has furnished merriment to three centuries; it was all-inclusive, extending as it did from crusades against plays and festivals, down to reprobation of the most trifling, harmless adornment of the person—no sin is a more vehement and constant object of the old-time ministerial wrath than the abomination of a comely head of long hair. The position of art among the saints of the new Canaan was more disconsolate even than that of heathenish philosophy. In this particular the Massachusetts brand of Puritanism is comparable only to the Dark Ages. The later Middle Ages thaw out, giving room for as great an art as the world has known; primitive New World Puritanism is nothing if not rigorously consistent. It is necessary for us to recall that the Puritan movement in general was most immediately a reaction among Protestants against the so-called pagan phase of the Renaissance. However, what above all else marks the pagan Renaissance, is its artistic inclination. It was therefore inevitable that Puritanism, in rising in protest against the Pagan Renaissance, should clash likewise with its art propensity. Nay, the very fact that Puritanism was, as we have seen, an attempt to revert to authority, albeit, the self-prescribed authority of Bible and creed, as against that bold freedom which in different parts of Europe we may behold so well typified in Shakespeare, Rabelais, or Leonardo,—the very fact that Puritanism was an attempt of this nature, doomed it to æsthetic sterility. We are

AND CULTURE

not compelled to enter on the query how far an unconfined liberty for art is good for the moral health of society. That is a separate and somewhat complicated inquiry, turning in part on how vital a thing we rate art anyway. This much, however, is plain. If freedom unrestrained—the sanction to look into all things, and to test all things, subject only to the proviso of integrity in motive and work—is indispensable to a vigorous life for the theoretic activities of science and speculation, it is surely not less so for the healthy life of art. For, in fact, art itself is simply one mode of theory, one particular form of the attempt to envisage the world so as to apprehend its meaning. Now for the reason that the Puritan had his ultimate convictions all fixed and settled in his mind, harboring no doubt touching their validity, and submitting himself unconditionally to their sovereignty; because his ideas of God and the World, and Providence and Good and Evil, were conclusively wrought out, and not to be challenged, it was impossible for him to be æsthetically fruitful in the highest sense. If men like Milton and Bunyan seem to contradict this conclusion, the reply is simply that neither Milton nor Bunyan was a thoroughly representative Puritan—assuredly not of the Salem or New Haven variety. Both had a genius which broke through the fetters they would fain have bound themselves with, and made them better artists than deliberately they would quite have dared to be. Thus, it was not Milton's purpose to make Satan his hero, but his genius took the matter out of his hands. So, too, it was not his desire to glorify the pagan gods; as a point of literal fact he writes them all down for devils; but the culture and gracious instinct of the artist compel him, despite himself, to love the old gods. On the other hand, in his tremendous venture of limning Deity, the Presence he succeeds in ushering us into, is not that of Infinite Being, but only the Supreme Calvinist. It may be true that this attempt to delienate Infinity was, in any case, doomed to failure; our point, though,

NEW ENGLAND PURITANISM

is, that Milton's devout awe and reverence here quelled the licentiousness of imagination in him, leaving in relief the austere rigid Puritan, whose piety enjoins a scrupulous portraiture of the Divine in the set terms of approved good doctrine. Moreover, this is not the only place in his poetry where Puritan qualm and pious doctrinal finality usurp the prerogative of creative fancy. The whole World-Order and scheme of Providence and History unfolded in *Paradise Lost* are, essentially, so much orthodox Puritan scholasticism, representing not a voyage of wistful imaginative exploration into the heart of being, such as Shakespeare undertakes in *Lear*, or *Hamlet*, or *Macbeth*, but at best an imposing formal elaboration of accepted dogma, bound up with a constant high purpose of Puritan edification. It is here, in this Puritan conformist formalism, learnedness, and anxious moralism of temper, that is discovered the prose core of Milton's poetry, that which precludes in him the full Elizabethan dauntlessness of eager curiosity, and makes impossible to him the last difficult heights of Shakespeare. Only where his genius does not traverse or knows how to beguile his vigilant self-consciousness, is the inspired poet able grandly to walk forth in him. In like fashion, it would not be hard to show that the portions of Bunyan's great work which make it valuable as art, are not its technical instructions in salvation, which to himself were the sweet kernel of it and the sanctified object of it all, but the phantasies and revelry of imagination, of which he, Bunyan, was suspicious, fearing their seductiveness to sin. In short, whether in Old or New England, our strict Puritan was not, æsthetically, an attuned or promising being, any more than he was so scientifically or speculatively. His feelings, though deep, and, in a way, rich, were too tyrannized over by will to find opportunity of working themselves out in the liberal plastic forms of art. They were rather the materials to be some day used for art, than the qualities which themselves bring art forth.

AND CULTURE

We are wont to speak of ourselves as a nation of frontiersmen, and on this sole ground to explain our failure of a fuller productiveness in all the higher domains of reflection and imagination, and undoubtedly this is at least one-half the true reason. It is significant, however, that the most valuable body, all told, of our literary creativeness, that which has issued out of New England, has been Puritanic in cast, and marked, even in its finest flowering in Hawthorne, by the Puritanic limitations; while the one man of first-class speculative power whom the country has brought forth, Edwards, was prevented from achieving an illustrious philosophic fame by his thralldom to the illiberal Puritan idea. It is worthy of note, further, that while in one aspect and to one kind of temperament, religion is the very chiefest of practical concerns, yet from another point of view, and to men having absolutely no leisure from materialism, it is to be accounted one of the luxuries of life—surely so in that form of theology-forging and sect-making which it has so prominently taken in America. Full half then, we conclude, of our national sterility as artists and thinkers has followed from our being Puritans, with the Puritan's sterling work-a-day intelligence and sharpened formal ratiocinative faculty, his indomitableness, his genius for conduct, and his deep-lying, elemental religious enthusiasm, but with the same iron hand of Puritan ultimate unfreedom ever repressing us, that repressed utterly our first grandsires on the shores of Massachusetts Bay. Being of the material we were, it is probable that, had we lived even in an environment of leisure, it would have taken long generations to thaw us out to the point of great things in metaphysics, poetry, music, or painting.

FATE

DON M. NORRIS

Our greatest effort is a mere aspiring.
The best of life we live in our desiring.
Like as the planets ever keep their place,
While ever seeking to whirl out through space,
So wheel we round the orb of our desire,
Nor go we ever lower, ever higher
Than our true course. Those of the best estate
Have learned the laws whereby they gravitate.

✱ ✱ ✱

Master, mistress, none I own.
I am free as heaven's breath.
I am Fate, and I alone
Keeper both of life and death.

Naught may chain me, naught may bind,
Lord of heaven and earth am I.
In myself all things I find,
By myself I live or die.

I have naught to do with prayer.
I have only this; to be,
See the task to do and dare
Do it. God is one with me.

THE HOUSE ON THE HILL

GUS M. JOHNSON

AS you go north from Auburn, on the southern slope of the low rising hills, where the road twists over their crest and slips down again into the lowlands, stands a tiny white cottage. Perched here, where it may keep an eye upon the world, as embodied in the half awake village, and yet distant enough to avoid its unpleasant bustle, with the roses clambering over the door in summer, and their plaintive sighings in winter, the house has stood since the remembrance of the oldest villager.

Here late one October afternoon when the soft winds of Indian summer tumbled the scattering leaves about the patch of garden, three women were busy smoothing out the emptied beds and swathing the shrubs in straw. But for some time Ann, the youngest, had worked in silence, stopping to gaze half wistfully villagewards, and at last stood with arms idly crossed upon the gate. Neglected, her sunbonnet hung by its strings, letting the wind flutter the loose curls of reddish hair. Furtively her sisters watched her, but they said nothing, nor would they admit, even in the silence of their own hearts, the possibility that Ann was acting strangely.

One by one the lights were appearing on the countryside, and the crisp air carried the evening sounds up from the valley. Still Ann was by the gate, a strange hardness in her eyes; at last she turned and entered the kitchen where her sisters were preparing the evening meal in an awkward silence. Ann began to lay the table, half wearily, her sisters thought, as they watched from under lowered lids. Once their eyes met, and they read what was in the other's mind. Instantly a dull red crept into their faces at such a display of sentiment.

THE HOUSE

After a few casual remarks of the morrow, the meal passed in silence, and when it was finished Ann went to her room instead of picking up the dishes as was her usual task. With heavy hearts the sisters did the work to the sound of ceaseless walking in the room overhead. At last the kitchen was in order, and Jane, the oldest, taking her knitting, began her evening's stint of work. Martha, who was of a literary turn of mind, opened Baxter's *Saints* and settled herself for an hour's recreation. But again and again their eyes wandered to the vacant chair, and the leaves remained unturned. Suddenly Martha's chair ceased its rocking, and she leaned over, half timidly.

"Jane, she's grievin'."

"I know it," Jane replied, and the chair resumed its monotonous creaking. The minds of both women were back two years, to the brief romance that had broken into their even lives—the romance of their sister's love. Ann then was twenty, and the bright spot in the silent lives of her sisters, who had jealously watched her growth. Little had they dreamed of love for her, because they had never known it. Then of a sudden came the warrior bold, and in a trice had captured the princess. The quiet old women were dazed, bewildered. They listened to the tearful pleadings of Ann—and at length yielded, as it were, the very essence of their lives. But it had not been for long. The lover was an artist, and as quickly as he had come he was gone, gone infatuated with the passing face of a gypsy. That was two years ago, and never after the first impetuous grief until now, had a sign of her sorrow escaped from Ann.

Next morning she was late to breakfast, a thing her sisters could not have believed possible. The griddle-cakes had stopped steaming before her step was heard. As she entered the room, Martha dropped her spoon with a crash. A gasp almost of horror escaped the two. Ann had drawn the reddish tresses straight back from her brow and bound them tightly in a small

ON THE HILL

knot, the approved fashion for spinsters. Of a sudden her sisters realized that she was no longer a girl.

"Ann," said Jane, in a sharp voice, "what have you done to your hair."

Ann lifted her eyes, half fearful, half defiant, then looked at the sugar bowl, her voice came low and calm.

"Jane, I rather guess its about time I—I was settling down abit. I—" she bit her lip and an awkward pause followed, broken finally by Martha, who in sheer desperation announced—

"Hiram said he 'lowed as how it would snow before night, lucky we got them shrubs wrapped up yesterday."

So was the transformation of Ann the girl, to Ann the spinster, and the days passed as before.

The winter came with its shifting drifts and whistling winds, but within the cottage life ran evenly in its accustomed rut, shut off from the outer world and contented. At length the drifts dwindled to dirty gray patches in the fence corners, and the nights were sweet with the dripping of eaves. And then came March, cold and relentless. One night the three women were sitting close to the air-tight stove, listening to the dash of sleet on the window, and the dismal howling of the wind, which seemed at times almost human. Twice had they glanced up, startled at the sound. Suddenly beneath the window the cry sounded again. Baxter and the knitting fell to the floor, and the women gazed at each other's startled faces.

"Don't you hear it?" cried Ann, "it's a child!"

As she opened the door a wild gust of wind dashed out the light, and when it was relit she was back in the room with a half-grown child in her arms. Breathlessly the women watched her as she unwound the drenched muffler from about its head. With a low cry she started back, confounded, when she saw the golden hair and delicately chiselled features.

"Martha—Jane—look, it is his! Quick, the hot water,

THE HOUSE ON THE HILL

some ginger tea—Martha, the soap-stone, and Jane do you get the flannels."

The next morning the drifts were piled high again, and it was several days before news came from the village. Then came the idle gossip of the finding of a tramp, frozen in a vacant barn on the night of the blizzard.

The force of the winter seemed spent with the storm, and spring came by gentle advances. As the child grew stronger he became greatly attached to his surroundings, and a new order of things seemed to have taken place in the cottage. One morning in late April, Ann was again late to breakfast. From the room above came the sound of scampering feet and a laugh. A door opened, and footsteps were upon the stairs. As Ann came into the room a silence fell upon the two women as they gazed at her. Half laughing, she turned with outstretched hand for the child to follow. About her head the early sunlight caught in a halo upon the loosely bound strands of hair.

AN ACROSTIC SONNET

WILLIAM DAVID RUSSELL

More than hope-quicken'd ear hath ever heard,
Yea, more than wistful heart may hint to heart,
Love adds to live. Love's presence doth impart
All aims, all trust, all good by Heaven conferred.
Despotic circumstance may hedge the way;
Yet, here and there, 'mid thorns, some queenly flower.
Inspired of faith, endowed with gracious power,
Lifts up its head to greet love's gladdening ray.
Once men compared me to a ship at sea:
Veered from its course; nor chart, nor compass true,
Expecting wreck and land nowhere in view,
Yearlong each hour until, oh friend! by thee,
Out from the shore of love's fair continent,
Unto my soul a pilot boat was sent.

CONCERNING ART AND OURSELVES

EDITH LOUISE DE LONG

DESPITE all the interminable chatter that today goes on in the name of Art criticism and Art appreciation, Art interpretation and Art study, it would be misleading to believe that the majority of persons, or even a very large number of us really know and enjoy true Art with the kind of knowledge and enjoyment it is capable of affording. We are wise and we are prudent on the subject, maybe; but - some things are hidden from the wise and the prudent.

The secret of the difficulty lies perhaps in a certain want of candor we are likely to allow ourselves whenever we come into contact with things of this kind. For some inscrutable reason we tend to think it a shame here to be our own unaffected selves. We hedge, modify us, and unconsciously strike mental attitudes. Go into any large public gallery and observe this. Take for example, the New York Metropolitan Museum on general admission days. Note the people who stand there looking at pictures, sculptures, whatnot. How many of them are seeing with their own eyes, thinking their own thoughts about what they see, and finally, are letting the good thing the artist meant come straight forth and unobstructed to themselves without let or hindrance from anybody else? How many on the other hand are consciously or unconsciously acting the part of dependents, ensconcing themselves in a conventional criticism not their own and altogether doing despite to the work of Art itself by refusing to allow it to speak for itself?

It is not modesty that makes us do this; nor humility. If it were, the result might be different. For art is never so ready with its message as when a man is truly humble. The old masters were so; and they created. Their disciples were so and they enjoyed; created too, perhaps.

CONCERNING ART

No, it is not humility. Much nearer is it to—perhaps is altogether—affectation, insincerity, artificiality. These are always the undoing of us spiritually and they will defeat us here, in the presence of Art quite as certainly as though we turned our eyes away from what is before us and refused to see or stopped our ears and refused to listen. Possibly it is cowardice and springs from our vanity, a wounded vanity that cries out and blubbers its pain when we discover that there are certain things beyond us; great truths and profound meanings that are not for us, or, are not for us until we have paid the price of their apprehension.

Whatever its explanation be, the thing itself is not open to dispute. It is common, pitifully so. Not only do we find it among those whose opportunities for coming into contact with great Art have been limited, the same thing goes on in homes of culture, in places where books and pictures and music are the natural accompaniment of life. Lack of integrity, unwillingness to abide by the testimony of our own spirits in these matters, reluctance even to give our own personal and individual souls a chance to speak at all the thing is the same in essence wherever you find it. Tricked out in another dress, it may be. If so, all the more vicious, since it may thus deceive the very elect. Pseudo-criticism, a sham knowledge, sham appreciation and the borrowed trumpery of interpretations worked out by other men—who would not give all of these for one straightforward, original, and vitally felt impression, no matter how chaotic or how hardly expressed? On this point, indeed, Miss Elizabeth McCracken's experiences among the poor of New York City show us how wonderfully true and, on the whole, just an appreciation may co-exist with wholesale ignorance of every accepted canon of conventional criticism.

Rich and poor alike, tutored and untutored, we are not frank in this. We say that which others say simply and

AND OURSELVES

solely because they say it and because we are ashamed to be saying a different thing. Still worse, we come to think as they think and feel as they feel, and fancy that these substituted emotions which go as ineffectively as they came, represent the real experiences Art should lead us into.

So slow are we, moreover, in this thing, that it comes to strike us as novel, bizarre, or even a kind of sacrilege when we are told a different gospel; when we are taught, for example, that it is not only possible but good to come before sculpture, painting, literature and music in the same simple and unconstrained fashion we allow ourselves elsewhere. We have to learn it as a part of criticism itself, that one does wrong and misses much of the good Art might bring him by hesitating to accept that good until he sees it fully labeled and vouched for by the stereotyped utterances of others.

The trouble, however, lies even deeper than this. Lack of candor, we have called it, insincerity, affectation and the inability to come into honest relations with Art and all the Arts. This lack of candor, though, from what does it spring? Why does it manifest itself here more than any place else in a man's life? What is there underneath; where is the sore spot that the symptom itself merely indicates?

Chiefly we must find fault with this: that it is our habit in our daily thinking on such things to put them unnaturally far from us. We relegate them, as Mr. Herbert Spencer would say, to the leisure part of life. Art is not at our service when we want it to be simply because we are not at its service at other times. We do not live so as to make the Art atmosphere a natural one for us to breathe. We enter it as a new element when we study pictures and sculpture and the like and then leave it when we are through. We have yet to see, in other words, that a picture or a piece of sculpture, a bit of music or a poem must either mean nothing or next to nothing at all, or else must take

CONCERNING ART

place as an essential part of our whole scheme of life. These things cannot be put on and off at will. They must stand related to us intimately; as intimately as the food we use for our physical bodies, or the water we drink. We must learn to look to them for strength as naturally as we do the hills, or for peace as we do to God. We must feel them vital, with the same vitality wherewith we ourselves are vital; and all immortal with that immortality Milton tells us is in a good book—"the precious life-blood of a master-spirit stored up on purpose to a life beyond life." Further, we must let them inject as it were into us a measure of this same energy: must so look and so listen, so feel and so enjoy that the thing does not stop there, but remains a permanent possession, something that quickens into a savor of life unto our own lives, becomes part of our mental and spiritual tissue.

In all Art, then, there is this living soul of what the artist tried to do, a soul that acts as all life does, grows and keeps on growing even after the artist himself has withdrawn his hand from the canvas or the marble, the score or the page. Because the picture is in a frame and the sculpture on a pedestal, because no further stroke of the brush nor any additional chip at the marble will be a part of these things, we have yet no reason for deeming that the end has been reached or the final purpose accomplished. The truth is quite otherwise. In every real work of Art, that is to say, there inheres the mystery of a continual creation; life is laid up as far beyond anything we ourselves can see or know in the present as in the life of a seed laid up when the seed itself falls into the ground. All the time that we stand looking at the thing before us, if it be painting or sculptured stone: or listening to it if it be music, or reading it if it be poem or story, the work of the artist is still going on. Transmitted from its initial impulse in that thing, to ourselves, somehow, we know not how, the thought that found its first spending

AND OURSELVES

on canvas or marble, or the printed page, wells up and forward to spend a further life in us. Read even so simple a thing as Browning's little song in "Pippa Passes," and you will find you cannot escape this communicating current.

"God's in his heaven,
All's right with the world,"

will make itself as vibrant in you as it did in the poet himself. Or, study the Mona Lisa; and see if you do not indeed have much ado to keep your own soul from being plucked into a travail of the unachievable only less enduring than that which tormented the mind and heart of Leonardo Da Vinci.

And so on with a hundred other things to which we justly give the name of true Art. Seek them and keep faith with them and you will know indeed just how real a thing it is, this creative power of which we speak. And if you will remember, too, all the while, that this goes on, not only for you and during the time that it works in you, but for all men and at all times, the thing will mean still more.

This makes it go too, almost without saying, that our relationship with the Art world should not be one primarily of intellect. It is Art rescued from intellectualism indeed that we need today, and are just beginning to see that we need more than anything else. We might almost as well be without a single product of this kind as to take that product for a thing to be analyzed and enjoyed on the thought plane alone. These things must, on the other hand, be allowed to come straight, penetrating our innermost being as truly as love and death and joy and suffering do. We cannot know them and keep them outside. Art had never been at all, were we not capable of this. Its whole underlying implication, both on the creative and the receptive sides, is a big sympathy with all mankind. Matthew Arnold's tender little tribute to Goethe,

CONCERNING ART

*"He took the human race,
He read each wound, each weakness clear;
And struck his finger on the place
And said: 'Thou ailest here and here!'"*

might in a very broad sense be made to apply to all Art whatever the form it take. It knows. And it heals. It is as though it were piercingly familiar with us every one. And we cannot escape that familiarity save by turning our backs on it altogether. Take, again, Jules Breton's little study called "The Song of the Lark." What is there there but just this same interchange of human sympathy to give it its charm, the feeling first of the artist and then of ourselves as to what it means to be poor and rude as many people are and yet to have in one instant the very windows of heaven opened—through the singing of a little bird? A call it is to both of us—to the artist in painting and to us in looking on—to come out of ourselves, to forsake our private and individual lives and to enter a life we are not used to for a while.

Nay, it means even more, it is an invitation, after all, not to forsake our personal being, but to enrich them, to make them larger and more significant by contact with the lives of other people. After all, we are all one and that which through sympathy enables us to communicate, gives us at the same time truer self-expression than we would otherwise have had. This explains, too, why the enjoyment of Art is really very often but the subtle and intangible joy of self-recognition. We see other peoples' lives portrayed with such insight that the universal element comes uppermost and, so appealing, startles us as though we had seen ourselves in another manner of man. We ask involuntarily, with our hearts if not with our lips,

"Oh! what is this that knows the way I came?"

The technical side of Art of course has its place; a very right and necessary one it is too. Without wise obedience to laws that every artist must look out for, much that is most spiritual,

AND OURSELVES

most winningly ideal, would never be able to put on material form at all. Just as what is most tender or most solemn or most delicate in our dreams 'perishes usually in the telling of them, so the things that haunted the brain of Shakespeare, of Dante, of Titian or of Handel would have been lost to the world forever, had they not found deliberate and well-designed capturing at the hands of certain rigid laws of Art. Even the evanescent fancies of Shelley, the mystic beauty of Rossetti or Burne-Jones cannot escape this dull tyranny of technique.

Likewise, also, merely for the looker-on, technique has its place. There is always a secondary delight in store for those who can see the artists' theme not merely as it exists already worked out, but as a thing he was deliberately trying to achieve.

This, the intellectual element, however can never be made to supplant the other, the more purely emotional. Nor can it even compare with it, when it comes to getting the highest that Art can give to us. Not so much is it by scanning paint and perspective, or by putting our fingers into the crevices of the stone, or even by giving our days and our nights to the study of words, that we really come under the compelling witchery of the ideal. These things are after all spiritual and being so, are spiritually discerned in so far at least as we mean by that, sympathetically.

First, candor, sincerity, then sympathy. These two will make Art what it ought to be to us; will lift us at least out of the too common way of regarding the things artists bring us. Delving into anything of this kind with our own live selves we are sure to find it alive. And only so. Setting it on a pinnacle and falling down to worship it, or on the other hand mounting on stilts over it—neither of these will do. Fraught to repletion all Art is with the power to make us better and saner and wholesomer; to give us cleaner perspectives and juster outlooks. And yet nothing of this can it give us unless we are first willing and able to give even as we are given unto.

THE SCRUPLES OF OLCOTT

J. A.

CHESTER OLCOTT and Robert Steele, '04 Laws of the University of Michigan, sat in their room one Thursday evening last fall. Steele, who had been reading, closed his book and drew his chair up beside Olcott in front of the fireplace.

"Going to Chicago?" he asked.

Olcott started as if from a reverie. And well he might. These three words meant much to him. The Wisconsin-Michigan football game was to be played in Chicago the following Saturday. Enthusiasm was running high in Ann Arbor. To go to Chicago was—so every Michigan student thought—to see Michigan win the western football championship.

"Hardly think so," answered Olcott slowly. "You know, Bob, how my finances are. I said, after my experience last spring, that I would never go into debt again during my college course. If I go to Chicago I break that resolution. I'm not turning moralist or anything of that sort, but that resolution has become kind of a hobby with me, and I want to ride it straight through. Of course, as the Dean would say, the amount involved isn't much, but the principle is the same."

This seemed convincing. Bob thought a moment, then asked: "You want to go, and would if you had the money?"

"Yes."

"And you know any of the fellows would gladly loan it to you?"

"Yes, Bob."

"But you will neither borrow nor steal it?"

"Don't know about the latter, but I won't borrow."

Seeing that Chet's decision was final, Bob tried another plan. By a little levity he thought to get Olcott out of what he considered an obstinate state of mind.

THE SCRUPLES OF OLCOTT

"Let's try the University of Chicago and Rockefeller plan. Your friends will endow you with a gift, and your rooting at the game will fully repay them."

"No, same principle," said Chet with a smile.

"All right, although your decision is not according to precedent it must stand." Steele now assumed a fatherly air.

"Have another plan, Kid. In the drawer of the table you will find a five dollar bill. Thompson dropped in tonight and left it. Said he bought some books of you last spring—Oh, that's on the dead. I'm not fixing up a game to make you take money. Now, this bill and the money you can spare will put you quite a ways toward Chicago. Cover all expenses but the car fare, I think."

Olcott had brightened up when his assets began to assume such unthought of proportions. After a moment he answered.

"Yes, that's enough for all but car fare,—where's that coming from?"

"Glad to see you admit my ability as a financier; but as to the money for your ticket even I don't know. It's beyond me. You'll have to work that out. It's a cinch now, you can't miss that game, and remember your reputation of always solving these little perplexities of life. I'm going to bed, don't stay up too late."

As soon as Olcott was alone he sat down at the table on which he massed his available assets. After a short calculation he satisfied himself that he could take the trip and not go into debt—if he had a ticket. Here was the knotty problem.

The great financier was snoring in the next room.

"He has given up the problem and left it to me," thought Chet. "He is rather skeptical as to whether or not I'll solve it. Before I sleep any tonight I will at least have part of a plan of how I am going to Chicago on an amount six dollars and a half less than the closest calculators expect to use."

THE SCRUPLES

Olcott took a pipe from the rack, filled and lighted it, and then, taking his cap, walked out into the street. "Lots easier to think out in the air," he said to himself.

Olcott slept late Friday morning. While he was dressing Steele came into the room with the morning mail.

"Great news, Kid, letter from pater, he meets me in Chicago tomorrow and after the game we go for a week's hunt in Minnesota. By the way—going to Chicago?"

"If you go to Minnesota," answered Olcott quickly.

"If I—how's that?"

"Never mind, you already have an excursion ticket to Chicago. The return coupon isn't good after Sunday. I would like to buy it."

"Certainly. But, Chet, you must take it in payment for the loss of my company for a week. Remember, I'm not giving it to you. This doesn't involve the principle we discussed last night. But what in the world do you want of a return ticket if you stay in Ann Arbor?"

"I'm going to Chicago," said Olcott decisively. "Guess your return ticket will answer in lieu of your company. I'm going to be busy all day, so we will talk this over on the train tonight. I hope Tut's have something good for breakfast."

Olcott went early to the depot Friday night. He bought a ticket for Chelsea, and then went out and mingled in the gathering crowd. No one was more enthusiastic than he. His friends looked at him admiringly as he led the yells.

As soon as the train arrived he with several friends, Steele among them, hurried aboard and got comfortable seats. For reasons of his own, Olcott did not take a berth in the sleeping car and his friends wished to be with him. Each one thought he had something good in store.

Just before the train started, Olcott, wanting to make out an expense account, and finding no paper at hand, took the ticket

OF OLCOTT

which Steele was examining and with a pencil soon placed several items on its blank side.

"That's all right" he said as he handed it back.

Olcott managed to give his small ticket to the conductor and have a slip put in his hat without attracting any unusual attention.

Soon after the conductor passed, Olcott arose.

"Say fellows," he said, "I'm going forward a couple of cars to see a man. Better let me take that return ticket Bob, you might lose it."

"Here it is, sure you'll be back?"

"As sure as I am that we will win the game tomorrow," answered Chet as he put the ticket in his pocket.

An hour later Olcott was talking earnestly with a crowd of fellows when the conductor passed through the car. The man in uniform glanced at the stub in the different men's hats, and then stepped over and took the one out of Olcott's hat. Chet looked up carelessly. About three seats away he saw Steele and several other friends.

"Bob is going to see how to get around the little perplexities of life" thought Olcott.

"What are you doing here?" asked the conductor gruffly. "We passed Chelsea some time ago."

"Chelsea!" gasped Olcott in surprise, "I'm going to Chicago."

"Your stub says Chelsea."

"There must be some mistake," answered Olcott slowly.

"I never make them, young man. Where's your return ticket?"

Olcott produced it with an injured air. The conductor examined it, thought a moment, then said:

"I can't go by this ticket. Probably it's all right, but any of the fellows here might have given it to you. Too bad we

THE SCRUPLES OF OLCOTT

haven't some way to distinguish the tickets I've got. 'Fraid I'll have to put you off at Battle Creek.'

Twenty fellows offered to pay the fare if necessary.

"No," said Olcott in a commanding voice. "This man has a ticket which I can identify. Conductor, look through your tickets and on the back of one you will find an expense account which I placed there when I first boarded the train. I think I can enumerate most of the items." Olcott had been careful to place his words so that they did not seem to him like a real lie.

The conductor carefully sorted out the tickets taken up from Ann Arbor. This was his first experience in identifying a ticket after it had been taken up and placed with others. He soon found the ticket with the writing on the back. He looked up, a smile on his face, just as Olcott began to tell him the different items.

"Guess you're right, young man; my mistake. I'm getting too old for this work."

As the conductor passed down the aisle several fellows started a chorus of "most wise and gracious judge." But this was drowned out by nine raahs for Olcott, led by several fellows a few seats away.

As for Olcott, he settled back into the cushions with a feeling of deep satisfaction. It was not till later, when the other men were dropping off to sleep, that he was conscious of a vague unhappiness. If only they hadn't cheered!

TRUTH DISCREET

Truth walked in garments dull and gray.—
"Why art thou clad so humbly, pray?"
Truth gave answer thus: Ye know
I was Error yesterday.

—RICHARD KIRK

SONNET

SCOTT MONCRIEFF

I know a land of sombre setting suns,
Where grey dawns grow to dim half-lighted noons,
Through whose ravines no river ever runs,
Nor any mirror for the bright rimmed moons.
There, circled by the gloom of herdless hills,
Whose shadows mingle o'er long barren plains,
Dwell loveless souls, who, fleeing from the ills
Of thirst and hunger, fall upon fresh pains
Through loss, by moth and rust, of all they love;
But men who live in loving, and who own
God's gift of giving, have a sky above,
Whose glories, even clouded, well atone
For lack of perfect brightness, and around
Eternal plenty springing from the ground.

THE PROUD PRINCE

DONALD CLIVE STUART

ONE of the most notable dramatic productions of the year is that of Justin Huntley McCarthy's "Proud Prince," a play woven about the life of the notoriously evil Robert of Sicily, surnamed the Bad. In choosing this theme and in treating it in a poetical, half-fanciful way the author has given us a novel production. He has turned a modern problem play into a miracle play of the romantic school. The result is a work which is intensely interesting and, as staged by Mr. Southern, an admirable example of modern scenic and histrionic art.

Although the first requirement of the drama is to entertain, yet the play is such an ambitious attempt to rise above the present standard of dramatic work that one cannot dismiss it with the simple verdict that it serves to pass the time. Whatever may have been the motive of Mr. McCarthy in writing, whether he has returned to the romantic field from choice or from desire to give the public something new, at least he has written a play which has the plot, setting, and language of romanticism. In fact, Mr. McCarthy is the only successful playwright of English who stands to-day for the romantic drama.

The play deals with evil and passion, embodied in the king, and their struggle and defeat by innocent purity represented by the young girl Perpetua. The two forces are contrasted throughout the play. At first the evil soul is in the fair body of the king; but in a scene made splendid by modern stage equipment, the king's soul is sent by the archangel into the hideous body of a hunch-back fool. This is at once a gain and a loss in the strength of the play. It is interesting for the spectator to watch a scene from a mediaeval miracle-play and see the miraculous force, upon which the plot hinges, acting upon the stage. However, the very fact that the soul of the king changes bodies hinders.

THE PROUD PRINCE

the character from standing out plainly and clearly, since one is likely to forget that the king still lives in the misshapen fool, and consequently we watch the regeneration of the fool rather than that of Robert of Sicily. The mind is so occupied with the two bodies that it forgets to watch the change in the one character. Thus the play loses somewhat in force in that it seems to lack a clear-cut character, mighty in its ruling passion, like Hamlet, Othello, or even Cyrano. When the character and its changes are analyzed, the conclusion is reached that the painting of the king is very little stronger than the representation of the regeneration of the modern Englishman in the comedy "A Message from Mars," a play which appeared in this country last year, and which the "Proud Prince" resembles very closely. In fact the story of the "Proud Prince" is the story of the "Message from Mars" put back into the thirteenth century. There is also a striking similarity between the scene in which Perpetua grinds her father's axe and interrupts her song to speak of the hunter she has met, and the scene in Faust in which Marguerite spins and interrupts the song with thoughts of the student, Dr. Faustus.

The language of the play is more poetical and more striking than is usual in modern plays. Yet the attempt of the author to write poetical prose often results in seventeenth century English. However, Mr. McCarthy has given the public a play which is dramatic and meritorious. It is his best work and embodies an attempt to give the stage a drama of literary value in an age in which literature and the drama seem to be at opposite poles of the world of art.

Failure understood
Is success in the bud.

RICH MAN, POOR MAN, BEGGAR MAN, THIEF

E. S.

A dear little lad
Who drove 'em half mad,
For he turned out a horribly fast little cad.

—*Bab Ballads*

“**C**ONFOUND the—ugh!”

Burr never swore. He had not learned how in his youth, and the right words would not come. But if you heard that deep growl of his, ending in a snarl, you would not need words.

The room was in moderate disorder—a typical student's room, for the most part. But some of the opened books were half buried under slips of paper, opened letters, and ashes. He pawed over the contents of a drawer at intervals, pulling letters from their envelopes and cramming them back after a glance. Once or twice he drew a sheet of paper toward him from the back of the drawer, at the top of which he had written the day of the month, but each time he shoved it back irresolutely. Suddenly his face relaxed a little, with a half curious look. A crumpled sheet had worked one of its corners from beneath the old newspaper lining the drawer. It was in his own hand, but with a certain strangeness that even a year or two will produce in one's handwriting as in one's features. He read:—

“Soon need more. I have saved in every way possible, and have earned some besides; but it does not pay. I am holding my nose too much to the grindstone. I have made an excellent record in my studies, every instructor commends my work, and Professor Silver, as I heard the other day, spoke to Dr. Carson of me as ‘a man to watch.’ But won't they be disappointed? I feel I am becoming a mere student, and I want to be a man. The Fellowship club has invited me to become a member. It is the chance I have longed for. To learn the ways of men, to know them, to be helped by them—perhaps to help. This club is made up of good fellows, who seem to know all the things I don't, and——”

RICH MAN, POOR MAN, BEGGAR MAN, THIEF

Here the sheet ended. Burr read with an air half of retrospection, half of amused curiosity, as if he were watching a child dress a doll. He remembered the occasion of the writing; he could almost pick out the unsatisfactory phrase which led him to rewrite this page. He had reckoned so carefully with his father's strait-laced prejudices. Perhaps if he hadn't worded his letter so well—but he was so sure he was right, then. What an infant—

There was a sudden knock at the door, a single loud thump. Burr switched on the light,—it had grown quite dusk. Another thump—"Burr!"

"Come in, Ned. Mail?"

"Yes." The visitor threw down a paper and several envelopes.

"H'm—note from Gooding. Very kind of the brute. Wonder what?" He tossed aside the paper and tore open the first envelope. He glanced at its contents.

"Wouldn't that cook you? Listen to this—

"*Dear Mr. Burr:*—This paper is even worse than the last. I learn, besides, that you are doing poor work with several of your instructors. I trust you will not come to me again till you have made some real effort at preparation.

"Very truly

"C. R. GOODING."

"Not doing well with the others, eh? Huh!" Burr had a certain contempt for Gooding, whom he thought soft.

A blue envelope caught his eye. He started.

"Why the deuce didn't you say so at first?" he exclaimed, snatching off the wrapper.

Burr sat for awhile motionless, with a heavy look that grew heavier. At length he arose quietly and put on his overcoat.

"Watson, just wait here a few minutes, and amuse yourself in any way you can. I am going to call up long distance."

The blue note lay open before Watson's eyes. He did not look; he simply saw. The letter-head was folded in. The note was very brief.

RICH MAN, POOR MAN, BEGGAR MAN, THIEF

"MR. BURR,

"*Dear Sir:*—Mr. Keating says you are a good man for us. Can give a young man with nerve a job as night-clerk, wages \$3 per week, but a bright fellow that uses his eyes can pick up a good deal more than his wages. Telegraph at once, we can't wait long.

"Yours truly,

"G. J. POGUE."

Watson, growing impatient, left the room before Burr's return. The next morning he was called to Detroit to meet an old friend whom business brought thither. As it was Friday, he remained three days. He thought much about Burr. On the whole, it was no doubt better to let him take the clerkship. He needed a little experience with reality—it would steady him. But Watson decided to keep track of his friend, and help the fellow up as soon as he was in a position to be helped. Sunday night should see him in Ann Arbor; he would go to Burr at once and have a straight talk with him.

But Sunday night also saw Burr's rooms empty and bare, and Monday saw a new tenant installed. Watson inquired in vain for his address.

Two or three weeks later Watson met a law student whom he had often seen at Burr's rooms, and whom Burr spoke of as a fellow-townsmen. He asked the law about Burr.

"Burr," answered the law, "well, fact is, Burr is working in a third-rate hotel in Ohio as a night-clerk. Not a very—well, you wouldn't call it gilt-edged."

"Too bad," said Watson. "I liked Burr. He'll come out of this soon."

"Well, maybe," replied the law meditatively. "But I dunno. You know he was a grind when he was a freshman, and a good boy—regular S. C. A.'er. Then he saw light and tried to be a hell-roaring man of the world, as he understood the part. I've been here eight years, high school and all, and I've noticed when they go that way, there isn't much hope. Yes, Burr was a good chap."

At the Sign of the Ass's Head

"I DO BEGIN TO PERCEIVE THAT I
AM MADE AN ASS."



William Dundas
Scott Moncrieff,
one of whose
sonnets appears
in this number,
is a native of the
south of Scotland.
He was educated
at the University
of St. Andrews,
and early entered

upon his profession of engineering. A leading authority in sanitary engineering, and the
Wm. Dundas inventor of one of the
Scott Moncrieff processes for the bacteriological treatment
of sewage, he calls himself humorously, a sublimated plumber. The friend of many of the most distinguished literary men artists of the day, he is himself known as a poet. His principal published work is "The Abdication," an incident in the life of Mary, Queen of Scots. This play is a remarkable achievement, recalling the Elizabethan manner, and has been discussed at length in a former number of the INLANDER. Two years ago he published a volume of verse, entitled "Amor Amoris." The sonnet printed is from this volume; and

we hope to give other examples of Mr. Moncrieff's manner, including poems which have not yet seen the light. There are few men living today possessed of his all-round versatility. An etcher and painter of skill, a poet of no mean power, he is also at home in critical and philosophical discussions; while his attainments in his chosen profession are too well-known to need comment. He is a cousin of John Gibson Lockhart, Scott's biographer.

. . .

In the September's *Atlantic*, Sir Leslie Stephens has attained his anecdotalage, as Disraeli would say, or, as Sir Leslie puts it he has joined the "great army of reminiscence writers." He makes a gladsome recruit. "The line at which retrospection has to take the place filled by anticipation," is hardly the dead line that we are prone to think it.

. . .

He turns back to his fourteen years at Cambridge for his earliest distinct impressions. Cambridge
His Life at was in those days, as compared with the romance and picturesqueness of Oxford, a community of "humdrum prose and monotonous levels." "A

AT THE SIGN OF

Cambridge career induced Coleridge to become a heavy dragoon; Byron kept a bear to set a model of manners to the dons of his day; and the one service which the place did for Wordsworth was to enable him for once in his life to drink a little more than was consistent with perfect command of his legs." In short, the University spirit, was the avatar of the stolid smug conservative of the day,—who abhorred the "damned intellectual." Yet Sir Old Regime Leslie confesses to a lingering fondness for the "Cambridge ideals," as he knew them,—and their limitations.

. . .

In all the seventeen colleges that sat upon the Cam, any idea of scholarship outside the classics and mathematics was inconceivable. The tutors "did their duty honestly enough but with a sense that it was not the duty of a life." The professors were a superfluity. Professor Smythe gave lectures on the French Revolution. "One of them always drew an audience because it was known that in the course of it he would burst into tears upon mentioning the melancholy fate of Marie Antoinette." As for the head-masters they were "rulers of the king Log variety." All this sounds lackadaisical enough. Yet the system had its great advantages.

. . .

"Spiritual guides," says Sir Leslie,

"are very impressive, but sometimes very mischievous persons. Prostration before a prophet is enfeebling." Disciples are liable to a hypertrophy of the conscience and take life too seriously at starting. "Our teachers preached common sense,—and common sense said:—Grind at your mill and don't set the universe in order till you have taken your bachelor's degree."

. . .

Even the absence of literature from the curriculum was a gain. "We read what we liked and because we liked it,—the only kind of reading that is of much use according to my experience."

. . .

Though lacking the leadership of a dominant personality, Sir Leslie could feel himself the contemporary of rising luminaries. Among these were Tom Hughes and Charles Kingsley, who preached the doctrine of "Muscular Christianity," and enlisted Sir Leslie in their propaganda. "The doctrine of that sect was that a man should fear God and walk a thousand miles in a thousand hours." The zeal of his proselytism may have overreached itself, Sir Leslie admits,

THE ASS'S HEAD

regretfully,—yet to this day he has to confess to a lurking interest in the prize ring. "Interest in such pursuits is at any rate," he contends defensively, "antagonistic to the intellectual vice of priggishness."

. . .

Of further interest to college men is what Professor James has to say in the *Harvard Graduate Magazine*, for September, regarding the "True Harvard." "Is there," he asks, "no inner Harvard within the outer?" and answers: "Indeed, there is such an inner spiritual Harvard," and as "the True Church was always the invisible Church," so also is "the true Harvard the invisible Harvard in the souls of her more truth seeking and independent and often very solitary souls."

. . .

We wonder if these words throw any light upon the problem that was discussed so capably in the "ALUMNUS" last year: "Has Michigan a Real College Spirit?" One writer said "no" and another "yes"; and the only agreement reached was to produce the word "Loyalty" as a synonym for "Real College Spirit." But the light of the single great word is always of that white blinding sort that kills; or, at least, induces in the wary victim

a photophobia, for such high candle-power illumination.

. . .

It is morally certain that even the most stolid dolt who comes to college receives some sort of impression from the institution, which, in turn, determines his attitude toward it. You have the man and the college,—the electric flow from the latter into the former—the quiver—the response—they are the College Spirit. It happens then, that whatever determines the strength, the subtilty, the abiding quality of this current that sets toward the individual student, as well as the latter's resistant fibre, determines the nature of College Spirit. Words of professors, their mannerisms, their phrases, their characters; games, victories, defeats; literary enthusiasms, lost causes, impossible ideals; instruction in traditions; love of the name of the college as a family watchword, Who is Looking the talisman of a splendid destiny, and for the did destiny, and True Michigan? whatever else the student brings from home!—all these are such stuff as College Spirit is made of.

. . .

That this variety of ingredients will be found in most diverse admixtures, giving rise to very different kinds and types of devotion to the college, goes without saying. But from this very

AT THE SIGN OF

obvious fact arises a most important question: What kind of devotion, —what kind of College Spirit is the best, the most *real*? The answer is: That kind of devotion, that kind of College Spirit, which **And the Place** accords the college its **His College has** right place in life, and **in His Life** so, permits it to do its proper work for you.

. . .

The college, as we have said, has its innumerable phases. Some of these are more essential to the "long view" of college life than others. Some, indeed, are merely adventitious as compared with the very great worth of others. If, therefore, the proper subordination of interests by which devotion to the college is shown, is to be kept, College Spirit must continually grow and expand, in an effort to encompass the Real College,—its highest interests.

. . .

If he will but let it, the college will mirror for the student his best and most capable self; and nourish it. College Spirit thus becomes a sort of religious faith; and just as religion affords occasionally a best moment from which to

But Certainly the True criticise life, so **Michigan is More than** real College Spirit **an Transient Interest** will furnish a standpoint from which to criticise college life. The worst thing that can happen to one's college loyalty is that, it should so

identify itself with some meagre interest of college life that from the very necessities of self-preservation it should have to defend that interest with fierce and unreasoning fanaticism against truthful and charitable criticism.

. . .

Here at Michigan, as indeed, in any great University, there are many artificial barriers to "cabin, crib, confine" our view. To mention but one of these restrictions, there is the vertical segmentation of the college into depart-

And Is Permanent Enough ments. It is **to Become a Standpoint** true that de- **for Criticism of College** partments **Activities** are neces- sary, but it

is also true that they hamper the growth of College Spirit. This is because they cut off one's view of the Institution as a whole, save transient or occasions. But those occasions pass, and the institution lapses back into segmentation, like the Magic Swift. The individual student must feel the identity of the University with his most vital ideals, before the Real College Spirit finds abidance in his bosom.

. . .

The use of "dark, blood-red, sanguinary gore," to use the words of J. Wilkins Micawber, in lieu **Blood as a** of ink, is not an uncommon occurrence. A graduate student in philosophy, a year or two ago, being asked for an

THE ASS'S HEAD

outline of Plato's Republic, wrote thus: "Plato dipped his pen in his life's blood and wrote immortal words!" You can almost see the "broad browed" Peripatetic flourish his red-tipped pen! Likewise, the class of '67 proclaimed the "*Ignominious Execution of Physica Mechanica*." Such are the precedents,

—few, but notable!

The Sophs Follow What wonder, then,
The Precedents. that the reeking

bravura recommended itself to the nice discernment of the Sophomoric mind, when said mind came to the task of composing a *defi* to traditional enemies! Very good! But it *does* seem as if the authors of that composition might have reposed a LITTLE more confidence in the valor of their writing fluid, and have curbed their pens and left some certain words in the caldron of blood—or the ink-pot!

. . .

The Rush itself seems to have had some unfortunate results. If this practice is to continue, two **The Rush** features of it have got to go; its continuance outside the limits of the campus and the participation of high school boys and town hoodlums in it. It is the first of these things that encourages the second. And this has become very provoking, especially since the impertinent intrusions are not confined to the Rush. The last Senior Promenade was a

perfect fiasco on
Must be Purged of account of them.
Certain Features A gang of boys,
joined in lock-step
went bumping through the crowd
with the most ruffianly heedlessness.
Those who come to the Senior Promenade and attempt the lock-step should be taken elsewhere to indulge in that happy exercise to their heart's content.

. . .

Thor, Jr. produces the ancestral implement:—

"Now tell us what 'twas all about?"

On a Friday night early in this month several hundred lusty and presumably intelligent young men, **en-** Thor, Jr.'s engaged in the pursuit of **Opinion** the various arts and sciences, met together on the campus for the annual Rush. For the next few hours they industriously bumped each other, tore one another's clothes, impartially assaulted policemen and by-standers alike, caused various nimble young men to shin trees, soaked others in puddles of water with a sincerity of purpose that showed an almost Oriental regard for precedent.

. . .

Why "this was thus," not one in a hundred knew or cared. Somewhere back in the **A Diversion that Requires** forgotten by-
no Great Brain Capacity ways of college tradition
this all had doubtless meant some-

AT THE SIGN OF

thing, but is now for the most part but an excuse for a senseless annual outburst of ruffanism and riot. To be sure it is amusing to the onlooker and exciting to the participant and equally incomprehensible to both. It is not longer even a purely college affair, for high school boys, town hoodlums and others engage in the affray with as great vim and probably just as clear a conception as to what it means as the student.

. . .

What the rush means now is no longer clear—but to quote the words of the immortal
But is Much Sought Abraham—“For
After by Some people who like
this sort of thing,
this is about the sort of thing they like.”

. . .

Commendable in the just-born class of 1907 is the spirit in which they wear their caps of gray, and “07” fall in with other regulations meant for their good. In so doing they help to establish a precedent for others to follow. They are not cringing to the snobbishness of their elders—no more than is the dutiful youngster who cheerfully eats in the nursery when there are guests at dinner. They are simply getting their bearings. They have been the cocks of the walk in their schools, they have been the center of attention of the fraternities, their smallest inconsequences have been received with

gravity by those dignified companies, and they might lose their sense of proportion—but the cap reminds. Freshmen have been known to crowd professors—even deans, it is said—off the crossings in slushy weather. But those freshmen didn't wear gray caps.

. . .

The season is getting fairly under way and it is very evident that the struggle for the championship this year will be greater and more evenly balanced than it was last year. Of the Big Four, Chicago, Wisconsin, Minnesota and Michigan, the only one which is sending up a wail of woe and which apparently is weaker than last year, is Wisconsin. The report from Madison is that the team will be light and an effort is being made to make up in speed what is lacking in weight. But the spirit is there and Chicago may find a Tartar in the Badgers on October 31. On form, Chicago, with her wealth of old material, and with Eckersall to direct the rapid fire, should defeat Wisconsin by a comfortable margin.

. . .

The game of that day, October 31, will, however, be at Minneapolis, when Michigan tackles Minnesota. Minnesota has a good number of its old men back and, having given up the idea of heavy backs, will have a fast backfield. Large scores have been quite prevalent, but the epidemic

THE ASS'S HEAD

has been due to the fact that small teams like McAlester College were the victims. Their defense has not been well tested and what it can do against an offense like that of the "Yost Machine" remains to be seen.

. . .

The "Yost Machine" has a number of new fittings and cogs, but with the amount of lubricant to be applied before the Minnesota game, will be able to deliver a good order to the Gophers. The games thus far have shown that the quality of the new material is excellent and with the master hand of Coach Yost to guide it, Michigan rooters can rest assured that the team's record will not be far behind that of the wonderful teams of 1901 and 1902.

. . .

Of the other members of the "Big Nine," Illinois is perhaps the strongest, and Chicago will have to play her best game to beat the Orange and Blue representatives. Coach Woodruff did wonders for Pennsylvania some years ago and he may do the same at Champaign. Poor, despised Northwestern with McCornack of Dartmouth as coach, will do much better than last year, for it is hardly likely it could do any worse. Purdue, Indiana, and Iowa are away down in the rut, but Iowa's

game with Drake showed improvement and they may be able to make the Gophers work pretty hard on October 17. Purdue will beat Indiana in the race for the Hoosier championship.

. . .

All in all, the situation looks very good. The weak teams are weaker and the strong teams stronger, and after the first clash of the mighty on October 31, the two left in the lists will be, let us hope, Chicago and Michigan, who will furnish one of the grandest exhibitions on Thanksgiving day ever seen in the West.

. . .

The appearance of James Whitcomb Riley in the opening number of the S. L. A. course this year has brought to mind an incident of Mr. Riley's early boyhood in which the now distinguished poet figured rather ludicrously.

Riley's father was possessed of a high temper and a particularly obstreperous calf and their momentary conjunction on this occasion was responsible for the discomfiture of James Whitcomb. The aforesaid calf was in the habit of breaking out of the stable and was on this particular morning found by Riley capering around the barn-lot. In response to a call for help, Riley senior, appeared on the scene with a halter. James

AT THE SIGN OF

was given peremptory orders to stand guard at a small gate opening onto the highway for the purpose of preventing the animal's escape from the lot.

. . .

With fear and trepidation he, then but a boy of twelve or fourteen, saw the beast charge past him followed by the perspiring Mr. Riley. When things had reached a critical stage and squally weather generally was being unmistakably indicated, the calf tacked suddenly and headed for the gate. "Head him off, stop him," and other fierce injunctions to stand pat came from the rear of the charging beast.

. . .

But Riley's small stock of courage was going fast, his legs wobbled, he straightened, recoiled, recoiled again, the monster was upon him and with one quick duck he was out of harm's way while the calf was streaking it down the road unobstructed. Snatching up a corncob, the first thing he happened to lay hands on, the irate father sent it squarely at the boy who dodged and came up again only to meet the rush of his sire, who, with uplifted halter, proceeded to lay on, the while vociferating, "I'll show you, you rascal! I'll teach you to dodge a corncob, I'll teach you to dodge a corncob!"

The recent action of the faculty of the literary department in agreeing to give two hours extra credit to all honor men of the University is highly commendable—and should be good news to all those who expect to enter these contests

. . .

Apropos of this arrangement and, perhaps, suggesting its necessity, is the fact that Michigan has found victory over her rivals in debating and oratory, a matter of constantly increasing difficulty, in recent years. A glance at the records shows this. In the first eight contests after the founding of the Northern Oratorical League in 1891, Michigan won seven. In the last five, Michigan has succeeded in landing one. Out of the first sixteen collegiate debates, Michigan won thirteen; while in the last four, Michigan has won only once. Nor is it because Michigan's excellence in debating and oratory has in anywise diminished. The reason is rather that the debating teams and orators sent against Michigan in recent years have materially strengthened their style of presentation.

. . .

It is no disparagement of those colleges who compete with us in these events to say that they have of late years recognized the superior kind of training used here and have begun

THE ASS'S HEAD

to adopt it themselves, in part or in whole. In more than half the contests in which Michigan has competed, the judges have been heard to comment on the superior form of Michigan's presentation. It has been largely due to this and not always so much to the substance of the speeches that Michigan has maintained her lead over the other universities.

. . .

Indeed, it is to be hoped, that with the generous guerdon of two hours extra credit in prospect our debaters and orators will feel justified in supplementing their art with something like science. Thus partisan debate will decline less readily into casuistry, and oratory will deal less in the "high falutin" superlative, and there will be less disposition to credit the fortunate subjects of eulogies, with the creation of the world. Thus, too, the old road to victory will be again opened up.

. . .

The "howler" is so-called from the quality of the diaphragmatic response that it elicits. Like "every dog," the howler has its day. That day occurs somewhere in the latter half of September. The class of 1907 begs to submit the following specimens:

"The besiegement of Constantinople took place 1412."

"The Gracchi were fostered by a wolf and founded Rome afterwards."

"Areopagus were the islands around Greece."

"Dionysius was a favorite god."

But this is a moot question for:

"Dionysius was a man who lived in the mountains of Greece."

Another person, about whom historians are found to be in doubt, is Hildebrand:

"Hildebrand was the head of the House of Habsburg."

"Hildebrand was a Roman of ill-fame."

Regarding John Marshall, the verdicts are not so flatly contradictory:

"John Marshall was a noted political man."

"John Marshall was deputy over the conviction of Boothe and John Browne, and other notorious ones."

John C. Calhoun is assured his place in American history, whatever that place may be:

"John C. Calhoun was a Southern gentleman."

"John C. Calhoun was a general in the Civil War."

"John C. Calhoun was President of the United States."

There is also evidence that Clay's personality has not yet lost its charm:

"Henry Clay was a gentleman and a scholar." We wonder if this is all.

"Henry Clay was called the 'peacemaker.' By his fiery eloquence, he stirred up the North to the sticking

AT THE SIGN OF

point." That is the kind of meekness that inherits the earth.

Clovis had an pathetic history:

He "was subjected and reduced to Christianity by the Christians," but his masterfulness still made itself felt; he became "one of the Popes."

. . .

It is a maxim in medicine that an accurate diagnosis is half a cure. It would seem that the writer of the following confession is on the way toward convalescence:

"Spelling is with me a natural difficulty. I have little feeling as to whether or not a word is right. I cannot form a trustworthy opinion by either the sound or the looks of a word."

. . .

The peculiar kind of genius that invents the howler, is not entirely crushed out by formal instruction, as the following stilted dialogues prove:

In Industrial History:
"What did Parliament do with the monopolies that had sprung up in Elizabeth's time?"

Noted football player: "Ruled 'em out!"

—Such is the "Ruling Passion."

Professor Mechem in constitutional law: "On what security does the United States borrow money?"

Senior Law: "On bills of attainder."

. . .

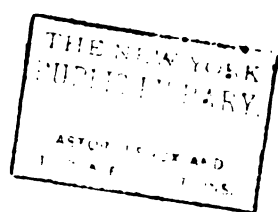
Pantorium—Greek *pan*, all, Latin *torus*, a bulge, a swelled out

surface. A long felt want Pantorium has at last been supplied, an aching void has been satisfied, a yawning gap filled. This useful institution, the Pantorium, is a society founded, as its name implies, for the restraint and cure of all incontinently bulging knees and elbows. The treatment is radical, as the Greek prefix so subtly im-

A Word of Subtle Meaning
No symptom doctoring here. The dapper young physician of the twentieth century who practices in the uptown streets, does not treat symptoms. If it is a rebellious stomach he does not dose the poor organ into submission, not he; he addresses himself to the nerves, the heart, perhaps the eyes or the ears, or he orders lower heels and a larger last. Long before he gets to the stomach, that member—or the wick-

ed—has—or have—
Evincing a Great Hold on Science
ceased from troubling. From the parable to the lesson—the Pantorium exists to bring the same inclusiveness into what might be called Sartorial Medicine. Your knees bag. That means you need attention all over. Knees wrong, everything wrong. A mere quack tailor would run for his goose—bah, take a bath, man. That's first.

Then a shine. Now Translatable Into
"\$1." you're coming round a bit. Block your hat next. Shave? Of course. Knees bound to bag till you





THE INLANDER

A Monthly Magazine by the Students of Michigan University

SIR FREDERICK POLLOCK

ARTHUR LYON CROSS

SIR FREDERICK POLLOCK who, early in October, delivered a series of lectures under the auspices of the University of Michigan Law Department, on "The Expansion of the Common Law," is a man of unusually varied attainments. Not only has he secured a recognized position in his own profession; but he has wandered far afield in other directions, bringing back from each journey an acceptable offering to literature. The burden of increasing knowledge and consequent division of labor has both crowded out, and, to a large degree, discredited the universal scholar so characteristic of ancient, mediæval, and even renaissance times. Nowadays it is necessary, and good form as well, to know everything about something rather than something about everything. Complacent specialists dub the man who is versatile in his interests and productions, without more ado, a "literary skirmisher," and the German professor who regretted on his death-bed that he had not devoted himself exclusively to the dative, instead of spreading himself over a whole noun is hardly a ludicrous rarity.

Nevertheless, the English universities, though more and more feebly, continue to sustain a tradition that a specialist may legitimately aspire to know at least somewhat of many things.

SIR FREDERICK

Even at random, English scholars of the most diverse interests might be cited. Charles Lutwidge Dodgson ("Lewis Carroll"), while elucidating abstruse mathematical problems at Oxford, produced the inimitable *Alice in Wonderland*, and other fantastic creations of the imagination; Sir George Grove was an engineer of no mean attainments and an authority on music; Andrew Lang has oscillated between Greek history, Scotch history, social origins, and parti-colored fairy-books. Gladstone took his recreation in Homeric studies and theology, Lord Acton read everything in history, theology, and philosophy, and Sir J. R. Seeley could discourse with equal learning and grace on Roman imperialism, the life and times of Stein, the growth of British policy, and the theory of political science.

Sir Frederick Pollock is another example of this type. His book on *Spinoza: His Life and Philosophy* is far and away the best treatment of the subject in English, indeed, a competent reviewer would only with certain qualifications except the studies of von Vlotens and Kuno Fischer, its most serious rivals in other tongues. *The Etchingham Letters*, written in collaboration with Mrs. Ella Fuller Maitland, a fictitious correspondence between a retired Indian officer and his sister in London, furnish a realistic picture, sparkling with humor, of the town and country life of a certain class of cultivated English gentry. In *Leading Cases done into English, and other Diversions in Verse*, Sir Frederick has even ventured to assail the majesty of the law by turning musty and weighty suits into amusing and readable verse; but Kipling, with more serious intent to be sure, has shown us that poetry can even be extracted from steam and engines. Incidentally, it may be said Browning, Swinburne, and Tennyson, in his early idyllic blank verse, are cleverly travestied in the *Leading Cases*. The *Diversions* include poems in Greek, Latin, and French, as well as English. Passing over Sir Frederick's contributions on subjects so far removed from his professional pur-

POLLOCK

suits as mountaineering and fencing, it should be noted that he has written voluminously in his own subject. Obviously, his treatises on the *Principle of Contracts*, the *Law of Torts*, the *Law of Fraud*, *Possession in the Common Law*, and his official edition of the *Law Reports* are too technical to be examined here, yet it may not be out of place to indicate in a general way his services as a legal philosopher and historian, in helping to broaden current conceptions of the genesis, development, nature, and scope of the science of jurisprudence, in helping to raise the tone of present legal studies, and to spread a knowledge of the history of early English institutions. As a preliminary to that, however, perhaps a few facts concerning his life and family connections would be of interest.

Recent biographical dictionaries and library catalogues show a goodly number of the name who have attained distinction in various branches of learning and the public service. Yet so far as prominence is concerned, the family does not reach back more than two generations beyond the present older members. Late in the eighteenth century David Pollock, of Scotch extraction, established in Charing Cross, was a sadler to George III. But more important than furnishing leather riding gear for a stubborn and wrong-headed, if well-meaning monarch, he founded a family of note. No less than three sons, by virtue of their abilities, rose to high position. Sir David became a judge; Sir George died a field marshal in the English army; Sir Jonathan Frederick, following his elder brother in the choice of law as a profession, climbed from one judicial appointment to another until he reached the office of Lord Chief Baron of the Exchequer. Adding to the name in more ways than one, he had six sons and five daughters by a first, and two sons and five daughters by a second wife. The heir to his title, Sir William Frederick, Queen's Remembrancer and a well-known Dante editor, was the father of the present baronet.

SIR FREDERICK

Sir Frederick was born in London, December 10, 1835, and is thus approaching his fifty-eighth birthday. A sketch of the events of his life, so far as they are readily accessible, must perforce be very meagre, confined almost exclusively to the positions he has filled and the books he has written. The latter now fill a page or two in the double columned quarto catalogue of the British museum. He was a king's scholar at Eton, whence he proceeded to Trinity College, Cambridge, in which college he was awarded a fellowship in 1868. Turning toward the law as his father and grandfather before him, he became a barrister in 1871. Within a few years he began to write and teach, and has continued active in these pursuits up to the present time. Starting out as a professor in University College, London, he has held in turn a professorship in the Inns of Court and the Corpus Professorship at Oxford, coming to the latter in 1877 as the successor of Sir Henry Maine, for whom the chair had been created. Having recently resigned from this position, Sir Frederick at present occupies himself mainly with his writing, with editing the *Law Quarterly Review* and the *English Law Reports*, and with occasional lecturing. His present tour in this country suggests the fact that his relations with the United States are close and cordial. He has already visited here before when he received an LL.D. from Harvard University and was made a member of the Harvard Chapter of the Phi Beta Kappa Society. He numbers as his friends many American lawyers and jurists, perhaps the oldest and most intimate being Mr. Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes, of the United States Supreme Court. Like Professor Dicey he is a professed admirer of our system of legal education. His son is at present studying at the Harvard Law School, and his son-in-law is the Secretary of the British Legation at Washington.

Returning to his works dealing with the history and theory of law, perhaps it would be well to note the titles and dates of publication of the more important, exclusive, it should be repeat-

POLLOCK

ed, of technical treatises. They are: *Essays in Jurisprudence and Ethics*, 1882; the *Land Laws*, "English Citizen Series," 1883; *Oxford Lectures and other Discourses*, and *Introductions to the History of the Science of Politics*, 1890; *A First Book of Jurisprudence for Students of Common Law*, 1896, "Anglo-Saxon Law" in Bowker's *Alfred the Great*, 1899; and, in conjunction with Professor F. W. Maitland, *History of English Law before the Time of Edward I.*, 1895. Much of the matter in the above volumes, extending over a period of twenty years, originally appeared in the form of lectures, book reviews, and articles for magazines and periodicals. They cover a wide range of subjects. Some deal with the structure and growth of English legal institutions, the system of land-holding, the King's peace, the English manor, characteristics of Anglo-Saxon law, and the like, some with wider and less tangible questions, as the law of nature and the law of nations, the evolution of legal and political ideas, theories of sovereignty, the origin of civil society, and the distinction between legality, morality, and policy. Others again are exhortations to legal students and lawyers to look beyond the mere technical aspects of their craft, beyond the mere mastery of the English law of today, as it stands in the statute books and in recorded opinions, and as it is expounded in professional treatises, and to strive after legal culture, to secure an acquaintance with the principles and practice of great systems like the Roman civil code, as it existed in the past and as it has developed in the continental countries of the present, and to study as a scholar should the origin and progressive history of the public institutions of their own country. In this latter task of seeking to infuse a more scientific and humanistic spirit into legal studies, Sir Frederick has taken a leading place among a band of workers who began to till in a stubborn field over a generation ago.

For centuries the law has been notably and professedly an esoteric and exclusive profession. Lawyers, and particularly

SIR FREDERICK

English lawyers, have followed with deadening faithfulness the injunction *tractent fabrilis fabri*, and with regard to scholars in related fields, they have wanted no Phormios to teach Hannibal. Yet, perhaps, the absence of historical spirit has been more noticeable than the lack of knowledge of historical facts. Sir Edward Coke's acquaintance with precedents and principles, with common law traditions, cases, judicial decisions, and statutory regulations, from the dark ages down to his own seventeenth century, was prodigious. But he notoriously cramped, twisted, and distorted his facts to fit the Procrustean bed of legal system and constitutional theory which he was championing. Blackstone's *Commentaries* was a finished and learned exposition of the constitution as it existed in his own day, yet his historical excursions were merely compilations, and even show inconsistencies here and there. In spite of the fact that the English constitution is, more than that of any other country, an evolution of laws and customs, most early nineteenth century lawyers, and many of these of the present time had, and have, less historical knowledge and little more historical perspective than these classic authorities. Very recently, and only very recently, has the value of the historical method been recognized in literary criticism, in economics, and in law as well. And all this is equally true of the comparative method. Each method, doubtless, has its dangers, their worth for practical purposes can easily be overestimated, but their value as an antidote against misconstruction, dogmatism, and provincialism, doctrinaire complacency, and so on, have become too well recognized to be discussed here. In law, as in many other branches of learning, the beginnings of the new movement were first manifest in the first half of the last century, and the impulse came originally from Germany. The founder of the historical school of jurisprudence was Karl Friederich Von Savigny (1779-1861), who became a professor of law in the University of Berlin in 1810.

POLLOCK

Among his epoch-making works may be mentioned: *Vom Beruf unserer Zeit fuer Gesetzgebung und Rechtswissenschaft* 1814, and his monumental *Geschichte des roemischen Rechts im Mittelalter*, 1815-1831. The more catholic point of view at first met with little acceptance in Great Britain. John Austin (1790-1859), who had studied in Germany, and who was one of the first in his own country to seek to raise jurisprudence to a higher theoretical level, labored on a barren soil. His lectures as professor of jurisprudence in the University of London, the present University College, from 1826 to 1832, were but slimly attended, and his book on the *Province of Jurisprudence Determined*, 1832, was received with indifference and even with contempt. The free-spoken Lord Melbourne, after reading it, called him a fool, profanely specifying, indeed, the kind of a fool he thought him. His *Lectures on Jurisprudence* were not even published until two years after his death. But it must be admitted, that aside from the unripeness of the time, Austin's own characteristics, his hesitancy, his over-elaboration of detail, and his propensity to bring in irrelevant matter, help to explain the tardy acceptance of his views. Finally, even he did not pay sufficient attention to the historical side of his problem.

Within a comparatively few years after Austin's death leading thinkers among English lawyers began to recognize the significance of the historical and comparative method, as a supplement to the analytic and so-called practical, in the study of jurisprudence. Perhaps the most influential of the modern school was Sir Henry Maine (1822-1888). His books on the genesis of law and institutions have become recognized classics, and his lectures at Oxford and Cambridge were an effective stimulus to successive classes of undergraduates. Sir Frederick Pollock, himself one of his most distinguished students and later co-workers, has given us a glowing appreciation in one of the *Oxford Lectures*. He points out that Maine was not only an investigator but an artist,

SIR FREDERICK

that he not only collected and interpreted, but arranged and presented his facts and ideas with such exquisite skill that his works deservedly rank as literature. In a word, borrowing Bentham's expression in praise of Blackstone, Sir Frederick says he made his science speak in the language of a scholar and a gentleman. Hence, though some of his results may be, indeed have been, superseded by later researches, his writings will always deserve to be read. Sir Frederick working generally in the same field and with the same ideals is worthily carrying on the work of his great predecessor. His papers cover such a wide range that it would be fruitless and presuming to attempt in a brief page or two to estimate them in detail. Perhaps the aims and spirit of his teaching are best indicated in two essays in the *Oxford Lectures*, "The Methods of Jurisprudence," and "English Opportunities in Historical and Comparative Jurisprudence." Of this side of his work in general, it may be said that he has shown wide reading, breadth of view, and acuteness and vigor of thought, and the power of writing in a finished and attractive style. While prevaillingly clear in his exposition, his lucidity sometimes suffers from the fragmentary character of his treatment and from an occasional excessive deftness or over-subtilty in expression.

In addition to his activities in furthering the study of historical and philosophical jurisprudence, Sir Frederick has urged English lawyers to seek a more intimate knowledge of the origin and early history of their own political and legal institutions. The astonishing progress of English historical studies within recent years, has made this a more attainable ideal than it once would have been. An idea of what has been done may be gained from a reading of the introductions to Andrews's *Old English Manor* and Vinogradoff's *Villainage in England* or from turning the pages of Gross's *Sources and Literature of English History*. At the beginning of the nineteenth century, the history of the middle ages was a comparatively unex-

POLLOCK

explored territory, and, though Sharon Turner published the first volume of his *History of the Anglo-Saxons* in 1799, the period beyond the *Conquest* was a shadowy and unknown region. A quarter of a century and more had to elapse before investigation took anything like a continuous form. Here again the impulse came from Germany, this time from the study of the liberal school into the conditions of the early Teutons. Curiosity was quickened among English scholars to trace the transplanting and development of popular institutions in their own country. The political tendencies of the time, the demand for the extension of the franchise, and other popular reforms, contributed to accentuate the interest in such studies, and to create for them a wide-spread acceptance. John Kemble, a pupil of the famous Grimm brothers, with the double advantage of a training in the spirit and methods of the new German scholarship and a minute knowledge of the laws, charters, and other original sources of his period published his *Anglo-Saxons* in 1849. No doubt he over-emphasized the free element in Anglo-Saxon society. His work shows many of the defects of the pioneer, and many of his conclusions have been modified or corrected by those who have worked over the ground since his time; nevertheless, his was a remarkable production, and still remains a valuable authority in the period. Following his lead, countless scholars, during the last half-century, have devoted their energies both to the Anglo-Saxon age and to the subsequent centuries. They have given us general histories and exhaustive monographs on almost every conceivable aspect of the subject. The names of Freeman, Green, Stubbs, of Maitland, Gross, Vinogradoff, Adams, Ashley, Seebohm and Round need only be mentioned to suggest the rich results of modern researches. On the more strictly legal side, Thayer, Bigelow, Pike, and Sir James Stephen have labored to throw light on character and growth of early law and legal procedure.

While not primarily or specially an investigator in these

SIR FREDERICK POLLOCK

subjects, Sir Frederick Pollock has read and studied much in the sources as well as in the literature, and has contributed occasional papers of no inconsiderable interest and value on various topics, some of which have already been noted above. Perhaps, however, his greatest achievement in this connection is his share in planning,—for his collaborator did most of the research and actual writing,—with Professor Maitland, the celebrated *History of English Law*, a work which for wealth of material, keenness of analysis, suggestiveness of method, and fascination of style is, beyond question, one of the most significant achievements of historical scholarship.

UNREST

G. M. J.

Oh, for the peace of the hills at night,
When the sound of the water is low,
And the flowers sleep
On the hillside steep
And the evening breezes blow.

Ah, for the steadfast gaze of the stars,
And the calm of the evening sky;
When the moon on the hill
Hangs low and chill
And the bending grasses sigh.

POEMS FROM THE SPANISH OF CAMPOAMOR

FRANK BURR MARSH

AT the time of his death, about a year ago, Don Ramon de Campoamor y Campoosorio enjoyed the more or less exalted distinction of being concededly the greatest among the contemporary poets of Spain. In a sense he may be regarded as a modern Martial, for his chief contribution to the art of poetry was his adaptation of the epigram to the conditions of modern thought and life. In Campoamor this poetic form is of three kinds, the *dolora*, the *humorada*, the *pequeno poema*, but of these the first is most important. The *dolora* is a short poem, giving terse expression to some mood or thought of the author, which is generally of a pessimistic tone. The explanation of this last named characteristic may be that pessimism and irony are better suited to terse and epigrammatic expression than is optimism. Indeed, one cannot but feel, in reading such a poem as the "Irrationality of Reason," that the character of the thought is what it is, more because it "fits into the rhymes," than because of any particular conviction of the author. Of the general form and tone of the *dolora* some idea may be gained from the translations which follow:—

IRRATIONALITY OF REASON

Heaven, which thought to make a simple being
Who should quite perfect be,
Gave reason unto man (Satan agreeing,
Applauding with fierce glee).

So man advances, every question meeting
With search to find the cause,
And, everywhere, he hears doubt's mocking greeting
While near, Faith never draws.

POEMS FROM THE SPANISH

THERE IS NO HAPPINESS ON EARTH

A child, with fancies vain and gay
Of childhood's bright sonorous time,
My youth with slow and mournful chime
Passed with the weight of boyhood's day;
Thus came I into manhood's prime
With not one evil watching me.
Ah woe!
Where may that golden joy then be
Man seeketh so?

Then as a youth, in unrest still,
I eager sought the joy of life;
Losing illusion in the strife,
I lost at last my soul and will.
When life's flowers seemed to bloom most rife
Still was pain ever plucked by me.
Ah woe!
Where may that golden joy then be
Man seeketh so?

Peace, still with unfulfilled chime,
I seek 'neath age's palsied blight;
Thus have I ever sought in night
Between the cradle and the pyre.
And yet dark death I shun with fright
Which can alone bring peace to me—
Ah woe!
Where may that golden joy then be
Man seeketh so?

OF CAMPOAMOR

WANDERING STARS

When but a child I saw a falling star,
And I cried out in glee—
“It is an angel coming from afar
To bring a kiss to me.”

A youth, I saw another star that fell,
Spanning the gloomy night;
I said—“It is my star that comes to tell
The path to my delight.”

But yesterday I saw another cleave
The azure vault on high;
’Twas my good destiny that thus did leave
Its post, grown old as I.

DECEPTIONS OF DECEIT

“When I believed in thee, believed the lie—”
“Although untrue I swear, I swear to thee
Mine innocence.” “And to eternity
Didst thou not swear to love?” “Yea, thus swore I.

Pardon the error thou that once believed;
Over my tomb shall be engraved by me—
“Forgive the faithless for, alas, though he
Deceived thee, he himself was first deceived.”

IN MEMORIAM

CHARLES S. DENISON

IN the death of Professor Charles Ezra Greene, first Dean of the Engineering Department, which occurred suddenly October sixteenth, the University senate, the student body, and the community have been profoundly moved by a sense of great and irreparable loss.

Professor Greene's life viewed from any accepted standpoint was one crowned with successful achievement, and he leaves to the University of Michigan, the rich and abundant fruitage of more than thirty years of devoted labor and service.

As an author, his professional works and papers are known as standards, and are of international repute. As a teacher his style was singularly clear and his methods most encouraging and stimulating. A man of affairs, he was intimately associated with the financial and business prosperity of the city. While his embodied works testify to his ability and reputation as a professional engineer.

To his scientific attainments were added the classical training of Harvard and this happy combination gave a critical literary value to all his writings, while precision and fidelity to truth may justly be regarded as the dominating note in his life.

Socially, Professor Greene was a man of rare personal charm. Cordial and courteous, with a dignity of bearing commanding respect but never repelling, and with his love of kindly humor, he was a man of singular attraction to his intimate friends. His tall figure, and strong clear cut features will long be missed from the campus, and his wise counsel from the governing bodies of the University.

RESOLUTIONS

WHEREAS, in the deep sorrow at the death of our beloved Dean, Professor Charles E. Greene, the students of the Engineering Department of the University of Michigan desire to express their deep sense of loss; therefore

Be it Resolved, That in the death of Professor Greene, the members of the Engineering Department have lost a kind and loving friend, adviser, and instructor, whose life and success may well be a model for us all.

Be it Further Resolved, That we extend to the bereaved family our deepest sympathy in this their greater sorrow.

Be it Further Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the family, that they be spread upon the minutes of each class in the Engineering Department, and that they be published in the college papers.

Signed:

D. ROSS FRASER, 1904

J. H. HUNT, 1905

G. W. JOCLYN, 1906

ERWIN V. D. WALLACE, 1907

October 19, 1903

Committee

TO THE MEMORY OF JONATHAN TAFT, M.D., D.D.S.

W. H. JACKSON, D.D. S.

BY the death of Dr. Taft, late Dean of the Dental Department of the University of Michigan, the profession loses one of its greatest educators. He had served as professor of Operative Dentistry and Dean in the Ohio Dental College, also as editor of the *Dental Register*, for years prior to 1875 when he was called to the chair of Operative Dentistry in the University of Michigan.

He brought with him that rich experience which always comes to men of his character. Under his wise management the Dental Department grew up to a position and standing second to none in the world. He was a member of the American Dental Association, and later of the National Dental Association. He was a constant attendant and active participator in all their proceedings, and was always placed on one or more important committees, as will be observed by looking over the published proceedings of those bodies from their first to their latest reports. He was honored by them, being elected to fill the Presidential chair of those societies, the highest honor they could confer. Throughout the states east of the Mississippi, he was a frequent attendant in the meetings of their state associations, and gave life to their proceedings through his discussions and addresses on the various topics that came before them.

It was at one of these state meeting, that of Michigan in the winter of 1860-61 that I had the honor to be introduced to him, and I shall ever remember and cherish the kind words and the advice he then gave me. There sprang up a friendship between us that was never broken. I soon discovered that he was a man whose abilities placed him far above any of the profession I had previously met. He had a way of stating whatever he had to

THE PINE AND THE PALM

say, in such a concise and logical manner that it commanded attention. His mind was keen and analytical, always up to and generally in advance of the profession.

He began his work when the dental profession was in its infancy. It was by persistent force such as he and a few kindred spirits brought to bear that the profession of dentistry was built up to its present high position, surpassing all other countries in its excellence.

By his purity of character and strength of mind and purpose he stimulated many a young man to a more studious life, with higher ideals and aims.

I think no one man has done more to elevate the profession. Many will miss his voice, and his personality. He was as a brother to many and a father to more.

We can all say of him, he was a man.

THE PINE AND THE PALM

LAWRENCE C. HULL, JR.

In the north on a barren mountain,
A lonely pine-tree stands,
He slumbers, 'neath his covering
Of snow and icy bands.

He dreams of a distant palm-tree,
Which in an eastern land,
In silence mourns, so lonely
Upon the burning sand.

—*Translated from the German of Heine*

THE BLOODSTONE

E. W. WALDRON

ROWNTREE was alone in the library. The shades of the two high narrow windows at the end of the room were drawn, but the lamp had not been lit. He had his feet on the fender, and on the bookshelves behind him the flickering grate fire threw the shadow of his head and shoulders, rising and falling like a pulse.

Rowntree peered into the fire abstractedly. He was trying to decide how he would tell Spaford that he must go back on Saturday. Spaford's father and mother were in Jamaica for a month, and as usual they had asked out Rowntree, designing his visit to fit into their absence. They always chose Rowntree, whom Spaford had met at Cornell—where he had studied architecture a year—both because the young men were excellent friends, and because Rowntree generally appeared to experience no difficulty in getting away from his uncle's city office. Though everybody had long ago got over looking at Spaford as an invalid, his father and mother always planned against leaving him by himself much. There was a taint of insanity in the family on the maternal side, and a brief mental trouble Spaford had had in his early teens, after an attack of typhoid, permanently colored their attitude toward their son. This hereditary insanity had invariably manifested itself as a mania for suicide.

Rowntree thought on, and all at once he heard Spaford's whistle, coming up through the house. Then his step was on the stairs; he ran up rapidly and flung the door open.

"Hello there, Phil," the newcomer cried out, breathless, "what are you doing in the dark? Let's have light."

He fumbled in his pocket for matches, and then struck one on his heel, carrying it toward the table, cautiously.

THE BLOODSTONE

"Don't you like an oil lamp better than gas or electrics?" he ran on, when he got the globe back on the lamp. "I do. What makes you look so glum, Phil?"

"You are a queer fellow, Spaford," said Rowntree, straightening in his chair. "Any one would suppose you'd be bewailing the fact that you were too far from anywhere to have electrics in, and here you seem glad of it. Think I look glum?" he ended with a smile.

"Yes. Thinking deep?"

"Nothing much," Rowntree answered, inwardly resolving to put off the contents of his uncle's letter till morning. "I guess that ride this afternoon made me sleepy."

There was a deck of cards strewn on the table, and Spaford began gathering them up.

"See, you banished euchre for good, last night, didn't you," he said, looking at Rowntree. "Well, we'll read tonight. Where's your book? Finished 'Ballentrae' yet?"

"Here it is—under the table."

Spaford moved across the room, took down a large volume from the shelves, brought it back and spread it open under the lamp. Then he drew up a chair, his fingers rustling in the immense pages of the book.

"Say, Phil," he exclaimed, suddenly lifting his head, "there's something I had on my mind at dinner to talk to you about that I forgot. It's this. Haven't you often had the sensation of a repetition of events, a consciousness that this or that thing has happened before? It may be a circumstance, or a relation of events that you are unable to place anywhere before in your life, and yet you know it, you remember it."

Rowntree waited a moment before speaking.

"Yes, I have. Not more than once or twice, though. I've heard people speak of it. I think you can trace it to immature, maybe unhealthy imagination. You'll rarely hear any one speak

of such an experience much after twenty, and the mind before then isn't healthy, anyway."

"There must be more to it than that, Phil. I never had such a feeling, though, till today. You know when we got off of our horses there at the gravel pit, and I ran down to the bottom and tripped on that stone, it flashed on me that that had happened before. Somewhere there was a gully and a red stone like that, sharp and narrow, like a dagger. I ought to have kept it. I threw it away."

Rowntree was smiling at him. Then he looked into the fire, sliding down in his chair. "Well, it may be—there may be more in it." He looked at Spaford again. "What are you reading there? I fail to see what pleasure you get out of a book such as that. I don't imagine the man that wrote that cultivated accuracy as a virtue, and probably he couldn't spell. It's not a good way to get hold of history."

"Oh, you miss the whole point, you miss the heart of it. It's the atmosphere, the men themselves, that carries me away. And then the figures and colors in it, and the very mold of the type and spelling of the words make a book like this infinitely more valuable to me than one of your new novels, that you can buy like you buy shoes."

"If you're after a story, why don't you take one that's readable, or get good history in a good story? When I was a kid I got all my history from Henty, and I haven't changed much. I've gone on to Doyle and Stevenson."

Spaford laughed impatiently.

"You're hopelessly modern. Just listen to a little of this, though; you can't fail to feel it. This fellow lived under Henry VIII. He's describing a visit to one of the German principalities, and he's got the narrative mixed up with the history of the place and his own philosophy. I don't know the context here, but listen to the sentences:—'And as the Duke rode by the

BLOODSTONE

river he saw a place near the highwaie wher the continuall wash of the raines had torn a rent in the earthe, that was bare likke an unbound wounde. Thereuponne leaped from his horse and ran down the slope of earthe, and at the bottom he struck his fotte upon somethynge and stumbled. The Duke drew this thyng out from the earthe, and lo it was a blood reddstone sharp likke a—”

Suddenly Spaford's eyes leaped from the words to the thing the words were saying. His fingers lay limp on the immense yellow pages. He stared at Rowntree, and his eyes were strangely bright.

“What does it mean, Phil? There was a red stone. It was sharp like—”

For an instant the blood rushed into Rowntree's face, burning and stinging like cold.

“No!” he exclaimed. “Stop! Spaford, sit down! Sit down, Ben. This is nonsense—you know it is.”

Spaford shoved back his chair and moved away from the table. His hands shook.

“Tell me, Phil, what you think it means. I must have lived somewhere,—before. I know there was a rent, a tear of earth, a—Hark! what's that?”

Instantly the room was still, tense, breathless stillness.

Downstairs somewhere there was a knocking, steady and monotonous.

“Some one is knocking. King ought to answer that. He must be asleep. I'll have to go and see who it is.”

Rowntree tried to get hold of his arm and stop him. But he shook loose, he was at the door,—he opened it and went out, and his footfalls were on the stairs. The door stood open, a draught of air from outside stirring it to and fro. Then it swung shut and the latch clicked.

Rowntree turned about, staring irresolutely at the fire.

Spaford's book lay open under the lamp. He moved to the table and rested his palms on its edge, staring down at the immense saffron leaves. At the top of one of them were the sentences Spaford had read; his eyes traveled through them and beyond—line after line of black letter. On and on he read, dully comprehending, experiencing the words, the lines, with no sense of surprise: 'A great knockinge ran through the house, and when the feasterers ran down they found their host the Lord Duke upon his face at the door, a dagger fashioned cunnynge of a——.' That 'a' was the last word on the page, and Rowntree straightened suddenly, his eyes traveling down the room to the door. Some one was coming up the stairs. It was a heavy step, too heavy for Spaford's. Rowntree felt the blood sting in his cheeks.

There was a scuffle outside; then a knock. Crushing his nails into his palms, Rowntree strode down the carpet and wrenching the door open. King, the butler, stood there.

"Didn't I hear some one knock? Didn't some one knock?" the man burst out. Then he went on hoarsely, "There's something down here in the passage, Mr. Rowntree."

Rowntree saw that he was very white, and that his hands were unsteady.

"You lie, you coward!" he shouted. "Damn you, you're afraid!" He forced the man backward to the head of the stairs. Then he started down, pushing him ahead of him. He found himself clinging to the man's arm and to his hand, which was limp and damp.

At the bottom they halted, and the butler peered up at Rowntree, his eyes aghast.

"We must have a light," he gasped.

"Yes," said Rowntree, "get a light."

The man groped down the wall in the dark till his hand rattled a side lamp, and he lifted it from its bracket. He took off

BLOODSTONE

the chimney, and Rowntree struck matches,—one, two, three, till he got the wick alight, and the glass was clipped on again.

Down they started through the house. Off the lower hall ran a narrow passage at right angles, leading to a door in the garden, and broken in the middle by a flight of steps. The two men came to this passage, and the butler, with raised finger, tiptoed around the corner of the wall, halting on the brink of the steps. Over his shoulder peered Rowntree.

The door at the end of the passage stood open. There was something lying on the steps at the bottom.

Rowntree ran down and bent over it.

"Spaford," he whispered, "Spaford." The wrists were warm, but he could feel no pulse. Evidently Spaford had started back from the door, and had tripped on the bottom step. Rowntree put his arms under him and lifted him, moving up the steps. He loosened one hand, feeling on the face for a wound, but there was none. But at that instant Spaford's coat fell open, and something fell, struck on the steps, rolling from step to step to the bottom. Rowntree clapped his hand back, and its palm was damp and sticky.

"Go down, King," he gulped out, "see what that is." He paused at the top, breathing hard. Then he turned his head.

The butler stopped with his lamp at the bottom, and lifted the thing up in his fingers.

"It's a red stone," he said hoarsely.

JOURNALISM AND LITERATURE

JAMES J. KROUSER

THE word journalism, etymologically and historically, refers to that branch of industry which concerns itself with giving an account of passing events. But modern usage has freighted it with so many extraneous meanings that the original is sometimes lost sight of. There is, besides the daily and weekly paper, the periodical press, devoted to some one or more departments of activity or thought. Such is the trades paper, the religious, and the scientific journal, and the story paper. In these, not only does the exchange of views pertaining to the respective interests take place, but opinions and the relative value of tendencies are discussed, and their meanings pointed out. Judging by these periodicals, and particularly by the Sunday paper, one may well conclude that "journalism" pretty nearly includes the whole realm of what is, what was, and what may be new and interesting.

In other words, journalism aims to extend man's five senses—to make him, indeed, ubiquitous. Before the advent of modern journalism, one of necessity must have been more in the dark in regard to his own community, than today he is to all the world. News of his own neighborhood often would not reach him for days, and even weeks. Now he has them every morning and evening; and the same paper which chronicles the events of his neighborhood, informs him also of the happenings throughout the whole world, presented just as vividly the one as the other, because both are reported by writers on the spot. The events of the remotest corner of the world are almost equally accessible to the newspaper reader.

Not satisfied with this achievement, modern journalism aims at still more. Besides extending man's vision and hearing so

JOURNALISM AND LITERATURE

that at a glance he can really survey the world, or hear the secret talk of king or pontiff, or of any one else worth the hearing, the press attempts to transform, if not to supersede his judgment and understanding. Just as the reporter is detective and sleuth in the interest of the reader, discovering and running down all news, so the editorial writer is teacher and adviser, a father confessor, directing and moulding the public thought, by interpreting the news and rendering clearer the more significant events and tendencies.

In this editorial function it is,—the function of interpreting, of seeing the universal in the particular—that journalism seemingly begins to tread on the heels of literature, and for this reason it is difficult to draw the line of demarcation. Shall we call a story in the *Atlantic Monthly*, or an article in the *North American Review*, or a strong editorial in the *London Times*, concerning the significance of a certain world-wide policy, journalism, meaning thereby non-literature, while we apply the term to such crude and abominable matter as is dispensed on the five, ten, and twenty-five cent counters? Clearly, if we allow the use of the term in the latter case, we must allow it in the former. In so much, then, they are right who contend that, judged by its better examples there can be little or no difference between journalism and literature. It is perfectly proper on this ground to regard them, as one of the popular novelists of the day does, as "the big boy and his little brother."

But, as in all things else, so here, just as soon as an idea gets to be so broad as to become all-inclusive, it loses its significance. Thus the term literature has many and varied usages, and commonly is applied to any writing, no matter of what content, and even when devoid of content. The dictionary defines literature as "the use of letters for the promulgation of thought or knowledge; the communication of thoughts, ideas, or emotions, by means of books, or other modes of publication." Of course,

JOURNALISM AND

in this sense, journalism is certainly a branch of literature; about that there can be no dispute. The question, if any, might be raised, whether journalism gains anything by its affiliation with such a miscellaneous family.

Then there is the narrower use of the term, that which restricts literature to the class of writings distinguished for beauty of style or expression. This definition, no doubt, is what we usually have in mind when speaking of literature. But here, too, unless we make the word "distinguished" the sole arbiter between two pieces of writing, both otherwise equally meritorious from the point of view of external perfection, we shall have no safe line of demarcation. A news article may have a style or beauty in its own way, quite as excellent as that of some recognized piece of literature; particularly is this true of many editorial utterances, which would by that criterion be admitted into the ranks of literature.

In spite of this inability to fix upon a point of distinction, we feel, however, that there is a difference, and a large difference. But while this difference is large, it nevertheless seems very elusive, by virtue of the fact that it is based not so much on the external side of writing, that is the form, as on the spirit, or the content. It is with literature as a fine art that we must now deal, and to say just what is and what is not art, is always difficult, because of the variety of individual preferences. On this, however, we can agree, that true art must be more than imitation. Says Green: "Mere copying is not art. The artist must represent scenes which come to us or him in his most exalted or spiritual moments. He reproduces these for us."*

* "Early thought places life not in harmony with the law, which is the highest form of itself, but in happiness, *i. e.*, in the extraction of enjoyment from a world to which it seems accidentally related. The higher view involves the fusion of thought and things. This act aims to do on a lower plane as philosophy and religion on a higher plane."—Green: *Value of Fiction*.

LITERATURE

On the basis of this definition, the class literature narrows down very perceptibly. Judged by this standard, most of the new books published fall short; they dwindle down to books of information, or colorless transcripts of life, or sentimentalism. Of any sort of message of spiritual significance, they are quite guiltless. Likewise we shall have to rule out most of the books on medicine, mathematical treatises, and even philosophical dissertations, as well as historical books. Literature in this sense must mean a great deal more than information or a passive portrayal of life. Mechanically perfect writing does not make literature, according to this test, any more than photographs of nature make art, in the opinion of great painters. A fine piece of literature, like a great painting, will appeal to the emotions, that is, to the æsthetic consciousness; but this it can do only by virtue of the meaning breathed into it by the artist, which we call content, spirit, etc. It is precisely in this respect that the camera falls short, and it is here that mechanical excellence always proves insufficient.

In this test we have nothing very tangible, to be sure, yet it is of such stuff that literature is made, even as dreams, according to Shakespeare, are the essence of life. It is a criterion no more definite than this that makes one violin worth ten dollars, and another, like it in all outward respects, worth ten thousand.

In this category, we see at once, journalism as journalism can never belong. Through all its mazes, journalism must concern itself with information, and for the most part with the peculiar kind of information called news. Journalism knows only the present tense. The past is important in its view, only as it is part of the activity of the day. To give snap-shot pictures of life and the world, is the business of the daily press, seemingly without regard to whether the scenes are good or bad. The kodaker and painter have both the same world to paint, yet they produce totally different effects, because the one idealizes and the

JOURNALISM AND

other does not, Journalism and literature draw likewise from the same sources, but with different perspective, and with different objects in view. They overlap to be sure, because literature finds a good outlet through the press; but literature, nevertheless, must always be more than good journalism.

Some reporters may be able, like Richard Harding Davis, or Bret Harte, to make literature out of news reporting, but such cannot long remain successful journalists, not at least by virtue of their literary ability. They could never make a Horace Greeley, nor a Dana, because they look at the world not through the journalist's, but through the artist's spectacles. The newspaper reader does not want literature when he takes up his paper. He wants the news. The journalist cannot pause to treat his matter with deep seriousness, any more than we can pause to philosophize about every little event in our lives. "We have no time to go below surfaces," says W. J. Stillman, "and as a general thing no disposition." In the words of another writer, the business of the average reporter is "to put a day down, to make it last until the night. It is the business of the poet reporter to report a day forever."

To put a day down, to make it last until the night! But does journalism really do this, or does it rather put down only a small part, and that of comparatively little value? We may well ask the question, and seek its answer in what journalism actually does put down. From this point of view we shall find that journalism further, and very radically, differs from literature. Literature, it has been said, idealizes life, journalism, and especially applied journalism, on the other hand, shows life in a phase altogether peculiar to itself, a phase which is more of a caricature of life than a real representation.

The world that the daily presents to our view, what sort of a world is it? Suppose yourself an inhabitant of another planet, sent here to America to study the problem of life, and

LITERATURE

make a report for the benefit of your fellow-planetarians. Suppose, also, that you were limited in the choice of your sources of information to journalism; and further, to that particular branch of journalism which surpasses in influence all the combined periodicals,—the daily press. What kind of report would you make? What sort of picture would you paint?

Would your picture show a world in which most of the people are engaged in peaceful pursuits, aiding one another with a thousand and one little acts, cherishing kindly thoughts and feelings toward one another, alleviating the sick, caring in the main for the poor and helpless? Would you see a world in which the nations are working, more or less harmoniously for the betterment of mankind; the very rich, on the whole, comparatively insignificant in numbers and influence, and the very poor forming but a small proportion of the whole population, and not downtrodden as a rule?

No, in all probability your picture would not show these. If shown at all, they would be dim, indistinct, far away in the background, from which portrayal their existence could scarcely be suspected. You would see instead, a world constantly on the verge of war; lawlessness, disorder, crime, its most representative activities; a world of murders, lynchings, and outrages, public and private; you would see pictured a world of accidents and misfortunes, of fierce competition and struggles to live. Here on one side in your portrayal would be a corporation squeezing the life out of a small competitor, and on the other itself engaged in mortal combat. Society would be divided into two principal classes, the "four hundred" and the "submerged tenth," or the millionaire and the pauper. On one side would be "capital," represented by the Rockefellers and the Morgans, and on the other the working classes, bearing up under the most excessive oppression. The rest of the picture one can readily fill in for himself, with similar views by a closer study of the daily.

JOURNALISM AND LITERATURE

Now, it need hardly be said that this is not a true picture of the world as it is. The press, in this respect is like the older class of clergymen, who saw nothing but sin, misery, and consequent damnation; who tried to make the world better, not by uplifting men and showing them the true life, but by flaunting before their eyes their inherent weaknesses and corrupt natures. Some of the churches have abandoned this method of regenerating mankind, because perhaps, this work is done so nobly by the press of the day!

Here journalism differs from literature both in aim and practice, and the difference is as wide as it can be. While literature aims to present the ideal in the sense that it utilizes the best and loftiest instincts, ideas and tendencies, journalism aims at the unusual and the unnatural instead of the important, the accidental instead of the orderly, and the unreal instead of the world as it is. And as the baser qualities of man fulfill these conditions, journalism appropriates these, confident that it is giving us a full view of life.

WHY?

MABEL HOLMES PARSONS

LATE one winter's afternoon, I am rummaging in my desk, sorting out the useless from the to-be-kept. Suddenly my hand encounters a little white satin slipper, stuffed with its gauzy silk stocking.

I had begged it of her for a keepsake, soon after our marriage—she kept the other—and here it is, a little dusty, perhaps, but still dainty, and—

A sudden gust of tender emotion prompts me to press the soft stocking to my lips.

A whole troop of fancies and pictures comes back to me.

Well I remember the night she wore those pretty things! Fascinated and oblivious to duties, the old dreams hold me to my chair.

I bow my head upon my arms and surrender to the spell.

How beautiful, and innocent, and hopeful, she came to me that night!

She was the very embodiment of her own purest ideals.

I can see now the precious trust in her dear eyes, and thrill again to her sweet reliance upon myself.

How happy we are!

She calls me her king, and I inwardly bow my head in reverence each time she nears me. How unworthy I feel as her soft arms creep round my neck, and her cool, sweet lips are laid against my cheek!

April days, when even tears mean only fuller promise! Some of the "loose beads" of happiness.

Clear-eyed and joyous, she transforms the garden of my life into a veritable paradise.

The vision hovers so close, it seems if I lift my head I must behold it, I stretch out my arms.

THE MAIN POINT

Alas! I almost weep at a quick return of my old loneliness.

Ah, Edythe, all too soon it passed into dream, all too soon
I — —

* * * * *

“John! John!”

“Yes, my dear.”

“You know I have told you three times today that order must go in before six o'clock. Why are you mooning in there?”

“One moment, Edythe.”

THE MAIN POINT

OUTLANDER

He praised her eyes of kindly gray,
He praised her dimpled hand;
He swore that in the rose's way
Her lips were fashioned, and
Her hair like carven waves of jet,
Or like the raven's down—and yet
The little maid ne'er spoke nor stirred.
He praised her mind (grave Wisdom's haunt!)
He praised her nimble wit,—
He would to heaven he could vaunt
A simple tithe of it;
In order all her charms he set
Of heart or intellect—and yet
It was as if she had not heard.
At last, in blank despair, he cried,
“How cruel when I love you so.”
And then (though why I do not know)
The little maid was satisfied.

THE FOOTBALL GAME

RUTH DUTCHER

There before us was the canvas, broad, flat, white, suggesting possibilities innumerable. And as we stood wondering what marvel the untouched surface would produce, the artist picked up his palette and began to mix his colors.

First, on the upper part, he painted a sky of radiant blue, the color of a warm and living turquoise. Then dipping his brush in vivid green, he swept it across the lower half of the canvas. A few masterly strokes revealed to us the outlines of a large and level field. The line which marked the horizon was carefully darkened, and the background was complete.

Then he veiled the clear color of the sky here and there with fleecy white clouds, which seemed to be floating gently towards the horizon and hanging above it as lightly as a rising mist. Around the field, he softened the bare outlines with a suggestion of foliage, contrasting sober pines with golden-leaved maples and russet oaks. The trunks of the trees he blotted out by a high board fence, which he drew to bound the field on the right and left.

Now the picture began to have a more definite form. Towards the back of the field, the painter made huge bleachers to rise, painting tier after tier of dingy weather-beaten wood, until they towered high against the sky. On the left, he made the entrance gate, far to the foreground, and further in, the scoreboard, in decided black and white. The right, he left untouched, and one could look out over the high fence across the foliage to the clouds and sky beyond.

He now turned his attention to the inner space of the field, and drew across it rough faint lines of white, marking it off in huge squares like a chess-board. At each end he stationed a

THE FOOTBALL GAME

goal-post; and drew around the whole the wire fence that prevents the encroachments of the multitude upon the football field.

Up to this time the picture had been one of still life; no single living thing was visible. Now, under his magic brush, the space began to blossom with humanity. A mass of men and women were streaming in at the entrance gate. He filled the bleachers with higher and higher rows of people, making the eager faces stand out clearly in the dark and indiscriminate mass. At intervals he flecked the crowd with dots of bright blue or yellow, which might have been banners, badges, or huge chrysanthemums. At the very top of the bleachers he flung out a silken banner, whose blue and yellow floated bravely over all.

Now upon the field he drew with care the players, one by one, scattering them over it like men upon a chess-board. To those on one side he gave sweaters of gray, and crimson stockings, and in the others, relieved the familiar buff of the heavily padded suits with dashes of the beloved blue. He made some crouching, others standing; all eager, tense, ready to "do or die."

And in the very center of the field he painted the ball, small and bright and brown; and standing near it, the umpire, with hand uplifted ready to give the signal that should break the spell which seemed to hold all motionless, and set in action the waiting, willing men.

Last of all, with cunning, skillful touches, he made the shadows of the players, elongated and narrow, stand out like dark splashes on the vivid green, while the brown pigskin ball seemed to catch every ray of the departing sun, and glistened bright against the shining field.

(Apologies to R. Kipling)

THE MAN WITH THE WAY OF THE BEAR

EDMUND SAWTELLE

The men who hunt in the Andes, where the King of Streams is
born,
Oft meet a gray mestizo, and listen oft to his yarn,
Doled out in a bastard Spanish, of the Puma and the Deer,
Of the feats of the giant Condor, in the depths of the azure
clear.

Wanting an arm,—the right one,—stiff in a useless knee,
Lame and halting and broken, a wreck of a man is he;
Muttering over his warning to each that inspects his ware,
“Let your higgling be brief with the Gringo, the man with the
way of the Bear.”

Once I was hale and supple, and went where the Llama goes;
I carried my pack and my rifle from Colon up to the Snows;
I hunted and packed and traded, as wily as sure of foot,
For I knew the French and the German, and the Englishman’s
love of loot.

But the Gringo came like a brother, with his talk of destiny,
He let me drink of his whisky, he asked me in to his “tea,”
He talked of Old-World aggression, and made me feel of his
arm,
He said he had strengthened his muscle on purpose to keep me
from harm.

He took a hand with my children whenever they tried me sore;
He said he objected to brawling before his very door:

THE MAN WITH THE WAY OF THE BEAR

So he frightened then into submission, because they disturbed his
peace:

When I thanked him for saving me trouble, he smiled, "Don't
mention it, please."

I'd a patch of cane near Colon, it lay in the Gringo's way;
He had a footpath through it, where he crossed it day by day;
But later he wanted a roadway, where the Frenchman had staked
a line;
He offered to pay for his roadway, but the price he named wasn't
mine.

He talked of faith and honor, he spoke of take and give;
He posed as the Prophet of nations, he preached of live-and-let-
live:
I took his professions in earnest, I thought that my choice was
free:
I chose to reject his proposal, and that was the finish of me.

For quietly he drew near me, with broad and toothly grin,
And he threw his arms about me, and drew me gently in;
Then he gave me a hug that crushed me, and tore my arm away,
And said "Now brother, be at peace; the patch is mine, good-
day."

Thus the gray Mestizo sells his wares, trinkets and beads of
shell;
Muttering ever, "Haste ye, haste ye, masters, to sell,
If ever ye meet with the Gringo; he takes what ye will not
share;
Make your bargaining short with the Gringo, the man that deals
like a bear."

A CLASSROOM TRAGEDY

R. B.

A SLEEPY class, a sleepier student, a seat near the window, —small wonder that a certain Mr. Elliott fell to observing the sights and sounds as he perceived them through the open window at his side. As he looked out upon the gray driveway, and along the cement walk brilliant in the sunshine, he saw a dozen or more fellow students hurrying this way and that, toward the library and to their classes. The air was filled with the sound of a determined tread, quick and regular, mingled with a scuffling over the gravel and the occasional rustling of a bicycle brushing quickly by.

But as the clock in the library tower moved its black hands slowly over the brilliantly lighted face the scene became quieter. Perhaps two or three students walked slowly along and seated themselves on the bench under the bare trees. In the growing stillness the voice of the instructor in the neighboring room reached Elliott with its muffled sound. The call of a bird, the whistle of a boy in the distance, and the conversation of the students on the bench seemed loud indeed. Then the crash of glass in the paint shop drew his gaze in that direction. But from another quarter something was coming. It was not the rumble of the coal wagons as they passed down the street, nor was it the hum of the car. Rattling it grew nearer and nearer and there drew up an express wagon and stopped at the entrance to the hall. In a few moments a chirp to the horse, and wagon and driver were out of sight and the rattle had died away.

But a louder, nearer and more threatening sound thundered in Elliott's ears. It was the voice of his own instructor. "Go on from there, please, Mr. Elliott."

"From where?" thought he.

At the Sign of the Ass's Head

"BUT, MASTERS, REMEMBER THAT I
AM AN ASS."



The first two dramatic performances by professional actors ever given in University Hall were as dignified and successful as any more conventional entertainment has ever been. On the afternoon of Saturday, 7th November, a goodly number of people saw the morality *Everyman* "Everyman," and in the evening nearly every seat was occupied from which anything could be seen. It is only to be regretted that the local arrangements were not more efficient.

. . .
The company is identical with that which has been giving the play this fall in Detroit and other places, and in large measure with that which gave it last winter in New York, Boston and other places; on the whole it is quite as good. It was a pleasure to hear again the same implacable monotony in the voice of Death, and the fine ascetic face of Mr.

McEntee as Confession; but one hardly missed even Mrs. Kennedy, so capable and sympathetic is her successor as *Everyman*, Miss Crawley, and the jovial and spirited acting of Fellowship, the sweetness of Good Deeds and the almost thrilling power of Good suffered by no comparison. The acting has been said by a good judge to have been even better here than in Detroit. The more intelligent class of actors are quick to feel a cultivated and sympathetic audience, which may reveal itself in other ways than by mere hand-clapping, especially where actors and spectators are so closely mingled as at this performance; and of such an audience this company has sometimes felt the lack. In just two respects the representation might have been improved. There might well have been more of the plain-song music, perhaps as accompaniment to the long speech of Adonai, and especially at the end of the play, where a Latin hymn might have been sung. And one could not but feel a certain incongruity in the performance of a fifteenth century English play against a background of Spanish architecture. Why is not the scenery in the style which is peculiar to fifteenth century England, perpendicular Gothic.

AT THE SIGN OF THE ASS'S HEAD

Besides this wanton change of the original conditions, there were others partly inevitable and partly advantageous. In the reign of Henry VII. the play was given out-of-doors, with no accommodations for the audience and probably even less scenery than at this reproduction; the only extant information as to the original stage-setting mentions nothing but a central scaffold, on which probably the supernatural characters alone appeared. This distinction was partly carried out in the present revival, at which Adonai, Death and Knowledge issued from the back and the more mundane characters proceeded through the audience. In other respects the revival is elaborated and sophisticated beyond the original performance. The instrumental music is probably an innovation. While Everyman is being houseled, appointed and annealed, a scent of incense steals upon the audience. Modern prejudices are respected in the representation of Adonai only by a sonorous voice, an arrangement which detracts from the archaism of the performance but perhaps adds to its impressiveness. Doubtless the modern acting showed more approach to realism and subtlety than the mediæval. But it is unjust to charge the revival with a lack of the simplicity of the folk-stage, with any more artificiality than is inevitable in the resuscitation of a dead form of art. To say nothing of the fact that the late

Its Modern and Mediæval Elements

mediæval drama was often performed with great elaboration and splendor, a modern audience would hardly tolerate perfect fidelity to the original conditions, just as academic performances of the classic drama omit the cothurnus and the mask, and it must further be remembered that the miracle-plays and moralities were not so much popular as ecclesiastical.

. . .

The universal truth of the play, to which it owes its impressiveness, is most apparent in the first half. The fleeting show-world and inexorable death are as vivid and strong in the halting lines of "Everyman" as in many a greater work of art. But toward the middle the priestly character of the author becomes unmistakable; the church draws Everyman into her stern but beneficent system. It is only when he has received the Sacrament of Penance, but immediately then, that Good Deeds, prostrated by long neglect, receives her strength. The moral which the play was meant to teach is not that which a modern will read into it, it is the sufficiency of a death-bed repentance when fortified by the sacraments. Therefore to see the play with perfect sympathy the spectator must be in sympathy with the religious system of the middle ages. But it is to be hoped that anybody can meet with respect, on its own ground, the great institution which has given us the modern drama.

AT THE SIGN OF

One of the pleasantest things about the extraordinary success of this play in the last theatrical season and in *A Lesson to Theatrical Managers* this is that it proves (if proof be needed) that a play may be highly successful financially without triviality or catch-penny device, with only its own merits, even when these merits are of a recondite and severe kind. If "Everyman" makes money out of large and miscellaneous audiences, how much longer will theatrical managers say that it does not pay to perform Shakespeare?

. . .

Showers of gold, it appears, are cumulative, as well as the other sort. The night preceding the Choral Union's representation of "Everyman," the Choral Union gave its first concert of the season. David Bispham was at his best, which is the highest praise that can be pronounced of this delightful and capable artist.

. . .

The event of the evening was his rendition of Meyerbeer's "Monk," the words by Pacini. The tremendous, the tragic, the terrible—it is to these that the great baritone's art lends most adequate interpretation. The light, fantastic, and whimsical are for Plunkett Green. Handel's "Nasce al Bosco," "Killiecrankie,"

"Edward," and "Danny Deever" were the other notable numbers of the program.

. . .

There is a story of an old negro who persistently robbed the till of his master's grocery store. Driven to desperation, the employer exclaimed: "I say, Sambo, if you'll give me half of all you steal, I'll make you partner in the business!" Thank you, sah!" said Sambo, "but Ah don't care for dem distinctions." Probably college men *do* care for the distinctions. At any rate Professor Lowell of Harvard writes an interesting article on the subject in the October *Atlantic*.

. . .

Assuming the appearance of a man's name in "Who's Who" to be a fairly good criterion of "distinction in life," Professor Lowell tries to find the relative proportion of distinction secured by high scholars, average students, and athletes, who have graduated from Harvard. During the nineteen years from 1869 to 1887 there were 3239 graduates from Harvard. The names of 224 of these appear in "Who's Who," or one in 14.16. Of the 19 first scholars the names of 7 appear, or one in 2.71, and of the 81 men who obtained highest special honors, 29 are in "Who's Who," or one in 2.79.

THE ASS'S HEAD

The average students fall considerably below this high percentage; and when we turn to the "distinguished athletes" the discrepancy is still greater.

For while the past-members of Harvard's crews measure up well enough, in after life, along side the so-so student, the heroes of the diamond and gridiron have been less fortunate. From 1869 to 1887 there were 72 members of the Harvard baseball teams, and only one of these men has his name in "Who's Who." From 1874 to 1887-93 men were members of the football teams, and only three are in "Who's Who," or one out of 31.

Whatever may be said of the standard of distinction set by the editor of "Who's Who," two marked conclusions stand forth from these statistics. In the first place the old myth that the wearers of Phi Beta Kappa pins are predestined to a janitorial or some other nefarious office in after life, ought now to be laid decently to rest. Born of human kindness and sympathy with the under-dog it may now pass out of our lives—with the Declaration of Independence. In the second place, it is evident that devotion to athletics often leads to neglect of college duties, that is sure to show its sorry effects in the future. "Division of labor," says Professor Lowell,

"is an important element in the history of the world," but the division must be kept. The greasy grind and muscled gladiator are simply antipodal eccentricities. Both are quite amusing in a way, but—quite useless.

. . .

Dean Briggs, of Harvard, in a "report" made in 1896, remarks penetratingly: "The curse of college morals is a double standard — a shifting for the convenience of the moment, from the character of a responsible man to the character of an irresponsible boy. Frankly treated, the student is usually frank himself; our undergraduates are, in general, excellent fellows to deal with; yet so much is done for them, so many opportunities are lavished on them, that the more thoughtless fail to see the relation of their rights to other people's, and, in the self-importance of early manhood, forget that the world is not for them alone. Students of this kind need delicate handling. They jealously demand to be treated as men, take advantage of the instructors who treat them so, and excuse themselves on the ground that, after all, they are only boys."

. . .

"Yet so much is done for them, so many opportunities are lavished on

AT THE SIGN OF

The College: *them*—isn't this the secret after all? Then who is to blame for the "double standard?"

Republic or Nursery? Dr. Harper, for one, we think, who even goes so far as to suggest that athletics be endowed. Is a university a nursery?

. . .

The other day the Ass was ambling slowly up State street toward the stores, when his attention was attracted toward three gentlemen who had just entered the Campus. One was President Angell, and with him were two guests, and all three were walking toward the north entrance of the law building. Now it happened that the clock had just struck the hour, and consequently the outside steps and the neighboring walks were well crowded with a promiscuous assortment of Laws. For an instant an unwonted noise down William Street drew the Ass's eyes in that direction, but in that instant a vision flashed across his mind—a picture of the President and his guests passing into the law building through the crowd of students respectfully standing aside with

The Ass Ruminant lifted hats to let them pass. It was a pleasure just to think of this simple act of courtesy being accorded the honored head of the University—a mere token of the reverence with which he is regarded by thousands of students,

past and present. But when the Ass looked again—oh, what a spectacle! The three gentlemen were picking their way through the crowd of men who stared rudely at them, without even so much of recognition as a lifted hat. And as they passed into the Law Building. Now the Ass was

The Ass Lacrimant grieyed at this boorish disrespect—as it seemed to him—which had been shown to the President and his guests. He recalled that at divers times he had seen students raise their hats to instructors and even assistants in whose classes they were enrolled. And so for the moment he felt provoked by this conduct of the Laws. But in the end he reflected that after all he was only an Ass, and probably couldn't understand such things.

. . .

Undoubtedly, the two great books on the Autumn list of the publishers are Morley's "Life of The "Five Gladstone" and Kipling's Nations" "Five Nations." The latter will be made the text of an article on Kipling, soon to appear in the INLANDER. In the meantime, an extract from the *New York Evening Post* affords an interesting criticism from a new point of view. G. K. Chesterton takes for his text the following lines from the "Settler:"

"I will lay my hand in my brother's hand and together we will atone For the set folly and the red breach and the black waste of it all."

THE ASS'S HEAD

He then proceeds:

"No one can possibly say the poem is not tactful and genial, and full of good intentions; it is Chesterton's simply anti-patriotic. Acute Mr. Kipling writes like Criticism what he really is, an Oriental. He apologizes to a white nation for taking away its nationality, as one might apologize to a man for spoiling his silk hat. He does not understand the Western idea of nationality at all. In our civilization, just as there is the idea of one man one vote, or one man one wife, there is the idea of one man one nation. Mr. Kipling thinks he can have five nations—a harem of nations. If a Turk stole a Christian's wife for his seraglio, he might still be a perfectly good man from the Oriental or Kiplingite point of view, and he might repent and apologize; he would not make it any better. He would offer to lay his hand in his brother's hand, that together they might atone. But his form of atonement would still be, like Mr. Kipling's, horrible, un-European. Probably he would offer the Christian, with tears in his eyes, three other wives to console him. That is what the Indian poet does to a Christian nation that had a flag. His repentance is more insulting than his sin.

...

"I may add one other instance, and that in a few sentences. There is a

poem in this book in which Kipling Anti-Patriotic Mr. Kipling has set himself, I think deliberately, to write for the first time a patriotic poem about England. It is called 'Sussex,' and begins:

"God gave all men all earth to love,
But since man's heart is small. . . ."

...

"When I read those lines I saw in a kind of flash the final truth of what I have been saying. There you have naked in that couplet the man who begins as a cosmopolitan and only ends as a patriot, in whom cosmopolitanism is a religion and patriotism only a fad. No man who had begun by loving his country would say he loved it 'because a man's heart is small.' It is like imagining a lover saying that the limitations of his brain forbade his loving all women at once. It is impossible. Those two lines of that quiet little Sussex poem are the only two in this book I decline to forgive. I do not mind the poet sneering at Ireland, or cursing the Transvaal, or riding roughshod over India. But here he does something unpardonable; he patronizes England."

...

Another feature of the modern, very legitimate Kipling, is thus taken off by *Life*:

And Not to be Pirated "The bachelor 'e fights for one,
(Copyright, 1903, by Rudyard Kipling)

AT THE SIGN OF

As joyful as can be;
 (Copyright, 1903, by Rudyard Kipling.)
 But the married man don't call it fun,
 (Copyright, 1903, by Rudyard Kipling.)
 Because 'e fights for three—
 (Copyright, 1903, by Rudyard Kipling.)
 For 'Im and 'Er and It
 (Copyright, 1903, by Rudyard Kipling.)
 An' Two an' One makes Three:
 (Copyright, 1903, by Rudyard Kipling.)
 'E wants to finish 'is little bit.
 (Copyright, 1903, by Rudyard Kipling.)
 An 'e wants to go 'ome to 'is tea!
 (Copyright, 1903, by Rudyard Kipling.)"

. . .

Speaking of Literature, where
 should one expect to find it in all the
 clarity and limpidity of its
 A Local ideal form, if not to its foun-
 Literary tain head, the Press? We
 Fountain have such a *font Bandusiae*
 Tapped in Ann Arbor, and to pro-
 nounce its quenching stream
 "Splendidior vitro" were lame
 indeed. Taste: "State of Mind—
 Appeal from Washtenaw:—

U. R. Wise	} ss.
vs.	
N. O. T. Wise.	

Subject matter: *Condition of
 Things: Argument:*

. . .

"If your honor please, after this
 great length of time which this trial
 of getting Mr. Cheap Man to do what
 you want done the very best for almost
 nothing and then expect to derive
 great benefit therefrom, is almost at
 an end. But the magnitude of the
 case is such that a few important
 points ought to be gone over with
 before closing the case.

"For instance. You are burdened
 with the thought that U. R. Wise
 when you are N. O. T.
 And Wise. These are faults that
 Sampled we cannot see until we are
 told of them, and that's
 what bumps. You are skeptic to
 believe such is the case. It brushes
 the hair the wrong way, and yet it is
 the truth.

. . .

"The first impression is the one
 great factor in this enlightened and
 progressive world.
 A Well-Spring Catch the eye and in-
 of Humor terest the brain. Don't
 show yourself off in
 shabby, old or dirty clothes, but make
 a good appearance and you will be
 heard. Don't use a broken trumpet
 to sound your wares, for it grates on
 the ears. A poor job of printing is
 hurtful to the eye. All printers have
 type and presses. There's the rub.
 How many know how to make use of
 these? . . . Therefore, your honor,
 we solicit a word from you. Let us
 have a chance to figure on your
 work." All of which goes to show
 that humor is not *always* conscious.

. . .

Football receives a "solar plexus,"
 takes the count and the management
 captain, mascot, and all
 Racine Falls throw up the sponge."
 from Grace Such is the startling re-
 port that comes from
 Racine College.

Verily, how are the mighty fallen.

THE ASS'S HEAD

Yea, verily. Were there not eleven men tried and true in that institution? Be sure of it, and thrice over. Couldn't a coach be found? He was the best ever. Would'nt the line hold? Like a stone wall. Weren't the backs fast and the quarter heady? Your last penny on it. Such quibbling is contemptible. A real calamity has befallen our brethren pig-skin fraternity.

. . .

Of a truth, gluttony goeth before destruction and riotous eating before a fall! For, listen, just **This Time it was Fudge** before the referee's whistle called out the doughty champions for a recent game, it was discovered that one of the best players on the team had been eating fudge. "Fudge," we repeat with Mr. Burchell, "Fudge"!—and in direct disobedience to the trainer's orders! Of course the miserable culprit was promptly marooned. The loss was great, nay, irreparable, but discipline must be maintained! But, alas, the item is but index to the deluge! Was it not so with the Post-office scandal. So it was in this case. *The entire eleven had been eating fudge.* Per consequence: The captain and manager have cancelled all the remaining dates **Moral: Eschew Evil and Eat Force** for games, have disbanded the team, and have officially announced the withdrawal of Racine College from the gridiron.

Moral—Eat Force.

This doleful report from the Badger commonwealth is conducive to various philosophical

The Fudge Problem at Michigan reflections. Here, at any rate, is *one* institution where

they break training on fudge. Don Quixote, in copper wash-basin for helmet, and pasteboard greaves, does not make a braver figure, nor one more punily weaponed. Then, again, have we not just discovered that we have a fudge problem here at Michigan? This news from Racine does but confirm our impressions of the seriousness of the issue. Is not the very question of co-education again before us? But we would not elaborate the obvious.

. . .

Finally, there is the question of maintaining discipline in athletic teams. Racine has disciplined her team even **Athletic Teams and Discipline** to the extent of disbanding it. We always did admire the man who said "he would have peace, even if he had to fight for it." Last spring, at the time of the annual boat races, Cornell sent a splendid crew up to Poughkeepsie. They were picked to win. They could not lose. But there is a restaurant in Poughkeepsie owned by the S. B. cough-drops estate. Into this resort two important members of Cornell's crew—perhaps boatswain and stroke—inadvertently strolled, two or three days before the great

AT THE SIGN OF THE ASS'S HEAD

race. It was the season of strawberry shortcake—early strawberry shortcake. Who could resist the temptation? Not the oarsmen from Ithaca, at any rate. But murder will out. The news of the breach of discipline soon came to the ears of the crew's coach. The lame defense of the two offenders availed them nothing. The afternoon's practice found their places in the shell occupied by new men. Of course, the news of the affair was speedily abroad, and, of course, interested alumni, those well-intentioned meddlers, began to deluge the coach and those in authority with protests. But the latter were obdurate. They would not recede an inch from their contention that discipline is more than victory, that it is honor, and that it must be preserved. And they carried the day! And, though that is neither here nor there, Cornell won the race.

. . .

There you have it in the concrete instance. If there is one sentiment more than another that goes to make the sportsman's idea of honor, it is loyalty to the sport, abidance by the rules of the game. For the rules of the game make the game. If the game is worth keeping, worth defending, then so are the rules.

Then, on the other hand, there is that other characteristic of the sportsman—you might call it his foible — namely, imperturbability. Come what may, he does not "wince nor cry aloud." And we should never say that this stoical reticence is not admirable, indeed. But must it be always kept, and at all costs—even of the game itself! Not so. When a team has dealt in ruffianism, the opposing team should protest, whether it has suffered much or little; and no charge of pleading the "baby-act" can be made. For the protest is raised in the very interest of the game itself. Ideals of sport, like ideals of any sort, are unable to sustain themselves. They are to be sustained only by a mutual criticism of rivals that makes it for the interest of everybody to adhere to them.

. . .

A dramatization of a novel, unless made by the author himself, is very rarely a satisfactory play. "Resurrection": A Dramatized Novel rection," as dramatized by Henry Bataille and Michael Norton, and as produced by Blanche Walsh, has that lack of unity which is such a common fault in works of this class. The play is a series of pictures, in which striking situations and intense action are wholly lacking. The story is treated

BOOKS

with all delicacy possible, yet it is distinctly unpleasant. The character of Katusha may well serve the novelist as a study of moral degradation and regeneration, but owing to a lack of dramatic interest the character fails upon the stage.

. . .

The prologue is dull. The first scene of the first act is full of clever character satire. The second scene attempts to continue the shafts of sarcasm, but it falls below the previous scene in dialogue. The second act is a revolting study in crime. No doubt it is interesting to those who are students of criminal psychology; but this is not sufficient reason for the production of the play, although it may be a motive for writing the morbid novel. It is in this act that the "resurrection" of Katusha begins.

Here is found the one striking feature of the play—in the fact that from this point we are shown minutely the life of a woman after her complete downfall. The representation of her struggle begins where other plays which treat of the social evil end. The third act is cruel and unsatisfying. Katusha is unable to disclose the lie told about her, because, as she weakly explains to the audience, something seemed to clutch her throat when she tried to vindicate herself. One feels that her second condemnation is a refinement of cruelty which is unnecessary and

unnatural. The last act is one of the insipid "peace-be-with-you" kind. The spectator has only a passive interest as to whether Katusha will give up the prince and marry the man she does not love. The question is discussed by the two characters *pro* and *con*, in a manner resembling the lengthy debates of a French play of the seventeenth century. The problem is not grave. It deals with no social laws or customs. Only the prince and Katusha are affected.

. . .

The play can be interesting only as a representation of horrible evil.

Surely such interest is best left unaroused by the stage. The drama may teach a lesson, or it may not. That is a question beyond the domain of dramatic art.

BOOKS

Two years ago on the appearance of the third edition of *French Dramatists of the XIX Century*, Professor The Development of the Drama French remarked that "dramatic criticism is Mr. Matthews' forte and that he can, if he will, give us in the future a great and elaborate treatise in his chosen line of study." The work before us, it need scarcely be said, does not answer to this expectation. It is general in scope, elementary in treatment, and, save for certain specific criticisms on the modern French

drama, contains scarcely anything original. But none the less it is a bit of clear, keen writing the merits of which are usefulness and charm. For the general reader, and above all for college students in their junior year—and for a goodly number in their graduate years—it is a godsend. There is no other work in English that conveys general information about the various dramatic literatures with such clearness and such charm, nor of, in fact, any other of the same scope.

Mr. Matthews here treats the drama "as a work of dramaturgic craftsmanship prepared especially to be performed by actors, in a theatre, before an audience (p. 4)." The poetic quality is a subordinate element in the drama. Sophocles and Shakespeare were, "first of all, not writers of poetry but makers of plays, masters of all the tricks of their trade, and possessing completely all the resources of their craft. . . . and it is this playmaking skill, this dramaturgic faculty which sustains and vitalizes every masterpiece of dramatic literature (pp. 5-6)." Mr. Matthews has, it seems, a very indifferent conception of what may be meant by poetic quality; and what this view of the drama gains in accuracy and definiteness is largely at the expense of breadth. Manfred, e. g., is surely a masterpiece, though not remarkable as a bit of dramaturgic art. And to say that it is essentially not a drama, but something else, seems scarcely

possible. Again, this view does scant justice to the inner social reason, to the midlife of the drama, and Mr. Matthews confesses this, in saying that his criticism "is not so much philosophical, or even aesthetic as it is technical (p. vi)." We find, as a result of his point of view, I think, that Mr. Matthews at times, assigns for *reasons* what are really *incidents*. We are told, for instance, that the Italians developed no dramatic literature of their own because "the scholars in Italy were opinionated and intolerant; the poets scorned the mediæval drama, to the serious and humorous, sacred representations and comedy of marks; they insisted on casting aside all that the Middle Ages had accomplished and on returning absolutely to antiquity (p. 150)." The real reason must, of course, be beyond this in the social movements and political complications which controlled Italian culture, i. e. we must go into the *Kulburgeschichte* of the Italians to understand why they produced no great dramatic literature.

It seems to me that Mr. Matthews concedes too much value to Mr. Brunetière's simple postulate that "the drama must deal with an exercise of the human will and that therefore a struggle of some sort is an essential element to the pleasure we take in a play (p. 74)." The feature of this "law of the theatre" which would seem to commend it most, is the utter vagueness of it. In Mr. Matthews' application it furnishes at least one

BOOKS

specious explanation—why did the Saracens produce no drama? Because, "if a people, virile enough in other ways accepts a doctrine benumbing to the individual responsibility of man, it is not likely to develop a drama; and this is perhaps the reason why the theatre did not establish itself among the study Saracens, these valiant warriors having believed in fore-ordination rather than in free-will (p. 24)."

Mr. Matthews has endeavored to show that the law of the development of the drama is the effort of the dramatist to get hold of the essentially dramatic and to cast out everything else (p. 329). Thus it is that today the drama has definitely specialized itself, and has disentangled itself from the other and non-dramatic elements with which it was perforce commingled in the more primitive periods (p. 339). Mr. Matthews has not considered, however, that the dramatic is a variable quality, and its essence is nothing that one can be sure about. Therefore to speak of an evolution in the interest of the essentially dramatic involves some arbitrary definition of what is the dramatic, and Mr. Brunitiere's postulate, quoted above, which should be serviceable at this point, helps us none—unless in vagueness we are willing to find salvation.

These criticisms are directly provoked by the attitude which Mr. Matthews takes up toward the drama, but they do not seriously affect the essential merit of the work—its value

educational usefulness and its literary charm.

I give no summary of the contents, for there's the book.

For some good reason the work appears without an index.

The Development of the Drama by Brander Matthews, New York: Chas. Scribner's Sons, 1903, pp. vii., 351. Price \$1.25.

* * *

Mr. Torrence is a follower of Sir Stephen Phillips, but lags far behind him. "El Dorado," a

"El Dorado" tragedy, is a good example of the unfortunate fault of overwrought language. The first three acts are especially interspersed with such expressions as: "I would some water came"; "the six chiefest officers"; "quartern hour." The use of the adjective as exclamations such as "O Pale; O Pitifull," and the tendency to capitalize important nouns is unnecessary. Perhaps the author wishes to "adorn the page."

The last two acts are a great improvement over the others. Mr. Torrence rises to his theme, and the language is at times very practical and full of color. The author shows promise as a poet, but his characters are not human enough to form the background for a successful drama. It is in the "Prologue," a passage quite separate from the main body of the work, that the author is at his best. He should continue his work as a poet rather than a dramatist.

"El Dorado," by Ridgely Torrence. Published by John Lane, New York.

At the suggestion of Professor Gayley of the University of California,

Professor George Saintsbury has collected, under the title, *Loci Critici*, some of the most significant passage

on the theory of criticism. They are drawn from both the ancients and the moderns, and touch upon almost every aspect of both prose and poetry. It is the defect of collections of this sort that being made up of fragments, they give only one-sided and distorted views of the wholes from which they are taken. From this charge Professor Saintsbury's book is not exempt. What idea, for example, of the place and meaning of Dionysius in the history of criticism can be obtained from the few paragraphs on the Source of Beauty, the Importance of Rhythm in Prose, the Supremacy of Variety, and the like, for which alone there is room in a book of this size? Professor Saintsbury by means of illuminating notes has done what he could to fill out the reader's impressions; but he has been successful only to a limited extent. The best that can be said of collections of excerpts like this is that they arouse the interest and curiosity of the reader and drive him to the originals. In the case of some of the ancient writers, however, these few translations are very precious, for the original texts have not been translated in their entirety and are not likely to be.

It is interesting to note that the greatest number of pages has been giv-

en to the following critics: Aristotle, Quintilian, Ben Jonson, Dryden, Addison, Pope, Samuel Johnson, Wordsworth, Coleridge, Hazlett, Shelley, Matthew Arnold.

LOCI CRITICI Critical Passages, arranged and edited by George Saintsbury, Professor of Rhetoric and English Literature in the University of Edinburgh. Octavo, cloth, 440 pages. List price, \$1.50; mailing price, \$1.65. Ginn & Company, Publishers.

. . .

Just why anybody should write a history of "Famous Assassinations" is not quite plain. Un-
Famous doubtedly the idea is
Assassinations the same as that of the hideous group of the "Martyred Presidents" that one sees everywhere nowadays. The same gaucherie carried to its legitimate consequences would give a group of "Heroes with Pink Whiskers" or the "Lives of Famous Victims of the Whooping Cough."

The accident of assassination has brought together a curious company. Hypatia, Gessler, McKinley, Wallenstein, Julius Caesar, and Queen Draga, and a score of other equally diverse characters make a vain show at congenial hobnobbing. Evidently assassination is only the beginning of the martyrdom. On the other hand there are some rather disappointing absences from the coterie of the "disposed of." President Carnot, Empress Elizabeth, and King Humbert, are conspicuous in this way, though their assassinations were

BOOKS RECEIVED

genuine enough according to the newspapers.

For the rest, the book has a certain sort of interest. The writer gives horrific details with a great deal of gusto, and with evident pride in his own nerve. We recommend the work to the readers of "My Favorite Murders."

"Famous Assassinations of History." Francis Johnson, R. S. G. Chicago. A. C. McClurg & Co. Octavo. pp. 420 illustrated.

The preface states the purpose of this book, which is, "to put before teachers and readers the actualities of the Civil War period." Without stopping to quarrel with this decidedly loose use of the word "actualities," we may grant that Professor Hart has put together a volume of anecdote and sentiment that will appeal immensely to the Northern small boy engaged in studying history. The Southern lad will probably find the compilation listed on the household Index Expurgatorious.

Romance of the Civil War. Source Readers in American History. No. 4. Editor, A. B. Hart. Macmillan Co., New York. 1903. 8-vo. pp. 418.

J. B. Lippincott Company will publish in this country shortly, in co-operation with Messrs. Duckworth & Company, in England, "A History of Theatrical

Art in Ancient and Modern Times," by the distinguished Copenhagen actor, Karl Mantzius, translated by L. Von Cossel, with an introduction by William Archer.

. . .

Stewart Edward White, author of "The Blazed Trail," and "Conjuror's House," is now in New York with Robert Edeson, the actor, on the dramatization of the latter novel.

BOOKS RECEIVED

The Romance of the Civil War, by Albert Bushnell Hart and Elizabeth Stevens. The Macmillan Co., New York.

Discourses on War, by William Ellery Channing. Ginn & Co., Boston.

Darrell of the Blessed Isles, by Irving Bacheller. Lothrop Pub. Co., Boston.

Lions of the Lord, by Harry L. Wilson. Lothrop Pub. Co., Boston.

The Ship of State, by those at the helm. Ginn & Co., Boston.

The Literary Guillotine, by ? John Lane, New York.

The Modern Age, by P. V. N. Myers. Ginn & Co., Boston.

Lessons in Physics, by Lothrop D. Higgins. Ginn & Co., Boston.

The Best Poems and Essays of Edgar Allan Poe. Edited by Sherwin

BOOKS RECEIVED

Cody. A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago.

The Best Tales of Edgar Allan Poe. Edited by Sherwin Cody. A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago.

El Dorado, a Tragedy, by Ridgely Torrence. John Lane, New York.

The MS. in a Red Box (Anon). John Lane, New York.

A French Reader for beginners, by F. D. Aldrich and F. L. Foster. Ginn & Co., Boston.

Famous Assassinations of History, by Francis Johnson. A. C. McClurg, Chicago.

How George Rogers Clark Won the Northwest, by R. G. Thwaite. A. C. McClurg, Chicago.

Laboratory Physics, by Dayton C. Miller. Ginn & Co., Boston.

Geographic Influences in American History, by Albert P. Brigham. Ginn & Co., Boston.

A Listener in Babel, by Vida D. Scudder. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.

An English Village, by Richard Jefferies. Little, Brown & Co., Boston.

The Gentle Reader, by Samuel M. Crothers. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.

A Master Hand, by Richard Dallas. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

The Development of the Drama, by Brander Matthews. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

The Geography of Commerce (in Macmillan's Commercial Series) by Spencer Trotter, M. D. \$1.10. The Macmillan Co., New York.

The Negro Problem, by Booker T. Washington, W. E. B. DuBois, and others. James Pott, New York.

The Insect Folk, by Margaret Warner Morley. Ginn & Co. Boston.

Ways of the Six-Footed, by Anna Botsford Comstock. Ginn & Co., Boston.

The Odes and Epodes of Horace. Edited by Clement Lawrence. Ginn & Co., Boston.

Cicero's Tusculan Disputations. Edited by Frank Ernest Rockwood. Ginn & Co., Boston.

The Five Nations, by Rudyard Kipling. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York.

The Responsibilities of the Novelist, by Frank Norris. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York.

Descriptive Chemistry, by Lyman C. Newell. D. C. Heath & Co., Boston.

Practical Lessons in Human Physiology, Personal Hygiene, and Public Health, by John I. Jegi. The Macmillan Co., New York.

Cicero's Orations and Letters. Edited by R. A. von Minckwitz and Mary E. Wilson, in Macmillan's Latin Series. The Macmillan Co., New York.

A Master Hand, by Richard Dallas. G. P. Putnam's Son's.





THE INLANDER

A Monthly Magazine by the Students of Michigan University

A WORD ON FORESTRY

FILIBERT ROTH

THE subject of forestry, or the proper care and use of our woods, or timber supplies, has ceased to be a fad. It is no longer the prophetic warning of a few philanthropic men, and no longer the shout of a number of sentimental people. It is a plain, practical subject, which confronts the wood consumer who builds a house, our manufacturer, who is obliged to leave Michigan for his supply of raw material, the transportation company, who suffers in its income, the town, which loses the sawmill, the planer, the sash and door factory, and the profitable trade which these manufactures bring with them. Less keenly felt, perhaps, but even more serious, the matter stands before the counties or districts where large portions of land, suitable chiefly for woods, are today in a waste-land condition, and where formerly magnificent forests led the lumberman to believe in his pet notion of "inexhaustible supplies." And, though hardly realized at all, the same subject meets the farmer of the fine agricultural districts of our "southern tiers" of counties, where after long time settlement it has become evident that not all land is plowland, where still over 30 per cent remains "unimproved land," and where thousands of acres every year are washed and carved into valueless wastelands, with myriads of gullies, large and small, and with fields robbed of thousands of tons of the very best of earth and fertilizing salts, carried to the creeks, the rivers, and lakes.

The question is thus one affecting the people of our state singly and collectively; one affecting the business of today, and the prospects of the business and welfare of the future. The

A WORD

exodus of the lumber industry to the forests of the South and the far West, the importation of North Carolina pine and the Seattle shingle into all our towns are plain facts, which indicate clearly that the State of Michigan is on the point of supplying its 1,000 million feet of building material, which it uses every year from distant regions, and will soon begin to experience the truth that it is bad economy for almost any state to depend upon import for its wood supplies, and that it is folly to do so for any state in which only 32 per cent of its area is improved land. Michigan is not alone. New York and Pennsylvania have experienced these things years ago; our neighbor states are having the same trials, and the subject is agitating the people of every state from Maine to California.

What the forest means for man, and what it does for him at every step, is overlooked by most of us for the same reason, that few people realize the importance of light, air and water. Wood in all forms has been abundant for many years, too abundant, in fact, and every one carried from the forest what he wanted, and wanted far more than he used. Few people stop to think that we use about 500 feet board measure of lumber to every person, that the great part of our people are warmed by wood fires, that our one-cent paper would be impossible if it were not for the cheap supply of paper pulp. Nor does it occur to many how completely we are surrounded by and dependent upon wood. Our furniture is made of wood, our goods are shipped in wooden packages, in wooden wagons, cars and ships, and practically every important enterprise requires timber in some form or other. Every effort to find substitutes for wood on a large scale has proven a failure, and the per capita consumption of wood, even in the old world, is growing larger instead of smaller. Even the coal mine and oil field, with their enormous output, have made no impression on the steadily growing use of wood.

In addition to supplying us a necessity of the first order, it is the forest which has made for us the soil of a large part of our country, and it is the forest today which alone is able to prevent its deterioration and erosion. It has been said that wherever man goes and removes, the forest, the fertility of the land decreases, and land becomes less hospitable. This is an alarming assertion,

ON FORESTRY

and yet the experience of the old world and of our older states, appears to confirm it.

As a branch of agriculture (in the broad sense of the word), forestry deals with the production of a valuable and much needed material from the soil. It differs from our grain and fruit farming in so far as the wood, and not the seed or fruit of the trees is the material worked for, and also in so far as the crop usually requires not one or a few years, but rather longer periods to grow into a marketable size. On the other hand, the forest is less affected by poor seasons; one or few rainy or dry seasons have but a small effect on the growth of a forest; and in addition, the most important of our forest trees are not dependent on fertile soils, as they are commonly termed, but are able to produce a large amount of material from soils almost unfit for other forms of agriculture. Our sandy pinery counties, and our mountain districts fully illustrate this fact.

Generally speaking, the forest produces less of valuable material per year than the plowland, but also requires much less of labor per acre for its care.

Considering the present wood consumption of our people as a measure, it is fair to say that at least a fourth of our land area should remain as forest, and that even then the forests must be cared for much better than they are at present.

As regards the methods of forestry, or the manner of caring for the woods, they are many, and like those of farming, differ according to conditions. Just as large areas are used merely for grazing purposes, because they are at present unfit for anything else, so large areas of land will be used for forest because unfit for other uses. Similarly in their methods: the nearby market converts the grain farmer into a truck and fruit farmer, and the fields become gardens, vineyards, orchards. In the same way, the forest in the mountain district, or remote from market, will be dealt with in a crude and cheap way, and the farmer's wood lot near town can be handled in a careful but more expensive manner.

In its natural state the forest takes care of itself. As the old trees fall and decay, the young growth from seed or sprouts take their place. When man first steps in, he merely takes out what

A WORD

nature has made ready; he removes the old trees before they fall, he uses what otherwise would decay. As long as he does so, and as long as he does not cut more and introduce the arch enemy, fire, the forest may be used by this primitive forester indefinitely.

When conditions change and the wood becomes more valuable, man begins to assist nature in replacing what he takes out of the forest. He exerts himself to protect the forest against injury; he sows or plants if nature appears to be slow about filling up some gap he has made with the axe. Gradually he develops certain methods best suited to the forest and adapted to the conditions of market and transportation. Instead of cutting at random wherever there is any old or suitable timber, he plans his work so that all parts of the forest are cut over from time to time and at regular intervals. Similarly, he no longer depends on the stream to carry his timber over long distances, but builds roads and railways, and thus introduces permanent improvements. In this way, in a way exactly parallel to the development of agriculture in general, forestry, the industry of the proper care and use of our woods, has been developed. This process in Europe, where this industry really began, required a long time. The beginnings of the industry date back a thousand years and more; and yet, even in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, forests were cleared by burning, in the midst of a far advanced civilization. Nor is it to be supposed for a moment that all the forests of Europe, or even of any one state, are properly cared for. Just as we have good and poor farming here among us, so there is good and poor farming, and good and poor care of woods in all parts of Europe today. There, as here, it is the greed of the present which is constantly in danger of robbing the future. The European farmers, like many of their brethren here, are apt to think, "What has posterity done for me? I need the money, and need it now." In this way, only too many European woods suffer exactly what troubles our Michigan woods,—they are badly over-cut. But where the foresighted statesmen stepped in and the state has assumed control, forestry has accomplished results which should be, and are beginning to be, a lesson to people of all parts of the earth. Thus, the state forests of

ON FORESTRY

Württemberg, amounting to about 480,000 acres, yield over three million dollars per year, of which from 50 per cent to 60 per cent is net income. Nor is this all; these same forests, ever since the beginning of last century, have been furnishing more and more timber all the time, and are in better condition today than they were then. Thus, the cut in 1822 was only 33 cubic feet per acre for the total area; in 1840 it was 50 cubic feet, and in 1890 they cut 63 cubic feet per acre. Similarly, these forests yielded a net income of only 30 cents per acre at the beginning of last century. This was raised to \$1.11 in 1850; to \$2.60 in 1870, and is now over \$3.50 per acre of total area. Of course, in the case of forestry it is as in farming, —if no money is spent on the farm, little is produced, and the states of Central Europe have fully learned this lesson. Thus, where Saxony spent only 80 cents per acre in the care of its state forests in 1820, she now spends over \$2.00 per acre, and by doing so has raised the net income of her forests from 95 cents per acre to over \$4.00 per acre. These figures are not selected; they are representative of all good forest management.

The experience of Central Europe is of great value. It teaches as nothing else can, the fact that forests are needed and are needed all over the land, that even in densely populated districts not all lands are plowlands or can be tilled to advantage, that poor lands make poor farmers, that this combination is bad economically, and that it is better to keep such lands in forest.

It also teaches us that while the private man makes the better farmer, the state or commonwealth makes the better forest owner, for it alone has the stability and the patience and the interest in the future which are requisite to good forestry, and it alone has the benefit of and appreciation for the many secondary or indirect advantages of soil protection, of increased and continuous manufacture, which are assured by forestry and which add materially to the value of the woods beyond their mere stumpage.

In our own country we lived through the many phases of the problem in so short a time that it is surprising to see how promptly the people have realized the approach of the critical point. From an overabundance of forest, the forest as an obsta-

A WORD

cle to the building up of the home and state, we passed to the other extreme of an actual scarcity of suitable material and consequent waste in long distance shipment. All that Central Europe experienced in six to ten centuries was passed in about fifty years, and with it the development of methods of lumbering and general timber exploitation which make the future of remaining timber supplies appear as rather short-lived.

In our own state of Michigan, the great hardwood forests disappeared largely before the pioneer farmer, who built up the state. The great pineries were cut for export by the lumberman. The greater part of the state, the Southern peninsula, is sorely cut over, and over large areas the blackened stump waste has replaced the forest. The problem of forestry in the farming districts is one of improving the woodlot and restocking the badly eroded and other useless lands. For the great pinery districts, where large bodies of land are too light for successful farming, the case demands restocking with timber. Much of this could be accomplished by adequate protection against fire and trespass, but in many cases a definite effort at improvement will be necessary if anything is to be accomplished in a reasonable time. The cost of such improvement is small; a few dollars per acre, and the seedling which costs less than one cent to plant will be a tree worth a good many cents in forty years hence, so that there is no question as to whether it will pay or not. At the present time, the state has about six million acres of lands of this kind, which have reverted for taxes. The opportunity to make a good beginning is here now, and every one interested in the welfare of the state can assist in one of the greatest enterprises in which the state can possibly interest itself, by lending a hand to see that our pinery lands are not thrown away at from ten to fifty cents per acre, but are put to a use which will soon show that these lands are worth to the state not less than \$2.50 per acre for forestry purposes and should not be sold for less. Such a step is not an experiment; it is not even a novelty in our own country. We have passed the mere propaganda stage. The Federal Government has set aside over sixty million acres of mountain forests as forest reserves. The state of New York has bought up over a million acres of land (which it sold about 100 years ago at

ON FORESTRY

five cents per acre) in the Adirondacks and Catskills. The state of Pennsylvania has forest reserves, and continues to buy. Our sister state of Wisconsin has set aside all state lands as forest reserve, of which not an acre shall be sold unless deemed proper agricultural land by a state commission. Practical forestry is organized in a well-supported Bureau in the U. S. Department of Agriculture, where, under the direction of the excellent Secretary of Agriculture, Hon. James B. Wilson, and the immediate direction of Professor Gifford Pinchot, it is doing the best of work all over the United States by advising and assisting every one who wishes to better the condition of his woods. Forestry is taught at several special schools, and more or less at nearly all of our agricultural colleges; and last but not least, the lumbermen, the largest and best informed of all owners of forest lands, are ready to acknowledge that the time has come when better methods are indicated, when mere lumbering is to be replaced by forestry by *care* and *use* combined.

A FRAGMENT

D. M. N.

Scene—The music room of a country house, high-ceiled and very light. The walls are of decoratively stained woods. There are no hangings save some thin muslin curtains at the windows. Everything is arranged to give freest play to sound. Through the great window one looks out upon an orchard in full bloom, and beyond the trees, upon a green field new-lit by the morning sun, . . . A piano stands on a raised platform at one end of the room. A man comes in and plays. A woman enters and stands looking out upon the orchard. . . . Sometimes the music ceases, and the man, all-unconscious of another's presence, talks aloud.

He.—song of my heart, dear little pastoral,
Murm'ring of fresh green fields and nodding flowers,
Of singing birds and blue, o'er-arching sky,
Thou art the song of God when God is joy.
Wail unconstrained that bursts upon that joy,—
[Alas that souls are unremembering!]
Fierce, faint, up-piercing, falling to arise,
You search through time and space for what you lose. . .
Good God, that I might touch those who forget!
That I might raise a strain that tells of thee! . . .
When summer's heat has called men out of doors,
And on the green the horn blares forth its note,
They come in flocks and shuffle to its tune.
When I have thrown my doors out and cry "Come,"
They move dumfounded, and with awkward glance.
They listen in appearance while their minds
Wander, I know not where.

What shall I sing?

A song of steaming clods? Of bending backs?
Of aching limbs? Of sweating brows? Such love
As creatures know who have no thought?
Around me everywhere earth's beauties lie.
I tell of these unheeded. God of men,
Have I caught thee in these, my spring-time songs?

A FRAGMENT

Blank, staring eyes, why look you on the earth
And see no glories there? What takes from thee
Her joy?

Oh sodden toil! Curse that blights souls!
Woe that strikes deep through hearts! To labor thus
Machine-like for a crust, what greater ill
Befalls the lot of man?

The woman has come forward and stands quite near him. She speaks:—

And will you always be torn thus? Your hope,
Your hopelessness I know. I know your fears.
My heart goes out to you. It warms for you.
I would that I might somehow comfort you.

HE.—To hear you speak so comforts me and heals.
Some souls have not forgot that God is God.
To know them is to love them. But e'en they
Hide beneath little prettexts all they do
And pass unknown.

Once, for a moment, sad it was so brief,
When you and I were but a boy and girl,
I saw your soul and loved you, then forgot.
My friend came forward. He had seen that soul,
And now he sought it with all might and main,
Till it saw his and gave itself to him.
And then two souls were glad, but mine, woe-struck,
Sat down and grieved. I was so like my friend
I could not love but what he loved. Alas!
You have my soul held captive quite as his.

SHE.—I cannot hear this, dear. I love you both
With all the heart and soul that I possess,
Yet faith is faith, Oh, God, how did it chance
You gave to this strange trio such strange hearts
That each doth love the other as himself?
Good friend but leave me for a little time.
The mystery I cannot understand
Or even guess at. I am overwhelmed.

A FRAGMENT

HE.—Thy tears make my own griefs seem simple joys.
Oh! could the love I bear to thee smooth out
Thy brow and chase away thy cares! I stoop
And touch thy cheek. I press thy hand. Sweet love,
Forget this woe.

A THIRD COMER.—Yes, why have woe, dear ones?
Why thus grieve you? They say poor love went blind
From weeping. Let not woe sit on that brow.
Dry those sweet eyes. Good friend, be not so moved.
If you have been the dearest friend to me
I wonder not that she should love you so.
I grant you all the love she will bestow,
E'en though she draws upon her love for me;
For I can know no single joy on earth
Lest hers is perfect, rounded and complete.
Sweet wife, feel free to choose between the two
Which one it is that has the husband's love
And which the friend's.

SHE.—I love you, friend, as ever I have loved,
And give to you my hand as I have done
A thousand times. . . . Good friend.
And you, my husband, I am without words
To tell you of the love I bear to you.

OUT OF THE NORTH

HARLAN P. ROWE

COCHRANE picked up his oil can and climbed down from the cab. Up the yard the switch lights glowed hazily through the slow, autumn rain and here and there the beams from blazing headlights flashing back from the sides of the dripping cars and reached their bright fingers down the glistening, wet rails.

A long freight was rattling in over the switches on the next track. As it gradually slowed, and came to a sudden stop with a bump and a clatter of couplings, Cochrane glanced up carelessly from his oiling. On the night air a familiar odor was wafted across to him. He straightened up and lifted his torch high above his head. Its yellow rays struggled feebly through the misty gloom and by their unsteady flicker he saw tier above tier of wet logs decked high on the long flat car, and beyond on either hand a black bulk stretched away into the night. Cochrane set his oil can down on the step of the cab and crossed to the other track. Reaching up he passed his hand along over the rough bark, muttering to himself as he did so. He flashed his torch down the length of the car, and, when he reached the end, he climbed up on the coupling and began examining the butts of the logs. Evidently he found what he wanted, for beside one he stopped low and held his torch up close to the wood. Deeply imprinted in its surface were the outlines of a single letter. He studied the mark intently for several minutes, scratching his head in a puzzled way, and then, apparently satisfied, he turned and sat down upon the log.

Somewhere, stowed away among the dusty annals of the round house, there is a tradition of how Cochrane came to the division. It has, even, been told up in the elegantly appointed offices sacred to the powers that rule, but it is nevertheless the property of the round house, for there it was born, away back in the time when Kent was round house foreman.

The day had been unusually hot for September. Kent was busy with a gang of wipers in the round house when a sudden

OUT OF

ejaculation from one of the men attracted his attention. He looked in the direction the man was pointing and there, framed in one of the big doorways of the round house stood Cochrane.

A rough slouch hat was on his head and a blue bandanna handkerchief was knotted about his throat, sailor fashion; over his arm he carried a Mackinaw jacket, his coat of many colors, a riotous mixture of rainbow and crazy quilt with here and there a dash of the sunset, all flung together in a sort of semi-regard for pattern; a small rope knotted about his waist afforded the only visible means of support for a pair of worn corduroy trousers which had been cut off just below the knee, and his feet were encased in a pair of heavy, laced river boots which reached up under the frayed bottoms of his trousers. The boots had been greased until they shone in the sun, and the soles were studded with steel caulks that rang against the rails as he walked.

He stood in the doorway a moment surveying the scene before him, then he walked over to Kent, paying as little attention to the stares of the men as if they had not been there.

"I want to go to work," he announced briefly.

Kent looked him over. "Know anything about this kind of work?" he asked.

"No, just come from the woods."

"I suppose the first thing you want is an engine, ain't it?"

"Oh, hardly," answered the knight of the river boots with a grin. "But I will after a while."

The foreman grinned too. "You'll do," he said dryly.

"Go and take off that truck and get into something suitable and report to me."

That is how Cochrane got his start. It was a long while before he got his engine, but it came with time; switch engine, freight and finally the A. and P. express, just as his hair was turning gray.

As he sat on the butt of the pine log and looked across at the big engine looming up in the night, the whole thing came back with all its trouble and waiting. By the flicker of his torch he lived those years over again, and it seemed an inexpressably weary way. The young lumber jack who had clambered down from the caboose of the log train that far off September day, he

THE NORTH

remembered rather as a sort of dream personality than himself. Yet he could recall as though it were but yesterday the appearance of the woods the day he saw them last, and as he saw his hand over the glistening logs, he knew as well as though he had been there how they were felled and hauled and skidded beside the back woods railway. It was years since anything had stirred the soul within him as did these dripping travelers from the pineries; for had not he, too, come out of the north, the vast, silent, trackless north? He wondered as he thought, how it would feel to leave the smoke and roar of the flying engines for a while and return again to her fastnesses: to drop at full length on a carpet of dry, brown needles; to plunge his face into the crystal waters of a little brook in the depths of a hemlock swamp he knew, and drink, drink until his burning thirst was quenched; or to lie on his back and watch a far away, soaring eagle, and hear the eternal roar of the surf of the wind among the Norways; and then, at last, when night had come, to fall asleep on a bed of fragrant boughs lulled by the cries of the loon and the whip-poor-wills, and dream, nor to be awakened at day break by the clatter of traffic over the city pavement.

For Cochrane, as he sat there, the huge office building that reared its black bulk into the night, on the other side of the fence, became the hill by the lake, and he painted a fanciful picture to himself of a gloomy forest dripping with rain. He even listened unconsciously to catch some familiar cry of a night prowler,—and awakened out of his reverie with a start when a long drawn whistle came echoing down the yards.

Hurriedly he pulled out his watch and looked at it, and slid to the ground. Torch in hand he stumbled over to his engine and climbed up into the cab. A hiss of escaping steam, a jerk and a rumble, and the big engine backed slowly down the track to couple onto the limited.

A few minutes later the long train of Pullman's rolled out from the glare of the depot arcs and swung off into the gloom, speeding faster and faster down the long lines of dripping cars, clattering over switches, hurrying toward the hills and the open country. As she swept past the waiting log train a boy in a slouch hat and a Mackinaw jacket, who was peering from a

IF I WERE BRAVE

window in the lookout tower of the caboose, gazed for an instant into the eyes of the gray haired engineer sitting erect on his cushioned seat in the cab of the great racing locomotive, and in the breast of the boy a mighty resolve was born.—The North had sent another offering.

IF I WERE BRAVE

MARY LOWELL

If I were brave, sweet heart,
As I am wise,
I'd put thee from my life apart—
My sacrifice.

I'd ask that thou forget
All that I gave,
And blindly take the way fore-set—
If I were brave!

REVIEW OF THE FOOTBALL SEASON

THOMAS B. ROBERTS

NO season in the history of Michigan football for over half a decade has opened with a less encouraging outlook than that of nineteen hundred and three. Training began several weeks later than in the case of the other large western universities. But five of the famous team of nineteen hundred and two had returned to college, and the new material looked far from promising. The schedule before the team was an exceptionally difficult one. We were to meet the three strongest universities in the West: Minnesota, with a team composed entirely of veterans; Wisconsin, always a formidable opponent, and Chicago, who possessed an abundance of the best football material; all of them smarting under the humiliation of former defeats, and putting forth every effort toward the attainment of one end—to beat Michigan.

"Can Coach Yost, with a team composed over half of green men of doubtful calibre, and in the face of one of the most difficult schedules a Michigan team has ever undertaken, lead us to a third season of victory?" was the question asked by every loyal Michigan supporter as the curtain rose on the football season of nineteen hundred and three.

There are two distinct stages in the evolution of the team; first, development of the individual men; and second, the welding of these parts into a unified and harmonious whole—a "machine" with all its parts working in perfect unison. The dividing point is the Minnesota game.

The early games are of interest in showing this first movement. The men were gradually becoming proficient in their knowledge of the game and their ability to play it, and it soon became evident that Michigan had the players. The question was, did she have the team.

Almost before Michigan supporters realized it, the Minnesota game was upon us. Even now, few of us realize what enormous odds our men were contending against in this game. After a

REVIEW OF THE

railway trip of some seven hundred miles, on a strange field and before an enormous crowd of hostile rooters, they must meet a team which had been training two weeks longer, and every member of which had played at least one season at Minnesota. And more important than all this, six of our men had never played in a big game.

The details of the game need not detain us. The fierce back-and-forth fighting in the first half, with no score; Michigan's beautiful march for a touchdown from her own ten-yard line, broken only by an interchange of punts; and Minnesota's touchdown tying the score,—are familiar to all of us. The momentary disappointment over the result gave way in the light of more sober thought to a feeling of satisfaction, and of gratitude to the men who had done so well in the face of such overwhelming obstacles. It is, however, of interest to speculate as to the probable result of the game had the umpire noticed the interference with Gregory on his pass for a place-kick from Minnesota's twenty-five-yard line, or the interference with Graver before he had caught Minnesota's last punt, which gave our opponents the ball in our territory shortly before their touchdown.

The Minnesota game was the turning point in the development of the team. From then on the team work improved steadily, reaching its grand climax in the Chicago game. "Eleven men in every play" became the slogan which heralded the victory over Wisconsin, and later that at Chicago.

To even the casual observer, the improvement as shown in the Wisconsin game was marked. The men were playing *together* as they had done at no other time. The impregnable defense, and the unity of the offense displayed at this game, brought joy to the heart of every Michigan enthusiast.

The Chicago game was a fitting climax to a successful season. The Michigan *team* here showed as the finished product. The game throughout was a beautiful exhibition of perfect team work. Every man played his part in every play; every man followed the ball and was with the runner to carry him on toward the goal. Walter Camp pronounced it the greatest exhibition of team work and "help him along" football he had ever seen. The

FOOTBALL SEASON

score of twenty-eight to nothing hardly represents Michigan's superiority, for Chicago was outclassed at every point of the game. The papers tell us that Chicago did not play her game. This is true, and for the simple reason that Michigan got the charge on her opponents from the start, and played the Chicago men off their feet so completely that they had no opportunity to play their game. Mr. Fitzpatrick told the men that evening that it was the best game of football he had ever seen a Michigan team play. He estimates that the team had improved fifty per cent since the Minnesota game. Had we played Minnesota on Thanksgiving Day instead of Chicago, there is no question as to what the result would have been.

It may well be asked what were the elements in the wonderful success of the season. In an enumeration of these, of course, the name of Coach Yost stands out above all other considerations. His seven years of coaching under the most varied conditions, without losing a single game, marks him as one of the greatest, if not the greatest, football coach in the country. He possesses that happy faculty of winning his way at once into the sympathies of his men, obtaining their respect and devotion, and communicating to them the sincerity, earnestness, and enthusiasm so prominent in his own make-up. Coach Yost is the soul of Michigan's remarkable success.

What Yost has been to the team as coach, no less has Mr. Fitzpatrick been as trainer. To prepare the men for their hardest game on Oct. 31, and keep them in condition for nearly a month; to keep them entirely free from injury, and to play only eleven men throughout each of the three big games, with one minor exception, is a record that speaks of Mr. Fitzpatrick's sterling ability as a trainer, and adds to the already long line of evidence entitling him to a position second to no trainer in the country. Without him the result of the season would probably have been far different.

Another important factor in the success of the team was the loyal support which it received from every quarter. At Minneapolis and Chicago there were Michigan alumni on all sides doing everything in their power for the welfare and comfort of the men. Of greater significance was the support of the student

AT SEA

body. The reception given to the team on their return from Minneapolis was one of the most loyal demonstrations ever accorded a Michigan team, and this in face of the fact that the first disappointment in the tie score had not as yet been dispelled. The student body will never know what this demonstration of loyalty really meant to the team, and if, as is frequently said, football is in part a matter of psychology, the knowledge of this constancy and affection, win or lose, on the part of the undergraduates, played its share in the succeeding victories.

Finally and of most importance was the team itself. To these men should be given the final credit for the season's victory. They were men of ability and were imbued with the true Michigan spirit. Tireless in their application to the work, earnest and sincere in all that they did, always putting forth the highest efforts of which they were capable whatever the tide of the conflict, they are well-deserving of the success which they achieved, and Michigan may be justly proud of them.

As to Minnesota's claim to the championship it may simply be ignored. Minnesota failed to defeat us, and according to all rules of sport, a champion remains such until defeated.

With the poorest of prospects and in the face of the greatest obstacles, to achieve the success which she did—Michigan may well look back to the season of nineteen hundred and three as one of the most brilliant ones in her football career.

AT SEA

RUTH DUTCHER

Morning, and the white caps dancing out ahead of us;
Spray of sea and taste of salt, as to waves we rise;
Sails that fill and ropes that pull and almost get the best of us,
Danger and the love of it and laughter of your eyes.

Noon-tide, and a lazy swell rocking out abreast of us,
Idle sea and stirless air and distant strip of land;
Drifting boat and careless sail and summer sun high over us,
Languor and the spell of it and nearness of your hand.

Evening,—the arms of night reaching out to cover us,—
Veiling clouds and misty stars and fading ghosts of ships;
Sail we out to solitude in moonbeams that encompass us,
Love and the delight of it and sweetness of your lips.

THE TABLES TURNED

FLORENCE E. BURTON

PRACTICAL joking had grown to be an epidemic among the members of a certain Greek letter fraternity at Michigan. The men were continually on the alert, for to carry a joke through successfully was a feat requiring no small amount of skill. Jack Sherman, however, had been remarkably successful in schemes of this kind and consequently every man in the chapter was exceedingly anxious to get it back on him. But this, as they well knew, was a thing not easy to accomplish, and the story of their failure will not soon be forgotten by the victims of the plot, nor by their friends.

It all started from the fact that the Julia Marlowe Dramatic Company, which was soon to play in Detroit, had sent out large poster pictures of the popular actress as advertisements among the students of the University. One of these came addressed to the fraternity as a whole and a certain fun-loving genius named Charlie Parker, was inspired to write above the address on the wrapper, the name of Jack Sherman, hoping to arouse the conceit and vanity of the young man.

An hour later, Jack came in with a book tucked under his arm, and the tiny cap which served as an excuse for a hat, placed far back on his head. He stopped whistling as he gathered up from the hall table his letters and the large roll which bore his name. Four or five fellows stretched lazily in the cozy corner watched him carefully as he read the superscription. Jack cast a suspicious glance from the handwriting on the wrapper toward the shadowy corner, but resumed his whistling while he turned to look for a paper knife. When he unrolled the picture there was a burst of admiration, and the men came from their post of observation to see the poster. When it had been admired several minutes, one man, bolder than the others, in fact none other than Charlie Parker, said, "Jack, I say you're a lucky fellow. Where did it come from?"

"Manager of the Company, I s'pose; guess I'll write and thank him for it," was the careless reply as Jack gathered up his books and boundend out of sight up the stairs.

THE TABLES

A suppressed laugh followed his departure, but it was agreed to keep still for a time and await results. Perhaps he would boast of the honor paid him to some of his outside friends and then would be a good time to reveal the truth. That he would write to the manager of the Company was generally regarded as improbable, and considered, even by Charlie Parker, as too good to be true.

Nothing developed until three days later when Sherman appeared at luncheon with an open letter in his hand. Having secured attention, he proceeded to read aloud the following communication:—

Detroit, Mich., March 16, 1902.

MR. JOHN SHERMAN,
Ann Arbor, Mich.

My Dear Mr. Sherman:—Your letter of recent date acknowledging the receipt of a picture sent out by our company was duly received and read with great personal interest by myself. No doubt you have heard your father speak of his old college chum, Raymond Brown, and may therefore be surprised and interested to learn that I am he. It would give me great pleasure to meet the son of my old friend, and if agreeable to you, I shall be pleased to have you take dinner with me at the Russell House one week from tomorrow (Friday) evening. Miss Marlowe will dine with us, and box number four will be at the disposal of you and five of your friends for the evening performance on that date. Hoping that this arrangement will be convenient to your plans, I am

Very cordially yours,

RAYMOND L. BROWN.

Complete silence followed the reading of the letter and the most puzzled, confused looks appeared on all the faces. Suddenly a junior from the end of the table, said: "'Gratulations, old man, and I hope I'm one of the five.'" That set every one talking and the wildest excitement reigned. Each man hoped to be one of the favored few; but Jack very wisely saw the advantage of his situation and refused to name the chosen ones until the day before the important occasion.

For a week Jack Sherman, who was only a sophomore, was lord of the house; juniors and seniors, not to mention the freshmen, gladly polished his shoes, brushed his clothes, or gave up to him some favorite dessert at dinner. Each one tried to outdo all the others in his efforts to please the hero of the theater party.

TURNED

The following Thursday afternoon a slip of paper bearing the names of the five favored men was tacked to the bulletin board on the stair landing. They were the very quintet that had witnessed the opening of the picture! But this fact either did not occur to the boys themselves or else they deemed it of little importance. They were all delighted at the pleasure in store for them and jokingly began to rehearse how they would rise and bow when Miss Marlowe should appear on the stage.

That night Jack announced he was going to Detroit by the morning train, as he had some business to attend to during the day. The others were to go in during the afternoon and meet him at the hotel. Accordingly Sherman left early Friday morning with his suit case. The five friends in carefully prepared toilets, took the four fifty-eight train that afternoon.

They had been gone from the house about half an hour when Jack Sherman walked in, having arrived from Detroit by the latest motor. In answer to the scores of puzzled questions heaped upon him, Jack explained between bursts of laughter, that the whole affair had been an invention of his own, and the letter instead of being from the manager of the dramatic Company as it purported to be, was written according to Jack's direction, by a friend in Detroit.

Meantime the five young men proceeded to the Russell and found that no such person as John Sherman had dined there that evening. Still thinking that there must be some mistake they went so the theater and inquired if box number four was at the disposal of Mr. John Sherman. The agent replied, "Mr. Sherman cancelled his order this morning." They stared blankly into each other's faces. The force of the whole situation came quickly before them, but not a word was said. Charlie Parker turned like a flash, and tossing a coin through the window, said, "Five for the gallery, please;" and the young men in dress suits and silk hats climbed up the long stairs to the motely crowd of gallery gods. The performance over they silently wended their way to the station.

The following morning as five subdued young men appeared a trifle late in the breakfast room, those at the table rose and gracefully imitated the bow that had been rehearsed by the box party for Julia Marlowe.

AN INVITATION

LUIS MARINO PEREZ.

“ALL’S well that end’s well, Bess. I have won him over now. Tomorrow he’ll see me after German, and I’ll get the invitation before I go home. I’ll wear that new gown to class tomorrow.”

“An awful fool that boy is, Lucy. What with his indolent and yielding amiability, there’s nothing a girl can’t get out of him. And he can’t even tell a nice girl from one that isn’t. If that banquet were even worth going to, it would not be in company with Mr. Festino.”

“But you seem very much upset, Bess.”

That night it was half-past eleven and Bess Hay had not yet retired. She was patiently penning a note. Her vocabulary seemed strangely deficient. At last the thing was done to her satisfaction.

“Dec. 20th, 1903.

“*My Dear Mr. Festino:*—I regret very much not to have been at home last evening when you called. Although you did not leave your card I happened to discover that you had been here. I shall be glad to have you call again soon. I will be alone this vacation—my room-mate goes to Detroit, and my friend Lucy Grey goes too; both on the first train, as Professor Homerich has excused his three o’clock German. It is tedious living here through a vacation when all—I mean nearly all—your friends are gone.

“Very truly yours,

“BESS HAY.”

Promptly before breakfast the next morning Bess Hay mailed her letter. Mr. Festino would receive it in the afternoon delivery, and it would catch him at his room before the time to go to German.

And so it was.

At the sound of the mail-carrier, Festino threw down his work and hastened to see if there was anything for him. There was a letter with the stamp of Ann Arbor. The writing was not unfamiliar, but evidently a woman’s hand. He tore open the envelope and read eagerly. His countenance meanwhile suffered

ACROSS THE NIGHT

various aberrations. "This is funny. It's bum, too,"—he exclaimed. "Lucy's gone home and we agreed to meet after German. Homerich be hanged—but *she's* an idiot. What made her get away in such a hurry?"

And now he rushed up to his room, surprising his roommate by an unusually violent ejaculation. Calming down, he inquired,—“Say Dick, what do you think of that girl Bess Hay—boards over here at Winton's?”

“What's the matter Festino; you seem to be out your wits. She's a pretty nice girl, but tell me the trouble.”

“Oh, the deuce, I am going to call on her tonight. Read that letter.”

Dick's curiosity had been aroused and he perused the missive promptly.

“I don't understand, Festino,” he commented. “I thought you had been to see Miss Grey last night to ask her to the toast-master's banquet.”

“Sure I did, and I went nowhere else. But I didn't give her the bid. I knew she was expecting it, and as I wanted to see her today, I told her I had something I wished to tell her, if I could see her after German. And now the fool's gone home, and won't be back here till the day of the banquet.”

“Well, Festino, I guess Miss Hay would go, if you proposed it.”

“That's what I was thinking, Dick. I'll ask her tonight and she can help me with my toast.”

ACROSS THE NIGHT

MARY LOWELL

Past the noon, and the glare, and the gathering mist,
Past the fugitive sun-skirts' amethyst—
And then death's mysteries.
Past the long leagues of hollow, the blare and the flight,
Past the chill morning-fog, the last lees of the night—
What possibilities!

TO A FRIEND

MABLE HOLMES PARSONS

My soul is longing for my friend,—
So shall it long until the end.
I cannot meet Time's unknown space
Without that hand in which to place
My own; I stumble so, alone,
Without that voice, that gracious tone,
That cheers and lightens all my path
And oft, so oft, in old days hath
Courage renewed and fresh hope given
Until, with zeal, on, on, I've striven
And sought to pierce, yea, even Heaven,
And my friend nigh; not now can I
Find my clear pathway to that sky
Which our twin thought had sought and found;
Alone, I find that on mere ground
My stumbling feet tread slow along
A doubtful path; small light, slight song
Illume my soul; come but my friend,
I'll every noble thought defend;
Come but my friend, this time I strive,
Mayhaps, I'll yonder hill arrive,—
Refreshed, encouraged, strong, alive!

KIPLING, PROPHET

CLARENCE B. MORRILL

AMONG the more noteworthy of recently published books, the reviewers rightly agree in placing Mr. Kipling's latest collection, "The Five Nations," in the first rank. The mere voluminousness of the writer would suffice to keep him at the focus of popular interest; a man who may be expected to say something trenchant upon the supreme question of each hour, and to say it with almost barbaric concreteness of diction and vibrancy of rhythm, can hardly fail to hold the sustained attention of the public. But when in the midst of turning out many poems that compel the notice of the hour, an author now and then gives us one that seems likely to outlive the times that brought it forth, the appearance of a new volume from his pen is a distinct literary event.

Now that Kipling's later poetry is between a single pair of covers, the impression is deepened that it is not his best work. Even if we count out doggerel, such, for example, as the "Lesson,"—and there is much of it, only a little less atrocious even if we take only such poems as "The Dykes," "The Truce of the Bear," and "White Horses," we have, at best, but one aspect of Kipling. He appears here as the Prophet of Saxondom. It is the book of the testimony of Kipling, which he was bidden to testify to the English concerning the things that pertain to their dominion over the earth and the fulness thereof. Not to catch this note is to misunderstand and misjudge the author.

There is that in these poems, nevertheless, which grips the heart of a modern man, at least if he has English blood in his arteries. No other poet of this generation has appealed to so many men. The reason is, I am convinced, that Kipling has found a tongue for those emotions which are most distinctly characteristic of the present age. There are categories and proclivities that have come down to us as our inheritance from all the ages; they are so fundamental, so universal a part of us, that we know them only as a fish knows water. There are maxims and allegiances that are the net results of yesterday. There are

KIPLING,

notions and enthusiasms that are the half-created chaos of today. There are dreams and yearnings that are the adumbrations of tomorrow. Whether today and tomorrow have a large share in us or not, they are the new element, and so are most in our thoughts. And Kipling is the poet of today and tomorrow, not the today and tomorrow of the individual, but of the today and tomorrow of his race.

This is the meaning of the Dedication to the "Five Nations," which is, by the way, not unworthy of Kipling's best days.

Before a midnight breaks in storm,
Or herded sea in wrath,
Ye know what wavering gusts inform
The greater tempests path;
Till the loosed wind
Drive all from mind
Except Distress, which, so will prophets cry,
O'ercame them, houseless, from the unhinting sky.

Ere rivers league against the land
In piracy of flood,
Ye know what waters slip and stand
Where seldom water stood.
Yet who will note,
Till fields afloat,
And washen carcass and the returning well,
Trumpet what these poor heralds strove to tell.

Ye know who use the Crystal Ball
(To peer by stealth on Doom)
The Shade that, shaping first of all,
Prepares an empty room.
Then doth It pass
Like breath from glass,
But, on the extorted vision bowed intent,
No man considers why It came or went.

* * *

Yet instant to fore-shadowed need
The eternal balance swings;
That winged men the Fates may breed
So soon as Fate hath wings.
These shall possess
Our littleness,
And in the imperial task (as worthy) lay
Up our lives' all to piece one giant day.

PROPHET

To understand Kipling, then, we must look about us, and try to learn the meaning of Today. Looked at from almost any point of view, the co-efficient of the present age may be reduced to terms of steam. The revolution in industrial society produced by the steam-engine has reacted upon every department of human activity. The railway alone has changed the whole order of the world, and if to the railway are added the steamship, the perfecting press, and the many devices whereby such trades as shoe-making, spinning and weaving, and milling have been taken almost wholly out of the hands of individuals, it will be apparent how entirely modern life has been revolutionized by this one invention, the steam-engine.

In the first place, the force-center of society has been shifted. As a consequence the importance of the common man has been vastly increased. The material power of society, wealth, has passed out of the hands of the upper and into the hands of the middle classes. This hard, concrete fact has been a more powerful factor in the establishment of democracy than all the philosophies in the world. But no movement of circumstances can long keep the common man in a prominent position. The uncommon men are bound to come to the top no matter how often society is shuffled. And here again the inexorable machine is arbiter. An incompetent man cannot control a machine nor an organized system of machines. The nephew of an engineer cannot drive a locomotive by virtue of his relationship. This lesson has impressed itself and continues to impress itself upon the present age. Industrial society is organized upon the model of a machine, and every part must do the work expected of it; if it does not, the machinery stops. It is needless to discuss the bearing of this truism upon the doctrine of equality. The fact is that a new feudalism, not military but industrial, is growing upon the soil cleared by the democratic revolution of a century ago. In this feudalism the captain of industry, the great organizer and competent business man, is the aristocrat,—the baron,—and the ignorant or incompetent man is the serf, and there are retainers of all grades between. These conditions, of course, are most marked in the new countries, especially in the Anglo-Saxon col-

KIPLING,

onies and the United States. But this merely proves that the new movement develops most rapidly on virgin soil.

Machinery, especially printing inventions and those discoveries that facilitate rapid transportation, has had furthermore a tendency to fuse society. If men do not all think alike, they at least all know each other's opinions, and if they do not live alike, they live very near together and know each other's manners. Therefore large empires are possible. Nationalism has given place to imperialism and even to a certain cosmopolitanism. Insularity is not only out of harmony with the modern spirit, it is a trait almost untenable under present-day conditions.

Again, through the industrial organization of society to which I have referred has come a new sort of individualism, if it deserves the name, the individualism of specialization. This is the age of the specialist, the man who can do one thing so well that only his own craft can hope to understand thoroughly the results of his work, not to speak of its processes. Specialization is everywhere; it threatens to drive out culture even in its strongholds; the man of letters is coming to be a sort of specialist. The writer of today is clever, sophisticated, too often he is master rather of the tricks of his trade than of the principles of his art.

I am conscious of having so far occupied the point of view of the economist rather than that of the philosopher, though the conclusions reached are the same ideas expressed in different terms. There is, however, running parallel with the industrial reorganization of society the growth of a philosophical doctrine which has profoundly influenced almost every department of human thought, and has revolutionized many branches of activity. I refer to the doctrine of evolution. The influence of that doctrine seems to me to be tremendous. In the schools it has well nigh rendered obsolete every method of study not based on the idea of development, at least everything but mathematics and the physical sciences. In politics it has banished the theory of the social contract, and undermined the cult of democracy; democracy that is to say, as understood in the early part of this century.

To get nearer to Kipling, we may place beside these general movements that most significant and wide-reaching of the changes

PROPHET

which have taken place in British politics, the change from the insular to the imperial conception of the British state. The consummation of that change is almost contemporary with the rise of Mr. Kipling in the literary world. It was in 1883 that Professor Seeley published his book on the expansion of England, in which the ideal of a Greater Britain, a nation in which Australia and Canada were as much home soil as Middlesex or Surrey, was offered to the English people. The progress of events, perhaps more, at any rate as much, as any propaganda, has made the conception of Greater Britain a fundamental feature of British policy.

More immediately still, and closely associated with the idea just referred to, there is the contact of the new Western with the old Eastern civilization, and in general, the contact of Europeans with dark-skinned races. The general problem is as old as the crusades, or even as the Punic wars, if we go no farther back, but in the last half century it has taken on a new meaning. The sudden awakening of Japan, its adoption of occidental culture, and more especially its political achievements and ambitions, the opening of China to commerce, and its prospective disintegration, the interest of Russia in the East, have created the new Eastern question,—a world-problem, as the old was a European problem. All these factors have conspired to render the frontier possessions of Britain, and India in particular, ground specially attractive to the British fancy.

It was upon this ground that Kipling reared the first fabrications of his genius. He brought forth the "Plain Tales from the Hills", the "Departmental Ditties," and India became a new country to the British public. To be sure, the author but made them realize what they already knew, but impressed on their imaginations what was already present in their intellects, or at any rate on the shelves of their libraries. Yet before a great while thoughtful readers began to perceive that there was something in these stories besides mere vivid picturing of Indian life. They began to be conscious that "they know not England who only England know." The new writer was more than the discoverer of England, he was the poet of Greater Britain. He does not preach, but who can miss the lessons in colonial administration behind the mild satires of the Departmental Ditties,—Ahasuerus Jenkins, Potiphar Gub-

KIPLING,

bins, Delilah, Rustum Beg, Jack Barrett, Pagett, M.P., each is worth pages of statistics and dispatches to the student of imperialism.

But Greater Britain is peculiarly the theme of Mr. Kipling's later collection. "The Seven Seas." Its title implies a conscious championing of the Imperial Destiny of the Anglo-Saxon. "The Song of the English," "The Song of the Banjo," "The Native Born," and "The Liner She's a Lady" are intensely imperialistic, with a tribute, in the last, to the commercial spirit.

There is Anglo-Saxonism and much more in these poems. In the opening lines of the Song of the Banjo there is the industrial spirit, the glorification of accomplishment and of usefulness:—

You couldn't pack a Broadwood half a mile,
You mustn't leave a fiddle in the damp,
You couldn't raft an organ up the Nile,
And play it in an equatorial swamp.

I travel with the cooking-pots and pails,
I'm sandwiched 'tween the coffee and the pork,
And when the dusty column checks and tails,
You should hear me spur the rearguard to a walk.

The same spirit rises to a climax further on:—

I'm the prophet of the Utterly Absurd,
Of the Patently Impossible and Vain,—
And when the Thing that Couldn't has occurred,
Give me time to change my leg and go again.

This expresses the very heart and soul of the people that is conquering the world. In a moment he touches another string;—

By the bitter road the Younger Son must tread,
Ere he win to hearth and saddle of his own—
'Mid the riot of the shearers at the shed,
In the silence of the herder's hut alone—
In the twilight, on a bucket upside down,
Hear me babble what the weakest won't confess—
I am Memory, and Torment—I am Town!
I am all that ever went with evening dress!

Here we catch a glimpse into the secret of Kipling's power. To make the despised banjo the theme of a deeply stirring lyric requires the very faculty of insight and interpretation that we look

PROPHET

upon as the distinguishing mark of genius. He has found in this companion to cooking-pots and pails a tongue for the desert-conquering, nature-subduing spirit of our age and nation, and our souls recognize the voice, and rejoice at it. The common thing becomes romantic after genius has touched it. Or, to drop metaphor, the individual and his world are brought to harmony. "Mister McAndrews" gives us the esthetic problem in quaint Scotch; when the viscount suggests to him that steam has spoiled the romance of life at sea:—

Damned ijjit! I'd been doon that morn to see what ailed the throws,
Manholin', on my back—the cranks three inches from my nose.
Romance! Those first-class passengers they like it very well
Printed and bound in little books; but why don't poets tell?
I'm sick of all their quirks and turns—the loves an' doves they dream—
Lord, send a man like Robbie Burns to sing the Song o' Steam!

The "Song o' Steam" is the theme of many of Mr. Kipling's stories, notably those in the *Day's Work*. These stories are not wholly convincing. It may not be safe to say that machines cannot be made to talk like men, but in my opinion Mr. Kipling has not succeeded perfectly in accomplishing the difficult feat. In the story of "The Ship that Found Herself," for example, he has shown an intimate knowledge of marine architecture, and great skill in casting his knowledge into a clever allegory; but there is the trouble, the skill shows. We feel that it is a piece of play-acting after all. The same may be said of .007 and of most of the others of this class.

Mr. Crockett has called Kipling the "romance writer to the specialist." He is that in more than a superficial sense. Not only does he write for doctors as if he were a doctor, for soldiers as if he were a soldier, for engineers and machinists as if cams and eccentrics were his daily care, but he goes to the heart of the matter, his work is inspired by the spirit that created the specialist and the modern world, the spirit of organization and mutual responsibility. "Obey the man next to you who gives the order" says Two Tails, the elephant, "or you'll stop all the battery, besides getting a thrashing" . . . "Mule, horse, elephant, or bullock, he obeys his driver, and the driver his sergeant, and the sergeant his captain, and the captain his lieutenant, and so on even to the Viceroy, who is the servant of the Empress."

KIPLING,

Does the tempest cry *halt*? What are tempests to him?
The service admits not a "but" or an "if,"
While the breath's in his mouth, he must bear without fail
In the name of the Empress, the Overland Mail.

"No consideration of family or kin allowed Peroo to keep weak hands or a giddy head on the payroll. 'My honor is the honor of this bridge,' he would say to the about-to-be-dismissed, 'What do I care for your honor. Go and work on a steamer. That is all you are fit for.'" "Easy, now, easy! *Now* push for all your strength! Hold out! Give a fraction! Hold up! Pull in! Shove crossways! Mind the strain at the end! Grip, now! Bite tight! Let the water get away from under—and there she goes." "If you'd been hammered as we've been this night, you wouldn't be stiff—iff—iff, either. Theoreti—retti—retti—cally, of course, rigidity is the thing. Purr—purr—practically, there has to be a little give and take. We found that out by working on our sides for five minutes at a stretch—chch—ch." This is the romance of today—do your duty, stand by the day's work, pull together. This is the religion of the specialist, and it is a long remove indeed from the philosophy of individualism. The heroes in this romance are the men who do things, like the yard-master: "He's the Czar, King, Boss! He says 'please,' and then they kneel down and pray. There's three or four strings o' today's freight to be pulled before he can attend to *them*. When he waves his hand that way, things happen." Man, beast, machine, all obey one creed, "Law, Order, Duty, an' Restraint, Obedience, Discipline!"

This is not only the moral code of Kipling, it is his religion as well. He is Hebraic rather than Christian. "The sword of the Lord and of Gideon" is re-echoed alike in the command "Fear God and keep your powder dry," and in the lines

For the Lord our God Most High
He hath made the deep as dry,
He hath smote for us a pathway to the ends of all the earth!

It is as the prophet of his religion that Kipling rises to his sublimest height. There is the ring of the Old Testament in the prelude to the Song of the English—

PROPHET

Yea, though we sinned—and our rulers went from righteousness—
Deep in all dishonor though we stained our garments' hem
Oh, be ye not dismayed,
Though we stumbled and we strayed,
We were led by evil counsellors,—the Lord shall deal with them.

The same strain is reached is the "Hymn Before Action," and the theme recurs in many places.

With the rhapsodist is mingled the seer, the reader of the future. He has not spared warning and reproof. Against pride and the lust of power, effeminacy and the greed of gold, he solemnly protests at the moment when other men forget. At the first Jubilee, when all Saxondom was bidden to be glad, he reminds his countrymen of India's hopeless, plodding millions,

By the well, where the bullocks go
Silent, and blind and slow
By the field, where the young corn dies
In the face of the sultry skies,
They have heard, as the dull Earth hears
The voice of the wind of an hour,
The sound of the Great Queen's voice:—
"My God hath given me years,
Hath granted dominion and power;
And I bid you, O Land, rejoice."

"And the Ploughman settles the share
More deep in the grudging clod;
For he saith:—"The wheat is my care,
And the rest is the will of God."

"Deal justly, love mercy, walk humbly;" says the prophet of old. At the second Jubilee, when the Anglo-Saxon world rose up to celebrate its greatness, the Recessional blew a trumpet in Zion, crying out "put not your trust in princes, neither in the son of man, in whom there is no help."

And again, when the Czar's proclamation was hailed with delight the world over, by editors and preachers and a host of little poets who believed that the millennium had come at last, this Jeremiah confounded them with his parable of "The Truce of the Bear," and we hear again the warning "when they shall cry peace and safety, then sudden destruction shall come upon them."

KIPLING,

This religion is very remote from Christianity. Mulholland "turned his cheek to the smiter, exactly as Scripture says, but following that," he "knocked him down." It is the religion of the Here and Now, not of the World to Come. There are no Apocalyptic visions, no mighty strivings of the spirit, no thirstings for the unattainable, in his poetry. It is just here that he fails to be a truly great poet. "Do you think that a spirit full of lofty thoughts, and privilege to contemplate all time and all existence, can possibly attach any great importance to this life?" asks Plato. But Kipling does attach all importance to this life; all his ideals, the noblest of them, are worldly; and in this he speaks for the genius of an age absorbed in developing to its perfection a material civilization, an age in which Evolution has explained away the spirit and the life to come, and has deified matter and energy.

The same idealization of physical force that runs through the Soldier Stories and the Day's Work Stories and the Songs of the Seven Seas is seen in another form in the Jungle Books. Mowgli is the avatar of Kiplingism. Shakespeare's conception of the wild man was Caliban, a vicious, weak, contemptible creature. Mowgli is sharp-eyed, strong and swift of limb, keen-witted, beautiful beyond all living men, as far above the inhabitants of the village as he is above his companions of the jungle—the supreme product of evolution. We may fairly, I think, compare these two creations, and perhaps we may judge by the comparison how far our world is removed from the world of three hundred years ago.

But here again Kipling falls short. His work is wholly masculine, as it is wholly material. There is no feminine side to his genius. Generally he ignores woman and things womanly; sometimes, as in "The Betrothed," his attitude is not far from brutal cynicism: "A woman is only a woman, but a good cigar is a smoke." Cynicism, wherever it appears in his work, can always be traced to the same source, his inability to appreciate the virtues that proceed from reserve, and his toleration of any expression of energy, even to its vices.

Naturally, then, we should expect him to express himself in a style characterized by restless energy, and not much refined

PROPHET

by reserve. And this is precisely what we do find,—short sentences, strong, powerful words, vivid imagery, but little beauty of style, little refinement of diction, little flow or rhythm. His verse is packed with suggestive words and figures, stirring and martial, but seldom graceful, almost never sweet, never spiritual. Generally he finds the literary language not picturesque enough for his use, and prefers the rugged and homely dialect of the barrack-room, of the forecastle, or of the streets. Mr. Kipling himself has given us in a half-dozen lines his literary creed, his ethics, and his religion:—

Now must we speak to your kinsmen and they must speak to you,
After the use of the English, in straight-flung words and few.
Go to your work and be strong, halting not in your ways,
Baulking the end half-won for an instant dole of praise.
Stand to your work and be wise—certain of sword and pen,
Who are neither children nor gods, but men in a world of men!

There is a residue after this analysis, another trait, now and then appearing, which seems not to fit with any that have been enumerated. It runs through the *Jungle Books* as a sort of overtone, it comes out in the story of Purun Baghat, of the Brushwood Boy, and of the Bridge Builders, and becomes an insistent note in "*Kim*." This trait is a sort of oriental fondness for mystery-mongering, rising sometimes to the dignity of mysticism. Mr. Chesterton suggests that Kipling is all oriental. But to this explanation I cannot reconcile myself.

It seems to me more appropriate to say that Kipling is a barbarian—a simple case of atavism. The love of striking similes, the hard-breathing rhythm, the keen interest in sights and sounds, and the still more remarkable interest in smells—these are barbaric qualities of his style. But the style is the man himself; the truculent jingoism, the gift of prophecy, the half-belief in ghosts and dreams,—are these not traits of the barbaric mind? Such a mind lives intensely in that stratum of diverse, apparently complex but actually simple, experiences and emotions which lies at the surface of human nature, and its occasional glimpses below that stratum are not clear-eyed, but distorted into strange and fantastic forms of the supernatural.

At the Sign of the Ass's Head

"I DREAMT I WAS ENAMORED
OF AN ASS."



Good friends, speak up, an ye like our cheer. Here every man is free of his own tongue, and here is neither priest, king, nor shrew to bid any hold his tongue. Remember, too, that none may spy upon your comings in and your goings out at the Sign of the Ass's Head. Therefore say your say, good folk. But if ye find overmuch pepper in the broth, or if the pudding smack too eagerly of clove, remember 'tis the spice of life, with no malice in it.

...

Michigan has reason to congratulate herself upon the results of the football season. **Chasing the Pig-Skin vs. Recognition** Good playing and victory have brought recognition from distinguished quarters. Hark to Walter Wellman's message from the President: "Tell those boys at Ann Arbor who play football that I am deeply interested in them, and that I would rather see them play a game than recognize another South American republic. They are a bully lot and I admire them greatly." * * *

Then this from Walter Camp, which while smacking of that certain condescension of Easterners **Eastern Critics on Michigan** is welcome: "Michigan played a remarkable game on offense, although her defense at times was erratic. The help that the runners gave Michigan was really the best I think I ever saw. Michigan has a great team and could surely give any eastern eleven a hard battle. Heston is an all-around star." At the same time we have the frank confession of other Eastern critics that the so-called "All-American" teams of their choosing, are no more than All-Eastern.

...

But more grateful than all these words of praise from alien tongues, is our own recollection of **The Game With Wisconsin** that finest exhibition of gentlemanly sport that Ann Arbor has ever seen—the Michigan-Wisconsin game. Also—the woman, who, with a fine assumption of mastery of college slang, called the bleachers, "sweaters."

...

But football, it would seem, is on its last legs. The dialectic of the President of Colgate is **Football and Ethics** the stiring bolt. This gentleman, discusses, in the current *North American Review*, the question; "Is football a desirable form of sport?" "No!"—decidedly no! Why? Because "the fundamental principle of the game is

AT THE SIGN OF THE ASS'S HEAD

ethically wrong: viz.—the stopping of good play once started." Infamous,—as bad as chess!—Has the reverend gentleman ever seen the other great American game—played with side-arms? I wonder.

. . .

A freshman finds that the best picture in the art gallery is by A. Schenk *Pinxit*. An admirer of Mansfield mentions Heidelberg as a son of Clovis. A junior law defines corporations as "enjoying a kind of legal immorality." This is a plain descent to epigram.

. . .

It is at least remarkable that in Ann Arbor, a university town, Ibsen's "Ghosts" was attended by the very small audience of about fifty people, among whom there were but two faculty members and fifteen or twenty students. This is all the more strange in view of the fact that the cast was headed by Miss Shaw, a very successful interpreter of Ibsen, who had as support an excellent company fully suited to the demands of a difficult play. Yet interest was unawakened by the opportunity to see an intense play satisfactorily produced. A few weeks ago, the audience which attended a certain notorious burlesque was so large that it filled the theater and policemen were needed to manage the crowd during its entrance and exit. So much for the taste of the student body. Evidently Ibsen is beyond their appreciation. But what of the rest of the *clientele* of the university? Is it beyond their appreciation or are they disgusted by

such portrayals of life? Or is it because interest in a special line of work causes a lack of interest and apathy toward subjects which seem *pro fano*?

Ibsen's "Ghosts" cannot be strictly called a drama, since it does not represent some form of struggle except as a drowning man fights hopelessly for life. The spectator knows the outcome. The characters themselves are even conscious of it. There is no suspense. The play is a picture painted in red and black, colors of sin and death. It is a study of degeneracy as the result of inheritance. The

characters are not governed by their passions or as Fate their own free-will; nor are they in the hands of fate as were the people of the Greek tragedy, except as they are powerless. They are rather at the mercy of physical laws of nature which are working the ruin of innocent victims. Ibsen has given us on the stage what Zola has produced in the novel; but Ibsen is working on a higher plane. He is not the exponent of naturalism in its lowest form as was Zola. His people are more idealized, yet they do not lack in realism. There is nothing throughout the play which is unnatural or unreal; every character, every situation is probable and possible. One does not wonder whether such conditions are true to life; but one feels that they exist.

Ibsen has shown that a play can be almost without action and yet can hold the attention of the spectator by a dialogue which contains nothing poetical or pleasing, but which holds the interest of the audience because it shows in a masterful way the character of each person, while social

laws and customs and the manifestations of heredity are discussed in a striking and forceful manner. It is to be expected that the **A Play Without Action** lovers of poetical, romantic drama will claim the play is morbid. It is true that three of the five characters are moral and mental degenerates. There is but one redeeming person in the play. This is Mrs. Alving, a woman who is innocent of any wrong, but is the most unhappy of all. The result is a play which is of course not pleasant. It could not be otherwise and still have unity. The situations are harrowing, but very clever. The voice of the unseen Regina, Mrs. Alving's maid, saying to Oswald Alving: "Mr. Oswald, let me go!" is a striking dramatic trick. The whole situation flashes upon one in an instant. The son, as he goes insane before his mother's eyes, and the mother reaching for the morphine with which to kill him as she promised, form a picture not soon to be forgotten.

Ibsen has produced a style of play to which modern realistic drama is greatly indebted. **The Modern Drama** though the work itself does not meet all the demands of the true drama, yet, under the skill of Pinero and Sudermann this material is being woven into dramas which surely have a place in art, although they are far removed in language from the poetical drama to which we are devoted, being of the race of Shakespeare.

. . .

Since the merry company at the Ass's Head has chosen to animadvert

upon fudge and the chafing-dish, it may be that ye will **A Sweet Story** fill your pipes and listen, gentles all, to a tale of a fudge-fight, and all the cruel wrong that issued therefrom. This is not a romaunt of deeds done in far Racine, for it happened in Ann Arbor, in our very midst, and on this wise.

Two staid young Puritans, instructors of college youth, and a third, a student of a more generous temper, fell to discussing the stage-plays of a man of Norway, ycleped Ibsen, and likewise one Phillips, an Englishman and writer after the same sort. Now the evening was come on, therefore, the argument being nowise abated, the student, the same being pledged to the law, and a youth of a most excellent jovial spirit, full of pleasant and fantastical humors, did propose that they do all three fore-

Of Spirits gather at his chambers, where he had by him some wine out of Kentucky, of rare strength and virtue, and a good old age, so that no wine of grape might compare thereto. And this he did, not only of his hospitality and generous humor, but the more of a pleasant desire to witness whether or no the other young fellows were strong of head and able to carry the wine. But these demurred to his so neighborly intent, and preferred the rather to make fudge, that so the youth of the college be not scandalized. This was the more readily devised inasmuch as the student of the laws had at his chambers a curiously contrived brazier, or small cup covered with crossed wires, wherein one might burn wood-spirit, and above the cup of the brazier a round frame on which was set a sort of sauce-pot or small flat

THE ASS'S HEAD

kettle, all which he called his chafing-dish, therefore brewed
Fudge their fudge, and put therein citron, and pineapple, and cherries, and figs, and fruits with strange names out of Cathay and far countries, cut very fine, very sweet and toothsome, and therewith made they very merry: indeed, so great was the merriment, and so pleasant and fantastical the tales they told each other, that one would have said a butt of Spanish wine, or of the wine of Champagne, was lately opened. Now it chanced that in making the fudge, the fire of spirit burned low, and it was divined that not enough spirit had been put in the brazier. Therefore, after having blown out the small flame that was left, they incontinently poured
Spirit some two or three gills of the wood-spirit into the hot brazier, so that there arose a great stench, and the steam of the wood-spirit was carried throughout that house.

Now on the morrow the law student, having, as was his wont, slept the round of the clock, arose late, whereupon the lady whereof he let those chambers came upon him with much spirit, charging him with holding a drunken revel with his friends unto a late hour, and thereto filling her house with an unspeakable
And stench of the spirit of maize.
Spirit Therewith she cast him with bag and baggage into the street, to seek such shelter as might be found. None of which things would have so befallen had the two young men foreborne to make fudge, and drunken their fill of the rare good wine their host was minded to provide, and then gone quietly to their

beds, albeit by the help of their friend and host.

Wherefore, gentles all, the rede of my so long tale is this: when as ye go into strange houses, each
The chew fudge, and forbear
Lesson from stewing curious dishes over fires of wood-spirit, and drink such liquor as is set before you, asking no questions for conscience sake, as runneth the scripture, and may long life and good cheer be to ye all.

. . .

M. Renan once wrote: "The countries which, like the United States, have created considerable popular education without any serious higher education, will long have to expiate their fault by their intellectual mediocrity, their vulgarity of manners, their superficial spirit, and their lack of general intelligence." Is he right? Is an experiment in popular education so probationary that culture is unable to neutralize commonness?

. . .

A writer in the January number of the *Nation*, of last year, has in two articles seemingly
As Seen in a West- attempted to prove
ern University the validity of Mr. Renan's assertion. She tells us that she is a woman in the early thirties, unmarried, and a graduate of an Eastern woman's college. She has been living for some time in a far western town where there is a state university. We are not told just where it is. She says she is shocked by the commonness that prevails, that uneducated faces

AT THE SIGN OF THE ASS'S HEAD

and tones are singularly in evidence, and that she has begun to doubt whether four years of college mean anything more than a certain amount of information. "Was there to be no outward mark by which one could tell the university girl from the shop girl?" Education and culture seem divorced. The cause, in her opinion, is the character of the clientèle of the student body. Hordes that have no aptitude at all for education are annually being turned by the public schools into the universities. The whole tone of the college is thereby lowered, and there is an absolute injustice to all concerned.

. . .

When she was in college students would come more or less uncultivated and go away greatly changed. It is not so now, she says. The classes are too large to be able to get the personality of the professor. There is no chance to strike the human note. It is simply a culmination of the free public school system, with all the unavoidable evils of a free public school." The average English spoken is, in her opinion, wretched. One of the most necessary reforms is needed here. Furthermore, there should be a reduction in the number of hours of work that a student is allowed to elect. A great number means, as a rule, "inaccurate, slovenly work." "It is superficial work, masquerading as thorough, that kills." The social side of college life, she believes, also needs reform. There is an enormous "waste of time and money for which false ideal of social duties are responsible."

It is "stupid" and "silly," and a "sin against the University, every tax-payer in the State, instructors and classmates, and above all a sin against the student himself.

. . .

Apropos nothing *much*, the following from *Punch*:

"The Missouri Peer-Importing Company.—This company was formed to meet the ever-increasing demand for A New Enterprise lords and noblemen in the State of Missouri and U. S. A. generally.

Absolutely no risk run by our customers!

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We highly recommend our "B. B. B.," or British Baron Brand. These may be had in three styles—English, Irish, or Scotch. We do a large business in these goods with people who like a good article, but cannot afford the more costly brands. As, however, the supply is limited, customers are advised to purchase early.

We have a very cheap line in French Counts, which we are offering at prices to suit the smallest purse.

We beg leave to observe that the

BOOKS

lowest-price Peers—such, for instance, as Polish Counts—we do not stock, as in very few cases have they been found satisfactory. We venture to urge upon our clients the advisability of paying a somewhat higher price and insuring quality.

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. . .

The following are samples of the testimonials which we are receiving daily:

The Marchioness of Fitz-Portcullis (*nee* Miss Polly Porker) writes: Your Marquis is simply lovely—and so intelligent. Please send two more, as I want them for birthday presents for my sisters. Am going to England shortly.

Yours sincerely,
'POLLY FITZ-PORTCULLIS.'

A Countess (who desires to be anonymous) writes: Earl recently received and gives every Well satisfaction Have shown Recommended him to friend who bought Russian Prince last year, and she says she wished she had heard of your firm then, for she certainly would have tried one of your Earls.

P. S.—Please send me French Count suitable for presentation to elderly maiden aunt. Was delighted with Irish Baron."

. . .

Also, apropos nothing *much*, what a pity for Carrie Nation that New York wasn't in Kansas!

BOOKS

The chapters of Mr. Kuhns' book are written in a fashion which we have come to associate with university extension lectures. That is to say, they are clear, fluent, emotional, and not very deep. They tell all of the things which it were disgraceful not to know about the great poets of Italy. But they raise no troublesome questions, they propound no abstruse philosophies, they cause no headaches. There is hardly a page which might not be illustrated with the stereopticon. This is said not in dispraise of the book, but simply to indicate its place and function. Of its kind, it is an admirable piece of work. The great poets selected for treatment are Dante, Petrarch, Boccaccio, Michael Angelo, Ariosto, and Tasso (to mention only the greater names of the older poets); and among the modern poets, Leopardi, Carducci, D'Annunzio, Fogazzaro, Graf, and Negri. In the case of each poet, Professor Kuhns gives the important facts of his biography, analyzes and explains the chief poems, and by means of generous quotations artfully chosen and taken from standard translations, gives the reader some taste of the poet's quality. The most interesting chapter in the book,—indeed the only chapter which one who knows his Italians pretty well will care to read entire,—is that on the nineteenth century. Here the author's selective genius displays itself, and from the aptly chosen translations one may gain a fair idea of the distinctive, notes and melodies of the younger Italian poets. F. N. S.

BOOKS

The Great Poets of Italy. By Oscar Kubna, author of "The Treatment of Nature in Dante's Divina Commedia," etc., and professor of modern languages in Wesleyan University. With 12 illustrations. Large crown, 8 vo., \$2.00 net. Postage extra.

. . .

This series of essays, as the title suggests, is a protest against the serious manner in which we are accustomed to regard the diversions of our ancestors. This is an utilitarian age. We are all striving to be specialists, and have no patience with the man who finds pleasure in a little knowledge about many things. The leisurely survey is not for us; we must "hunt."

"Because Americans are Americans, and business is business, and time is money, and life is earnest we take our poetry seriously." We even take our humor sadly, and can find no consolation or profit in aught but the most exhaustive knowledge of science. In "The enjoyment of Poetry," "The Mission of Humor," "The Honorable Points of Ignorance," and "The Hunterland of Science," which are the most enjoyable of the essays. Dr. Crothers insists with most cheerful optimism, that Poetry is to be enjoyed as a revel of the imagination, not as an occult science, that Humor is a recognition of Truth, in its more fleeting, less tangible forms, that Ignorance conscious of itself hath its bliss no less than knowledge, and that there is much pleasure to be had from an excursion into the borderland of The Dark Continent of Ignorance, where Science has as yet but gained a foothold.

The book is permeated with that gentle sarcasm and that genial wit

which show that Dr. Crothers himself has not forgotten "The Mission of Humor."

J. M. T.

The Gentle Reader. Samuel M. Crothers. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Octavo, pp. 321. Price \$1.25 net.

. . .

"The Ship of State" is an entertaining and instructive little book on our government, written by the men at the helm. The twelve articles in this volume originally appeared in the *Youth's Companion*, which fact, however, does not make them the less interesting to grown-ups. The articles are short, terse, well-written, and contain a deal of information upon subjects of which we are all more or less familiar; but upon which exact knowledge is often found wanting. A glance at the titles and authors, will give a comprehensive view of the scope and contents of the volume. "The Presidency," by Theodore Roosevelt, written by Mr. Roosevelt in 1900, when he was governor of New York. "The Life of a Senator," by Henry Cabot Lodge, Senator from Massachusetts. "The Life of a Congressman," by Thomas Brackett Reed, late Speaker of the House of Representatives. "The Supreme Court of the United States," by David J. Brewer, Associate Justice. "How Jack Lives," by John D. Long, Ex-Secretary of the Navy. "The Naval War College," by John D. Long. "How Our Soldiers are Fed," by William Cary Sanger, assistant Secretary of War. "How the Army is Clothed," by General M. F. Ludington, Quartermaster-General, U. S. A. "Good Manners

BOOKS

and Diplomacy," by William R. Day, Ex-Secretary of State. "How Foreign Treaties are Made," by Henry Cabot Lodge. "Uncle Sam's Law Business," by John K. Richards, Solicitor-General of the United States. "The American Post Office," by W. L. Wilson, Ex-Postmaster-General.

F. A. W.

The Ship of State, by Those at the Helm. Ginn & Co., Boston. 1903.

Curiosities in literature always strike the public eye for a time, and lend excitement to the *A Non-descript Romance* publication of a romantic story. This is the case with the "MS. in a Red Box," which appeared without its author's name. The book itself, while not one of the great novels, has a well-sustained interest throughout, and is one that will repay a cursory reading. How it came by the name "MS. in a Red Box" is told by the publisher in the following interesting paragraph:—

"One day in April last a parcel was sent to the Bodley Head. On being opened it was found to contain a MS. in a red box, without any accompanying letter, without title, author's name, or address. For some days it was not entered in the book of the firm kept for the purpose of registering the receipt of MSS., but, as no letter was received, towards the end of the month it was recorded in pencil as follows: 'The MS. in a Red Box' "

After a careful reading the story was thought worthy of publication, and the office name clung to it. Although the publisher advertised widely for the author of the book, that person has never claimed

the honor. It may be conjectured that the author is someone famous in another field of literature who does not care to be remembered as a romanticist.

F. A. W.

"MS. in a Red Box," John Lane, The Bodley Head, publisher, New York and London.

While we shall probably continue to speak of Irving Bacheller as the author of *Eben Holden*, his most widely read book, there is in all his work a wholesomeness and freshness that places it above the great mass of popular fiction.

These qualities are strongly present in "Darrel of the Blessed Isles." Rarely have we met with a more delightfully drawn character than the old clock tinker. Forced by a tragic combination of circumstances from a position of honor and influence in the world of affairs, he takes refuge in the "Blessed Isles of Imagination," choosing as his companions the "brave spirit of the past." He is especially versed in "Scriptures according to Saint William." By tasting the sweetest fruit and breathing the purest air of these Blessed Isles, he has grown into a rich and full humanity that not only glorifies and transfigures his own humble calling, but brings new meaning into the lives of all whom he touches.

We are not, however, called upon to witness the crises in his own life, but the influence of his developed character upon the lives of others. Of especial interest is his relation to Sidney Trove, in whom he recognizes his long lost son, but to the end unselfishly refuses to declare himself lest the knowledge bring harm to others.

BOOKS

The book is well written, and commands interest, whether bringing before us a landscape or the growth of a soul; whether describing the matrimonial tribulations of the "Old Rag Doll" or dwelling with loving insistence upon the high ideals and stern virtues of the men who made our country.

C. B. M

Darrel of the Blessed Isles. I. Bachelier.
Boston: Lothrop Publishing Company.

. . .

"Our little systems have their day—they have their day" and should cease to be. We cannot but believe that Professor Myers has performed a thankless task in this "revision and expansion of the latter part of his *Mediaeval and Modern History*." The old work undoubtedly deserved its immense popularity, but since the date of its first publication, ideas of what a school history should be have changed. Of this progress, however, if we are to judge from this revision, Professor Myers is totally oblivious. His work still remains little more than a chronological arrangement of anecdotes. We cannot recommend its continued use in the high schools.

E. S. C.

The Modern Age: Philip Van Ness Myers.
Ginn & Co. Boston, 1903.

. . .

We read the title page of Frank Norris's new book, "The Responsibilities of the Novelist," a bit doubtfully, perhaps. Mr. Norris is a vigorous story-writer, we tell ourselves, and for him to assume the rôle of philosopher-critic shocks our sense of fitness. What has he to do with the dead bones of art morality? With this kindly reflection we begin the perusal of his two dozen or more

essays. Presently we forget about the dead bones—the wheezy art theories and paralyzing abstractions—for we are being happily entertained by a literary craftsman who tell us frankly what he thinks of things fictitious. True, we may not be quite so sure that the "novel is the great expression of modern life," as architecture, painting, the drama and poetry have been the peculiar expressions of ages past, but that the novel is popular today, whether vitally or merely popular, we readily grant. The novelist, like the preacher and the editor, has a certain moulding influence over public opinion and public morals, and he should "address himself to his task not with the flippancy of a catch-penny juggler," but with earnestness, with soberness and with abiding sincerity, so that the gods may favor him. At any rate, the true novelist should be above his work, never lift his eye to the gallery, but be always with single purpose turned inward upon the work, testing it. The reward of such may not be affluence, but they may know that they have never truckled, have ever rung true, and that is better than royalties after all.

Every novel must do one or all of three things:—It must (1) tell something; (2) show something, or (3) prove something; these three steps representing an ascending scale of excellence. The good novel always has a "purpose"—it "preaches" by telling things and showing things. His problem is the writer's purpose, and the appeal is made by the very incidents of the story. As an artist the novelist cannot afford to be too vitally interested in iniquitous labor systems. Mrs.

BOOKS RECEIVED

Stowe was more interested in her story than in the slave question. Mere amusement can never justify art. The juggler and trickster amuse. The novel should never be mere cap-and-bells, but something vital as life itself.

Among other things remember that "royalty" is but a word after all, a word that rolls on the tongue, to be sure, but most royalties will not pay the typewriter's bill. And if you would be well advised by a literary craftsman ponder on the following admonitions:—

- (1.) Don't write a colonial novel.
- (2.) Don't write a down-east novel.
- (3.) Don't write a "Prisoner of Zenda" novel.
- (4.) Don't write a novel.
- (5.) Try to keep your friends from writing novels.

J. R. B.

"The Responsibilities of the Novelist and Other Literary Essays," by Frank Norris. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York.

. . .

A Master Hand, by Richard Dallas, is a detective story. It is, to quote George Ade, "a book that begins with a murder mystery. Charming picture of gray-haired man discovered dead in his library. Blood splashed all over the furniture. Knife of curious design lying on the floor. You know at once that the most respected and least suspected personage in the book committed the awful crime, and you haven't the heart to track him down and compel him to commit suicide." Though

following almost without variation this strictly conventional form, the book is nevertheless well written, avoiding to a large extent the melodramatic, and cleverly concealing the identity of the murderer until the last chapter.

E. S. T.

BOOKS RECEIVED

Baker's Elementary Plane Geometry. Ginn & Co., Boston.

The Nature of Goodness, by Geo. H. Palmer. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Boston.

Great Poets of Italy, by Oscar Kuhns. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.

Ponkapog Papers, by T. B. Aldrich. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.

John Ruskin on the Divina Commedia. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.

Mr. Salt, by Will Payne. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.

"Whittier," American Men of Letters Series. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.

Bret Harte, in Contemporary Men of Letters Series, by Henry W. Boynton. McClure, Phillips & Co., New York.

Letters from a Chinese Official, McClure, Phillips & Co., New York.

The Religion of an Educated Man, by Francis Greenwood Peabody. The Macmillan Co., New York.

Monologues, by May Isabel Fisk. Harper & Brothers, New York.

America in Literature, by Geo. E. Woodberry. Harper & Brothers, New York.

THE PARSON RETALIATES

"The good parson was down on his knees cutting grass with a sickle when one of his deacons came along. The deacon watched for a moment and then said, with a twinkle in his eye:

"Parson, I won't ezzactly say it's pray-in'; but now maybe you'll appreciate some of the trouble us old fellers has of gettin' down on our knees "

With no hesitation the parson replied:

"O, I don't mind it. It's only a matter of practice, Deacon."

HIS OWN FAULT

"He has an incurable case of dyspepsia."

"What caused it?"

"He ran a hotel for a while."

A long face doesn't become a long head.

TRAINING WILL OUT

William, aged six, was sharpening his pencil with an exceedingly dull knife borrowed from "a fellow" of his own class. "I'm 'fraid it aint sharp," said the owner.

"No, it aint," began William, then, wishing to be polite, "but I've got lots of time anyway."

OTHERWISE

"Whot does your husband do, Mrs. O'Carty?"

"Sure an' he's a finisher, Mrs. O'Gooney. An' whot is your old man's implyment?"

"Aw, Oi think he's a quitter, Mrs. O'Carty."

OTHERTIMES, YES

"Are you afraid in the dark?"

"Not when I *have* to go alone."

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THE INLANDER

A Monthly Magazine by the Students of Michigan University

THE MAKING OF THE ARTICLES OF CONFEDERATION

JAMES J. KROUSER

IN affairs political the eighteenth century, both in Europe and America, is clearly the century of reaction against hereditary government. This is true for France, for England, and for America. The French Revolution is the best example of this revolt; in England, while no actual revolt was threatened, the mental agitation was as great as across the channel. The political literature of the day, most popular and most widely read, was charged with denunciations of first, hereditary government, and second, as a consequence, all government. Godwin, the most influential of the later eighteenth century writers, says "it is a first principle that monarchy is founded upon imposture," and then "jumps to the conclusion that all governments should be abolished." In America during the Revolutionary period something of the same thought prevailed, though not so radical. American sentiment is better represented by Paine, who, after his arrival in Philadelphia in 1776, at once ingratiated himself with the people and became the best popular exponent of their feelings. Though Paine holds that "Kings, like priests, are cheats and imposters," he does not go the length of advocating abolition of all government. He favors the representation system, because he believes in Democracy and the "Age of Reason."

The colonists, however, though influenced by the prevailing thought, had grievances of their own, more specific than theoretical. Even before the landing of the Pilgrims, the social contract theory of government was supplanting the divine origin idea, and naturally, under the primitive conditions on this side of the Atlantic, none other was tenable. Hence, from the beginning, if they held that government is the result of agreement, the

THE MAKING OF THE

colonists must have yielded but reluctant allegiance to the King of England; and the allegiance would grow still weaker with their descendants. That royal authority in the colonies was never what it was in the old world we can infer from the fact that in each one of the colonies the legislature remained masters of its exchequer, and that the relations between the royal governors and the legislatures were a series of constant quarrels over appropriations, which the governors demanded, and the people refused to grant. In this fact alone we see that though nominally ruled by the crown, the colonies really governed themselves. It was nothing new, therefore, for the colonies to refuse to be taxed by the King after the French and Indian war. And it was no small matter to give in by either side, for in this attempt at general taxation was involved the whole question of whether the people or the King were sovereign. It was for this reason that later the cry, "Millions for defense, not one cent for tribute," found ready response among the colonists, and "No taxation without representation," really meant no taxation whatever by any external authority. And this again meant nothing less than a notice served on the King that some of the colonists, at least, had clearly realized that the people alone were the source of power, and would tolerate no interference.

A people in this frame of mind, and a King conscious of its significance, and determined in his efforts to assert his authority at all costs, will have above others, the one result of embittering the people against all external government, and at this stage, all centralizing government is in a sense looked upon as external. Thus not only did the trouble between the King and the colonists, in the interval between the French and Indian War and the outbreak of the Revolution, make the personal government of the King odious, but it set back the unionizing movement, began as early as 1637, when the attempt was made to form the New England Confederation. The idea of the insufficiency of colonial separate-ness was growing steadily and consistently from this first attempt at confederation for the one main purpose of protection against the Indians, till in the Albany Plan of 1754 we can see a sort of an organic interdependence between the colonies. In many of its provisions, such as a single executive, this plan came much

ARTICLES OF CONFEDERATION

nearer to solving many of the vexed questions of the "critical period" than did the Articles of Confederation, for the simple reason that up to 1754 the unionizing movement was natural, and after 1763 it became distorted by fear and hate. In trying to understand the inner processes in the making of the Articles it is extremely necessary therefore that this fact be kept in mind, viz.: that the framers and the people in general were for the most part dominated, or at least greatly influenced, first, by the prevalent thought that government was inherently bad—and the people inherently good and just, because *rational*—but, more potent still, second, by the fear of tyranny, which King George had engendered.

Another point to be explained before the making of the Articles can be at all intelligently discussed, is one relative to state sovereignty. The question is often asked, Did the Declaration of Independence create thirteen sovereign states or one sovereign nation? Van Holst and his followers, on the basis of the organic theory, conclude that only one nation must have been created, for if there were thirteen sovereign states they could not by a conscious act of union produce a sovereign nation." The criticism simply loses sight of the cardinal fact in the organic theory that an individual is but an aggregate of parts, bound together in a vital relation for a specific purpose. The same individual is at the same time one and many, depending on the way you look at him. The point is that you can make organic unity out of separate individuals, providing you can supply the vital relation necessary to that unity. And that is precisely what most of the framers were trying to supply unconsciously, and some of them consciously. Adams's argument, "The Confederacy is to make us one individual only," has this implied proviso, if we can strike upon the proper relation between the states.

According to this view, we can hold that the beginning, the Revolution, and until the Constitutional convention, state sovereignty was dominant, owing partially to the check which the nationalizing tendency had received, primarily because the idea of a larger union at best was dim and distinct. In those days of slow travel and little colonial intercourse it is necessary to

THE MAKING OF THE

remember that a state like Virginia was a very big commonwealth, and consequently, in a larger measure, a self-sufficient political unit. In times of peace it depended very little indeed upon its neighbor colonies, for most of its needs, but always upon England. This practical isolation had to be overcome by the building of roads, by commercial intercourse and by the feeling of common interest and common destiny. In the performance of this work the war itself was a very large factor, for, while it did not remove the material difficulties, it did break up the mental disconnectedness and give to each colony a common destiny. But this influence could not be felt at once. It needed time. On the contrary, the war centered the attention of the people upon their colonial governments, and brought each individual into closer touch with the state organizations. Upon the action of the state governments, and not upon the Congress, sitting in a distant city, the colonists depended whether they should join the war or not, whether they should support certain congressional measures, or whether they should become members of the confederacy. The state government was all, and Congress but little or nothing for most colonists." How true this is we can see from the great lack of interest taken in the dealings of Congress as soon as the colonies were assured that the war had ceased. It is a peculiar fact that the ratification of the Treaty of Paris had to be delayed for six weeks for no other reason than that the necessary quorum could not be gotten together; and that the resignation of Washington as commander-in-chief, at the conclusion of the war, was accepted only by fifteen delegates, representing seven states.

But just because state sovereignty was dominant at this time, and complicated the demand for union, it is not necessary to conclude that the development of state sovereignty is in itself inimical to the national idea, for it is not. State sovereignty in American history was a step towards national sovereignty. Men could not become Federalists at a single bound and own allegiance to a national union unless they first had learned to respect that closer government known as the "state." State sovereignty thus far had a legitimate function, but when it had played this part it fulfilled its purpose, and further adherence to its principles was regression.

ARTICLES OF CONFEDERATION

An innate fear and an open hatred of central control, a drifting away from nationalizing influences, and the crystallization of the elements making for state sovereignty—these are some of the conditions under which the Articles of Confederation were framed, and with which those few statesmen who saw the drift of events had to contend.

The original material for this period is very scant. Besides the Secret Journals, in which there is no record whatever of the debates, we have only the notes of John Adams and Jefferson, and these very limited. Jefferson reports the debates on two questions only, taxation and representation, and Adams but little more. Both report only the debates of July and August, 1776. Outside of stray references and comments in the biographies of Washington, Franklin, Dickinson and a few other writers, there is almost no other information available.

The Secret Journals give four different drafts of the articles. Franklin's plan of July 21, 1775; The Dickinson committee report; the draft of August 20, 1776; and the Articles adopted November 15, 1777. In form the several drafts differ widely. The Franklin plan has thirteen articles; the Dickinson report has twenty; the draft of August 20, sixteen; and the finally amended draft thirteen, again, but is longest of them all. Some of the articles are divided into paragraphs, but there is no sectional notation.

A small yet interesting feature in this connection is the history of the word "states." Article I. of the Franklin plan reads, "The Name of this Confederacy shall henceforth be the United Colonies of North America." The word "colonies" appears consistently throughout the rest of this draft. Article I of the Dickinson draft reads, "The Name of this Conferacy shall be the United *States* of America," but the very next article reads, the said *colonies* unite themselves," etc. Also Article III. "Each *colony* shall retain and enjoy." In these first three articles, the thought, the order and largely also the phraseology had been taken directly from Franklin's draft. In every one of the succeeding articles of the Dickinson draft "colony" or "colonies," or "united colonies" appears. "United States" does not appear again until Article XI. and in the remaining nine articles it is

THE MAKING OF THE

mentioned only seven or eight times. The reluctance, or thoughtlessness, of the Dickinson committee to substitute "states" for "colonies" appears in such passages, "The United States assembles shall have authority for the defense and welfare of the United Colonies." (Article XVIII.), and in "Every Colony shall abide by the determinations of the United States assembled" (Article XII.)

While it is true that Dickinson was at heart averse to the separation, and hence to the use of the word "State," a better explanation for this inconsistency may be found in the force of custom, which made men like Adams and Jefferson, long after independence was announced to use "colony" for "state," and "United Colonies assembled" for "United States." The conception of the United States as a single, independent and sovereign body must have been also quite foreign to this committee, for they always tacked on the word "assembled" after the words United States or United Colonies, showing that it is the state that is thought of as the political body, not the United States. In the draft of August 20, this inconsistency is corrected, but there must have been further confusion in this respect, for it was made a subject of congressional resolution on September 9, 1776.

The actual formation of the Articles as an instrument of authority can be studied from two points of view, First, that which looks at the actual controversy and, Second, that which reading the present into the past can see the difficulties which, though present, could not be seen by the men of the times. In reference to the first point only the main issues will be considered. Those were concerning Indians, Commerce, the Western Lands, Representation and Taxation.

There was a controversy as to who should treat with the Indians—the various states concerned, or Congress. The colonies heretofore had been making purchases and dealing with the Indians as occasion arose and necessity for expansion required, without consulting any but their own interests. That they did not always treat fairly with the red man, and that sometimes in revenge, he sold the same land to more than one colony is well known. Franklin's attitude toward the Indians is certainly not dubious. In Article XI. of his plan we find these words:

ARTICLES OF CONFEDERATION

Their [the six Nations and other Indians] land not to be encroached on, nor any private or colony purchases made of them hereafter to be held good. . . . And all purchases from them shall be by the Congress for the General Advantage and Benefit of the United Colonies.

Article XIV. of the Dickinson draft embodies both provisions in almost the same language.

1. No purchases of lands hereafter to be made of the Indians by Colonies or Private Persons before the Limits of the Colonies are ascertained, to be valid . . . 2 All purchases. . . to be by contract between the United States assembled. . . and the Great Councils of the Indians, for the General Benefit of all the united Colonies.

The discussions on this provision, must have been extensive and somewhat bitter. Rutledge argues for South Carolina, "In 1760, fifty thousand guineas were spent. We have now as many men on the frontiers as in Charleston. We have forts in the Indian countries. We are connected with them by treaties. "The result as shown by the amended draft of August 20, proved a victory for the party in favor of Congressional control. Article XIV. reads:—

Congress shall have power of negotiating the trade and managing the affairs of the Indians not members of any of the States.

Between August 20, 1776 and November 15, 1776, the sentiment grew against central interference in this matter, for in the final draft, this proviso is added, "that the legislative rights of any state within its own limits shall not be infringed or violated" (Article IX. par. 4). This of course takes from Congress all power as far as the states are concerned. In this proviso can be seen the influences of the particularists, but more than that it is an expression of fear from centralized authority as regards state matters. Yet because Congress was given some power, and that not inconsiderable, further cause for troubles over this matter was removed. The colonists had too much experience to go far astray in this particular. It is in matters where they lacked actual or sufficient experience that the state sovereignty party was able completely to win. We see this result in the provision on commerce.

Franklin's plan provides for Congressional regulation of commerce in Article V. as follows:—

The Congress shall also make such General Ordinances as though necessary to the General Welfare, particular Assemblies cannot be competent to [make] viz., those that may relate to our general commerce.

THE MAKING OF THE

Though this provision is indefinite, yet under it a great deal of central regulations necessarily would take place. But Franklin, in this matter, as well as others, does not represent the general sentiment. He is a Federalist, with advanced notions in many respects. The prevalent feeling of jealousy of central interference is shown in the Dickinson draft. Article VIII. reads:—

Each colony may assess such Imports or Duties as it thinks proper on Importation or Exportations, provided such Imports and Duties do not interfere with any stipulations in Treaties hereafter entered into by the United States assembled, with the King or Kingdoms of Great Britain, or any foreign Prince or State.

In this draft, and in that of August 20, which has the same limitation upon the states, there is an evident aim at loose, general control, the exercise of which, while allowing for local self-rule, would give to Congress real and positive authority. But here again, in the official text, we find another limiting clause tacked on, wiping out all central control. In place of the proviso allowing state legislation only where it did not conflict with the treaty-making power of Congress, we have a specific reference to the treaties already pending, in pursuance of any treaties already proposed by Congress to the courts of France or Spain.

Article IX. further and more specifically states:—

The United States in Congress assembled, shall have the sole and exclusive right of . . . entering into treaties and alliances, provided that no treaty of commerce shall be made whereby the legislative power of the respective states shall be restrained from imposing such imports and duties on foreigners, as their own people are subjected to, *or from prohibiting importation or exportation of any species of goods whatever.*

Just how this important change was made, we have no record, as the journal contains no reference to it, and the notes of both Adams and Jefferson do not cover this period. We are led to infer that there could have been only slight opposition to their change, as in the amendments proposed by the states between November 15, 1777, and June 22, 1778, New Jersey also objects in these words:—

We are of opinion that the sole and exclusive power of regulating the trade of the United States with foreign nations ought to be clearly vested in Congress.

ARTICLES OF CONFEDERATION

Of the other states, South Carolina refers to this provision, takes the opposite view from New Jersey. Such states as Massachusetts, Pennsylvania, and Virginia, assented without a protest.

Up to the close of the seventeenth century the notion was general in Europe that America was only a narrow strip, several hundred miles wide at most. Due largely to this cause, several of the colonies by their charters were given grants of land, extending to the "South Sea." Thus Virginia's second charter of 1609 contains these words, "and all that space and circuit of land throughout from sea to sea, west and northwest." So also the charter of Massachusetts Bay, 1629, contains this passage: "From the Atlantyk and Western Sea and Ocean on the East Parte, to the South Sea on the West Parte." The Carolinacharter of 1663 contained a similar grant, as did the New England charter of 1620, on the basis of which Connecticut laid a claim to the western lands. These boundaries were defined and corrected prior to the Revolution, by the withdrawal of the original rights. But when the separation was announced, and even before, the colonies asserted the validity of their original charters and grants. The result was almost hopeless confusion. To adjust the limits of these claims became one of the tasks of the framers of the Articles. This subject furnished the occasion for the greatest amount of discussion. The point invoked here, as in the Indian question and the regulations of commerce, however, was not about the actual defining of the boundaries, but whether Congress was to be given authority or not. "One great question," wrote John Adams, "is how we shall vote. . . . Another is whether Congress shall have authority to limit the dimensions of each colony."

The Franklin plan provides:—

Art. IV. That the power and duty of the Congress shall extend . . . to settling of all disputes and differences between Colony and Colony, about Limits or any other cause, if such should arise.

Article XVII. of the Dickinson draft has the same provision:—

The United States assembled shall have the sole and exclusive right and power of . . . settling all disputes and differences now subsisting,

THE MAKING OF THE

or that hereafter may arise, between two or more colonies concerning boundaries, jurisdictions, or any other cause whatever.

Then more specifically it adds:—

Limiting the bounds of those colonies which, by charter, or proclamation, or under any pretence, are said to extend to the South Sea.

The draft of August 20 has the first part of the above verbatim, except the word "deciding" is substituted for "settling." The second part, beginning with the words "limiting the bounds," is left out altogether. So far the central control element is successful. Further discussion on this point was not again attempted until October 15, 1777, when three different resolutions were introduced in Congress. The first provided for the legislatures of every state to lay before Congress a description of the territorial lands . . . and a summary of the grants, treaties, and proofs upon which they are claimed or established.

Maryland, Pennsylvania, and New York, voted in favor, and eight states against the resolution. The next resolution proposed to give to Congress "the sole and exclusive power to ascertain and fix the Western boundaries." This, too, failed to pass. The third resolution provided for Congressional power in laying out new states in this Western land. Maryland alone voted for, and New Jersey was divided.

The resolution finally adopted was moved on October 27. It took away from Congress the power to decide the disputes and differences, and established a court of arbitration, making of Congress "the last resort on appeal," but specifically prescribing its authority, which at best was limited to naming three persons out of each of the United States, from which number each party to the controversy by elimination was to choose the judges "to hear and finally determine the controversy." Against this change only New Hampshire voted, New Jersey and South Carolina being divided.

"Whether each colony shall have one, or whether each shall have weight in proportion to its numbers, or wealth, or imports, or exports, or a compound ratio of all, was the one great question," wrote John Adams. On this question the Dickinson draft stands practically unaltered, though it was subjected to the most careful scrutiny Franklin provides for representative voting,

ARTICLES OF CONFEDERATION

There is to be one delegate in Congress for every five thousand polls, according to triennial census. The delegates are to be elected annually (Art. V.), and each to have one vote with privilege of proxy (Art. VIII). The Dickinson draft changes this at once.

Art. XVII. In determining questions each colony shall have one vote.

Proportional representation was defended by Chase, Franklin, John Adams, Rush, and Wilson, whose words are reported in part by Jefferson and Adams.

The contention here seems to have been between the larger and the smaller states, and as such it is generally accepted. The smaller states, afraid of aggression from their larger neighbors, desired equal representation. Thus Chase was of opinion the smaller colonies would lose their rights, if they were not in some instances allowed an equal vote. To which Franklin answered, "Certainly if we vote equally we ought to pay equally; but the smaller states will hardly purchase the privilege at this price." The best argument against equal representation are those by Adams and Wilson, arguments so clear and logical that one would think they ought to convince everybody. "We stand here as the representatives of the people," said Adams. "The individuality of the colonies is a mere sound. Does the individuality of a colony increase the wealth or numbers. It has been said we are independent individuals, making a bargain together. *The question is not what we are now, but what we ought to be when our bargain shall have been made. The Confederacy is to make us one individual only.*" So Wilson argues: "It has been said that Congress is a representative of states, not of individuals. I say that the objects of its career, all the individuals of the states. It is strange that annexing the name 'state' to ten thousand men should give them an equal right with forty thousand. This must be the effect of magic, not reason."

At first sight the division as between the larger and smaller states seems to contradict the idea that it was the fear of centralized government that operated against the formation of a closer union. An examination of the votes, however, shows surprising results. Thus, since the large states are supposedly in favor of proportional representation, hence of a real union, we

THE MAKING OF THE

should expect to find them voting that way. We have preserved in the Secret Journal, from ballots taken in October. The first is that of October 7, 1777, on this resolution:—

That in determining questions Rhode Island, Delaware, and Georgia shall have one vote, and every other state shall have one vote for every 50,000 white inhabitants. Pennsylvania and Virginia are the only affirmative votes, with North Carolina divided.

The next resolution submitted made the number thirty thousand in place of fifty thousand, inhabitants. Virginia alone voted in the affirmative. John Adams also voted in the affirmative, but not being able to influence his co-representatives, Massachusetts went with the negative vote. The third resolution substituted the money or tax levied for inhabitants. This was another way to secure proportional representation, which by supposition was in favor of the larger states, yet the vote of Virginia alone is recorded in its favor. Here, on three different propositions, Virginia alone voted in favor, Pennsylvania happening to vote in favor of the first resolution. I say happening, because its vote was cast by one delegate only, Roberdean, who immediately repented and afterwards voted with the other states. When, however, the original question was put, that each state shall have one vote, Virginia alone, consistent throughout, opposed it, with North Carolina divided. In the various amendments proposed, by the states, not one was offered affecting this decision.

There seems to be hardly any doubt that proportional representation was not wanted in any form at this time. And yet strangely enough, "no taxation without representation," and this meant proportional representation if anything was theory of the Revolution. As a matter of fact, the people of that period and for a long time afterwards, were not ready for it. Later, in the Constitutional convention, the most that its champions could do was to compromise on this issue. Even today the problem is still with us; we have yet to achieve it by popular election of senators, and by making the office represent the people and not political machines.

The problem connected with taxation was a one-sided problem, relating to the levy of taxes—whether taxes were to be assessed on the basis of the whole population, or whites only, or whites and two slaves equaling one man, or on the value of houses

ARTICLES OF CONFEDERATION

and land. Here the chief difficulty is due to the presence of negroes.

The Franklin draft, Article VI, provides:—

All charges of war and other general expenses to be incurred for the common welfare, shall be defrayed out of the common treasury, which is to be supplied by each colony in proportion to its number of male polls between sixteen and sixty years of age. The taxes for paying that proportion are to be laid and levied by the laws of each colony.

The Dickinson draft makes this change:—

In proportion to the number of inhabitants of every age, sex, and quality, except Indians not paying taxes.

The draft of August 20 contains no change. On October 14, 1777, this resolution was moved:—

That the proportion of the public expense incurred by the common defense and general welfare, to be paid by each state into the treasury, to be ascertained by the value of all lands within each state granted to, or surveyed for any person as such lands, the buildings and improvements thereon, shall be estimated according to such mode as Congress shall from time to time direct and appoint.

This resolution was passed by the votes of New Jersey, Maryland, Virginia, North and South Carolina. Maryland, New Hampshire, Rhode Island, Connecticut, New Jersey and South Carolina, each proposed amendments before ratifying. Except that of Connecticut, which proposed to substitute for property the number of people in each colony. All the other amendments were of little consequence.

It appears to us today as most surprising that in all their debates and amendments no one had hit upon the real trouble connected with taxation—that it does not matter very much how taxes are laid, but how collected. All four drafts provide that the treasury shall be supplied by each colony, and that the taxes are to be “laid and levied” by the respective legislature, yet the power to raise and collect taxes is the only badge of sovereignty, without which the other provisions become void for lack of real force to carry them out. But this, champions as they were of a real union, instead of a mere confederacy, neither Wilson nor John Adams were able to see. Exactly the same fault is found in relation to the provision for enforcement. Franklin’s draft has positively no provisions whatever as to the way in which the law of Congress shall be binding upon the states. Dickinson’s.

THE MAKING OF THE ARTICLES OF CONFEDERATION

draft twice touches upon this question. Article XX. reads: "When approved the acts of this Congress shall inviolably be observed by every colony," and Article XII. states that "Every colony shall abide by the determination of the United States assembled, and no colony shall by force endeavor to procure redress. Beyond this the official document does not go, as it contains the same provision. How this enforcement is to be effected does not even occur to them.

From these defects one might argue that the intention of the framers was not to form a federal union but a Confederacy, but this article fails to take into consideration the temper of the times, that the cry was to secure rights and not to impose duties. The whole eighteenth century atmosphere, as has been said, is an atmosphere of reaction, and at such times men are not concerned with obligations, but with the attempt to secure their individual rights, confident that when all have their dues the millennium will have been reached. The words of Washington in this connection, written shortly before the Constitutional convention, place this matter before us in a clear light. He says:—"We have errors to correct. We have probably had too good opinion of human nature in forming our Confederation. Experience has taught us that men will not adopt and carry into execution measures best calculated for their own good without the intervention of coercive power."

THE WHOLE WAY

—
AVERY HOPWOOD
—

SHE stood on the other side of the table, looking at him over the lamp. Her arms were akimbo, her face was sullen, stern, unyielding.

"Ye ain't goin', Mary?"

The man seated beside the lamp lifted his heavy eyes inquiringly.

"Yes, I'm goin'," said Mary; "I'm goin', an' I'm goin' for good. You kin get some one else to knock an' hit."

"Before God Almighty, I didn't mean to do that las' night."

"No, I s'pose not," replied his wife, bitterly, "you never do mean nothin'. But I won't stand it no longer—I'm goin'."

She walked across the room, and picked up her shawl from a chair. It was an old shawl, worn and ragged, but it was Mary Hanrahan's only millinery.

"Ye ain't goin', Marv?" repeated her husband incredulously.

She laid her hand on the door-knob.

"Yes, I'm goin', an' I won't come back."

He half rose from his seat, staring at her. Up to that moment, he had doubted every word she spoke, but something in her voice struck him at last with the conviction that she really meant what she was saying.

She looked back at him defiantly, as he took a step toward her, and stretched out one hand with a gesture of ungainly pleading.

"For God's sake, Mary, don't go. I am sorry—I didn't know, las' night,—I'd been drinkin'."

"Oh, of course. You're sorry—you didn't know—you'd been drinkin'." She flung the words back at him contemptuously. His face reddened angrily, and with a curse he sank back into his chair. She turned quickly, and went out, letting the door slam heavily behind her.

As she went hastily down the street, she cast furtive glances over her shoulder. She was not followed; he was not coming.

THE WHOLE

"He don't care," thought Mary, bitterly, "an' no more do I. I've stood it long enough from him, but I won't stand it no longer. I won't; I won't."

Her mind was full of hot and angry thoughts as she hurried along. Where she was going, she did not know; she had not stopped to think. She had resolved, earlier in the day, to go to her mother; but she was not directing her steps toward the little, old house, where her mother lived. She was going on quite blindly, lost in that utter absorption which comes in life's great crises. She did not care where she was going. All that she thought of, all that she cared for, was to get away from "him." She was strong, and could work. She would go somewhere, anywhere, so long as she might not see him, nor hear of him.

She thought of the blows he had given her the night before. She had borne them silently, and almost meekly, after the first, irrepressible cry, but her resolve had been taken then and there. It had only grown firmer and better defined during the long night, which she passed sleeplessly, for the most part, and during the long day throughout which she had ironed, ironed, ironed, on Mrs. Watterson's beautiful linen. At five o'clock, she set out, dragging her little express wagon, loaded with its two baskets of snowy sheets and table-cloths and napkins. She left them at the rear of the big Watterson house, received her pay, and trudged home, her mouth set in a grim line. She "tidied up," and prepared supper, silent, resolute, burning with the sense of her wrongs, impatient for the moment when she should take the step upon which she had decided. Late in the evening he had come home, morose and taciturn. Mary had served the long-delayed supper in silence, had cleared the table, washed the dishes, put them carefully away,—then told him.

And now, she thought, with a stirring sense of exultation, such as she had not felt for many a day, now, it was all over.

Arrived at the end of her rehearsal of the past night and day's events, which, for the time being, had absorbed her whole thought, she halted suddenly. She had been walking blindly, her anger driving her on and on, paying no attention to her course, but yet directing her steps, unconsciously, along a route which she had often traveled. As she looked about her now, she saw that she

WAY

was on the outskirts of the market. The hour was late, but the market crowd was still thick, and people laden with baskets and packages were passing by her in a steady stream. She stood still, for a moment, as if to take her bearings, then drew her shawl tighter around her face, and went on.

The crowd grew thicker and thicker as she advanced, but she pushed her way onward, feeling a sort of fierce, primitive gratification in the struggle with the people round her, and deriving a malicious joy from the shoves and jolts she gave to those who barred her way. She hated them all, and it would have been pleasure to her to give them pain.

She had passed, in this strange frame of mind, through the heart of the market, and was nearing the section where the crowd was thinning out, when a cry from a huckster standing by his wagon brought her to a sudden stop. The cry had fallen on her ears before, as she neared the place, but she had heard it unheeding. The words had held as little meaning for her as all the futile jabber of the other gesticulating tradesseekers. But now, all suddenly, the meaning of that cry flashed upon her.

"My God," said Mary, and one bare hand went up to her heart. Untutored woman of an untrained race, in moments of great tension she gave expression in the most natural of all fashions to the feelings which she experienced.

"My God,"—the universal exclamation of humanity overwhelmed by some too-crushing blow; the hand to the heart,—the infallible, pain-wrung gesture of a woman in distress.

"Lilies, lilies, Easter lilies. Here you are; only a few left. Oh, lilies, lilies, Easter lilies."

The shawl dropped back from Mary's head, as she looked up with hungry, startled eyes at the golden-hearted lily-blossoms, swaying gently in the damp breeze.

"Easter lilies, Easter lilies." She had not known, she had never thought of it. Easter lilies. The resurgent past rose suddenly, engulfing her in a sea of passionate recollection.

"My God," murmured Mary again.

Some one jostled against her. The spell broke, and she moved on.

But though she passed quickly away, the cry of the lily-seller

THE WHOLE

followed her insistently. She had left the man far behind, but his harsh call would not be left. It defied distance; it chanted, and roared, and mellowed to a pleading cry, all in a breath.

"Easter lilies." Oh, how could she have forgotten. It was Good Saturday. She had quite forgotten that, in her wild rage at John, and her brooding over her long-suffered wrongs. It was eleven years ago today that Jimmie had died, and during all that time she had never forgotten before. Every Good Saturday she had gone to the market in the evening, when her work was done, and bought a fragrant Easter lily. And then she had taken it home, and set it on the table, and let it stay there the whole night long, exhaling its fragrance so that she could scent it even in the bed chamber, when she awoke from time to time. And in the morning she had taken the flower and gone, all tender love and brooding sorrow, to the cemetery, there to place the blossom of resurrection time upon that lonely little grave.

"Oh, Jimmie, Jimmie," thought Mary, a great wave of compunction sweeping over her, "I oughtn't have forgot, I oughtn't to."

She had gone far beyond the market now, had left the crowds behind, and was almost alone on the quiet street. Her steps began to falter. She went but a little way further, then stopped short. The strife had begun.

In a convent chapel, only two blocks away, a row of kneeling nuns were waiting impatiently for the coming of the Easter morn. Ardent souls, panting with spiritual thirst in the parched pre-resurrection night, they little realized that only a little distance away there was being consummated a miracle of change, as marvelous, almost, as that which they were celebrating.

"I can't, I can't," cried out obstinately the injured self, the bleeding pride, in Mary's breast.

"Oh, Jimmie, Jimmie," wailed the mother heart, "I forgot—and it was different then. John, he didn't drink; least not so hard, an' I—I was different then, too."

One tender memory provoked another.

And then, she thought, at the last, Jimmie had held "Pop's" hand so hard, and "Pop" had cried, and—Oh—

Poor Mary, she saw it all very plainly. There had been so

WAY

few great crises in her life, so little of the unusual, that she remembered every unwonted event and all its accompaniments with what, to many people, would have seemed startling distinctness. As she stood, desolate and sorrowful on the deserted street, the whole picture of that sad night, long ago, was present before her so vividly that she could actually see the awful stone color creeping into Jimmie's face. And John—when she looked despairingly from the dying boy to him, his eyes were full of tears.

A great sob rushed up in Mary's throat, choking her. She began to weep, loudly and bitterly.

"Poor Jimmie," she ejaculated from time to time, "poor Jimmie."

A man, half asleep, in a house nearby, heard the loud sobbing, and moved by wonder and curiosity, got out of bed to look from his window. He could see nothing, whereupon, becoming the more curious, he threw the window up, and thrust his head far out. But all he got for his pains was the sight of a woman walking swiftly up the street, toward the square where the market lights twinkled mistily.

As Mary neared the market, she noticed, with a little surprise, that most of the customers had vanished. It was much later than she had thought. Only a few bargain-seekers were about, and the market men had begun to dismantle their counters, and pack up their wagons. When she came to the flower dealer, he was busily counting his change.

"Lilies?" looking up in reply to her question. "Nope, all gone, ma'am; sold 'em all out."

Mary's heart sank. No lilies. When she had determined, after much bitter struggling, to go back to—to what she had left, she had pictured herself as entering the house, lily in hand. It would have made the return easier for her, somehow, to have had that token of Jimmie to bear with her.

"No lilies, ma'am, an' you can't get none in the market. All gone. But," noting the look of sharp disappointment in her face, and scenting an un hoped-for sale, "I've got a broken one here, as you might want, perhaps."

He reached under the stand, and brought out a green, long

THE WHOLE

stalk, crowned with two perfect flowers. Mary took out her ironing money, paid him the small sum he asked, and stretched out trembling, loving hands for her treasure.

She walked fast, and it seemed only a few minutes before she was on the straggling, down-hill street which she knew so well. As she passed the two-story house placed in such impudent proximity to the sidewalk, the dwelling of the O'Tooles, she was conscious of a thrill of pleasure. Mrs. O'Toole, great gossip that she was, should not have Mary Hanrahan's name to rend on Easter morning. Mary knew well enough that even had John held his peace, it would not have been an hour after daylight before the whole street would have known the news of her flight. Her next-door neighbors would have missed her at the early fence-conference, would have wrung the truth from her husband at any cost, and straightway have borne the tidings near and far. Mrs. O'Toole would have been among the first to hear of it, for she fed on gossip. Now, however, though she might prance by on her way to mass, in her Easter bonnet, which she was sure to have, for the O'Tooles were the plutocrats of the neighborhood, thank Heaven, she would not be able to stop each of her cronies with the triumphant question, "An' have ye heard what Mary Hanrahan's up an' done?"

Yet, despite the satisfaction which came to Mary with this soothing thought, she involuntarily slackened her steps as she neared her own house. It was so hard to tell how John would take it. He would not understand, she was sure of it.

"I'm willin' to go half way," thought poor Mary, "if he'll do the same." If only he would receive her kindly, and hurl no bitter jibes and jests at her. She could never bear that. Then she thought that perhaps he would be fast asleep, and so there would be no need of explanation until the morning,—and that was a long way off. But when she caught sight of her house, a light was still burning in it.

"Poor John!" It had been "Poor Jimmie!" up to that moment, but now it was "Poor John!"

He had not gone to bed; he was not sleeping; he was sitting there,—alone.

With a fast-beating heart, she hurried along the board sidewalk which led to the house.

WAY

When she flung the door open, she saw her husband, sitting where she had left him. His arms were crossed on the table, and his head was bowed upon them.

"Fast asleep," she thought, and crossed over beside him. She laid one hand upon his shoulder, and smiled,—a smile so full of divine love and forgiveness that for a fleeting moment her hard, commonplace countenance took on the grace of a Lady of Sorrows, smiling amid her tears.

"John," she said softly, "I've come back."

He did not stir.

"John," she said again, louder this time.

There was no answer.

"John!" she cried, and shook him almost roughly. As she did so, her foot struck against something on the floor. A sudden, terrible suspicion flashed over her. Stooping, she picked the object up. It was an empty bottle. The room was heavy with whisky fumes; she noticed it now for the first time.

She held the bottle aloft for a moment, staring at it. Then she looked at the man beside her, sleeping his whisky sleep. Her hand dropped to her side,—bottle and lily blossom fell together to the floor. Dull-faced, stunned, she turned away. When she reached the door, she stopped, and glanced back.

She did not look at the drink-soddened man; her gaze fell on the lily-stalk lying on the floor.

"I'll take it," she said, hoarsely; "it's mine."

She walked across the room again, and took up the fallen stalk. One of its blossoms had been broken off, and she had trampled upon it as she passed; but the other still hung white and fragrant on its stalk. She did not move, once she had the flower in her hand again. She only stood, looking at it. She looked for a long, long time,—so long, that her eyes grew very dim. And when they had cleared a little, it seemed to her that the flower had gone, or rather, that it had changed, and that it was a face into which she was gazing,—the face of Jimmie.

"Oh," said Mary, with a long-drawn, moaning sigh, "I won't go 'way, Jimmie. I'll see what I can do. I'll stay; I'll stay."

A BALLAD OF EAST AND WEST

ETHELBERT W. WALDRON

All the night the waters murmured,
All the night the mountain pine
Whispered to me, you are mine,
You are mine;
All the nights the waters murmured
In the cañon,
You are mine.

Yea, I knew it, well I knew it,
Yet my heart yearned long and long
For dim faces and far voices
Still that called me (gray, gray distance!),
You are mine,
Still that called me
In the cañon,
You are mine.

But the waters murmured stronger,
And the sturdy mountain pine
Told me stronger, you are mine;
You are mine;
Till at last (O heart-break! heart-break!)
Low I answered
In the cañon,
I am thine.

Clear Creek Canon, Dec. 18, '03.

ON A RAINY EVENING

H. S. S.

HIS eyes were dim with a strange mist as he read over the letter he had just been writing. He had written it not alone because he had promised his mother that he would write to her once a week, or because he had formed the habit of writing every Sunday evening—no, he had written it because he could not help it. It did not occur to him to wonder how it would sound to another, but to one who knew, it was the heart-cry of a homesick freshman.

He sealed the letter, addressed it, stamped it. Then he leaned back in his chair and looked about him. The shaded light of the lamp made a doleful gloom throughout the room which half-lit up the walls, innocent of all ornament save for a few photographs, and an immense, gilt-framed chromo, loaned by the landlady for his enjoyment. His eyes passed from thoughtless contemplation of the picture to a book-case, with scantily-filled shelves, and from them to two simple chairs—and *they* were empty! Thence his gaze was directed through the window into the darkness without. Rain had been falling almost all day, and although it had just now ceased, the water was still dripping from the eaves to the roof of the porch. The light of a street lamp reflected brokenly and vaguely from puddles of water. It was a dreary night.

Without, no one seemed to be moving, and no sound came to the freshman's ears except the liquid thud of the dripping water upon the porch roof, and the wailing of the November wind. Within, as well, no sound could be heard, except his watch, ticking loudly in the silence.

The stillness, the lonesomeness, the dreariness, broke down the spirit of the youth. For awhile he bowed his head in his folded arms upon the table. But when he sat up again his eyes were clear and determined. He rose briskly, put on his "rubbers," seized an umbrella and the letter, blew out the light and left the house. At the next corner he dropped the letter into a mail box, and then walked on, across the Campus, to a house on Thayer street. It was here that Alice Thompson lived. She, too, was a freshman, for she had been his classmate in the high

school of the little town in Illinois where both of them lived. And although he had been in college for eight weeks, she was still the only person he knew—beyond a few men with whom he had a mere speaking acquaintance. It was to her that he had come before, and came now, for the comfort of companionship.

When he was admitted to her study, he found her with her hat and rain coat already on.

"Oh, Fred," she said, "did you come to see me?"

"Yes, but you were going out, so I won't stay. I'll come again some other time."

"No, don't go, please. I *was* going out, I admit, for just a little while, but I was coming right back. Wouldn't you like to go with me? I was going to make a little call on—a girl," she added, as if by way of inducement.

The freshman's heart sank. There came to him in that instant the realization that there is no lonesomeness so lonely as the companionship of strangers. A sad smile mounted to his face as his lips forced that conventional untruth,—“yes, I would be glad to go.”

When they were in the street, the girl continued:—

"I'm awfully glad you came in just now, Fred. I'll tell you why. I was just starting out to see a girl I have met at Mrs. Welsh's boarding house. Her name is May Williams, and she comes from a little bit of a town up the state. This is her first year here, and she doesn't know any one to speak of. There's no one here from her home town, and she doesn't make friends readily. In fact, she is rather retiring, almost bashful —"

"Is she pretty?"

"N—no," replied Alice, slowly, "and that's part of the trouble. She isn't very attractive, either in appearance or in manner. She's not very interesting, either,—on the surface, I mean. No one pays any attention to her. But I couldn't help noticing that most of the time she didn't seem exactly cheerful, so I got to walking home with her after dinner occasionally, and I went up to her room once or twice and asked her up to mine. And, Fred, I found out that she's just been *miserable*. You wouldn't believe it, but she gets so lonely and wretched sometimes, that she cries half the night—cries herself to sleep,

EVENING

like a little child. Here we are at her house now. I thought she might be feeling sort of blue this evening and would like to see some one—she'll be glad to see you, I know."

A moment later as they entered her study room together and Fred was introduced, his first thought was, "Alice was right, she's not a beauty," but in a moment the thought was gone. For even before they were seated, Alice had begun a conversation that was absorbing—now merry, now sober, into which Mary Williams was resistlessly drawn. Fred sat silent for a few minutes, contributing only a solemn smile at intervals, but at length he, too, was drawn into the current of cheerfulness and forgot himself.

A half an hour later, Alice and he were picking their way over the dark, wet sidewalks, he making heroic efforts to protect her with an umbrella. It was raining again, and with the rain a faint shadow of his former gloom had fallen on him. Out of a moment's silence she asked him:

"Well, Fred, what do you think of college now?"

"Oh, it's great," he answered. "It's mighty interesting, of course, and fascinating, and bewildering, and all that." "Only," he added, after a few moment's hesitation, "only, I feel rather lost here at times. Don't *you* feel a bit lonely, sometimes, Alice?"

It was dark, and he didn't look up, but he could *feel* a pair of brown eyes gazing at him wonderingly, as she replied:

"Why no, of course not. Why should I? Do *you*?"

A CRY IN THE NIGHT

MARY LOWELL

Up through the blackness of the night I send my cry,
Regardless whether gods or men shall hear
And answer me, so answer be—
The cry that chokes my heart with query and with doubt,
And cloaks me from the end I seek,
And stifles me with weariness.
For that one moment's quivering pain when in the west
The sun hangs hesitant, and all my life that was
And is to be, absorbed within the instant,
Makes me to know that what I would be
I am not nor ever shall be—
Who shall repay or guerdon make?—
The dream that still must be the dream,
Withholden alway from fruition's goal
Though long and long I toil to make it mine—
Nor less the hope in night's exalted silence born
That breaks athwart the gleam of dawn
A common, hopeless thing,
Bearing no mark of its high lineage.
The misconceived and unbegotten things
To sting my soul with bitterness
That I recoil before the rose
That it can revel e'en a day in perfectness—
O, what amends has life or death to give
For just this thing it granted but to cheat
And leave an empty day?—
Can I some fine redress demand
For all the failure over which
I agonized that it might be success?—
Shall I my faith in truckling promises
To pay invest, as if indemnities
Could make the incompletenesses complete?—
Let gods or men reply.
At least, shall peace—
Ah, peace from questioning be mine!

ILLUSTRATION AND THE NEWSPAPER

WILFRED B. SHAW

FEW readers of the modern magazine will appreciate the criticism of contemporary illustration which appeared in the *North American Review* for November, 1884. The writer considered the matter of illustration as seriously overdone, and characterized the pictures in the *Century*, and *St. Nicholas*, the most progressive papers then in the field, as "mannered," "so many . . . that they become wearisome," "a fashion that cannot last." He finally reaches the naive conclusion that "it is encouraging to feel that we have at least reached the point beyond which we can no further go, unless we give up illustration altogether."

This was twenty years ago. Meanwhile the art of illustration has made strides, which make such a statement as this incomprehensible to us. Where there was one magazine then, now there are a dozen, and every one illustrated, utilizing every process known, line-engraving, monochrome etchings, half-tones re-engraved by hand, lithography and the latest perfection, three-color half tones. No book or paper is complete without its illustrations, drawn by an experienced artist, with an eye to their reproduction and consequent reduction, who has the pleasure of seeing almost perfect copies of his work spread broadcast over the country. Nor is this all. Our daily papers are illustrated as fully as any book or magazine, and who shall say that they do not have a very perceptible effect upon contemporary art and its appreciation by the people.

At present we have what seems to be the last refinement of a variety of beautiful processes for reproducing the artist's work down to its finest detail. The invention of zinc etching for line drawings, followed by the closely allied process of half-tone engraving for paintings, photographs and all tone drawings had the greatest effect on modern illustration, while photogravure, etching, and steel and wood-engraving, the oldest processes, still serve occasionally for our illustrations. Mr. Timothy Cole, with his wood-engravings from the old masters in the *Century* magazine still exemplifies the single process practicable twenty years

ILLUSTRATION AND

ago, before the photographic camera had come to the aid of the illustrator. Everything then was wood-engraving, and the life and vigor of many a fine drawing was lost,—the artist was at the complete mercy of the engraver. To see how true this is one need only look at early volumes of the *Scribner*, and those of the *Century* immediately succeeding, and see how soon he is wearied by the eternal sameness; although great credit was given to this magazine because some attempt was made to reproduce the technique of the artist. They thought they had succeeded wonderfully, but the enforced leisure given of late to the art of wood-engraving, and the perfection of modern press work has given opportunity for such a man as Cole to produce results *wonderful* even in our day. No better illustration of what has been said can be given than the actual comparison of a popular magazine of twenty years ago with almost any first-class monthly of the present day. Only in that way can one comprehend what has been done by these newer methods of reproduction, for artistic expression and individuality in illustration.

The point is continually being raised, more especially of late, as to whether a great number of pictures is really illustration, or if, in most cases, the matter is not in large part redundant, adding nothing to the final view of the subject, except the personal conception of the artist, which is usually more or less inadequate. There is probably in certain cases, some reason in such a claim; we all know of stories spoiled by illustration, but surely we must deny emphatically its universal application. Every day the author and artist are coming nearer to the place where they can work together in close harmony. Sometimes they are one and then we have such perfect illustrations as in Howard Pyle's "Robin Hood" or "King Arthur," or Thompson-Seton's illustrations in his animal stories. Sometimes the author and artist stand for the same thing in some subtle way, as in Gibson's pictures accompanying Richard Harding Davis' stories, or Thomas Fogarty in Stuart Edward White's tales of the North. And who can recall certain short stories without a vivid remembrance of the accompanying illustrations by A. B. Frost, or Kemble. Such men do more than illustrate.

But when we apply this question of relevancy in illustration

THE NEWSPAPER

to the modern newspaper it is another matter. Newspaper art, as we call it, has developed naturally within certain rigid limitations, viz. ; speed in production, and cheapness in material, caused by the immense editions published by our great dailies ; and these two have combined, until very recently to limit the reproduction of the illustrations to zinc etching, which in turn requires line-drawings. The necessity for the utmost speed consistent with even tolerable work, which characterizes all phases of newspaper production makes no exception of the artist save in a very few cases. If there is a fire, an accident, a political gathering, the artist must be on the spot, make the drawing, and perhaps see it in print within three or four hours. Or else he must hunt up by hook or crook, the picture of the latest embezzler or successful politician, and perhaps make what is known as a "silver print" for immediate publication, or as is usually the case at present, emphasize the high-lights, block out unnecessary parts for the half-tone engraver, and add an ornamental border in pen and ink.

The cheapness of paper and ink is also a factor to be reckoned with ; the dainty drawings of Abbey, or Pennell, which show so beautifully on the highly calendered paper of a magazine, would appear to poor advantage in a newspaper beside the work of an inferior draughtsman who understood thoroughly, the limitations he was working under.

Until recently only the zinc process of line-drawing could be used, and naturally every picture was made with this end in view. Only within the last few years have half-tones, either of zinc or copper been employed to any extent, although for this very reason a newspaper published today has a far different appearance from one which appeared five years ago.

In the zinc etching, the drawing, which must be entirely black or white,—no intermediate tones, and therefore usually pen and ink, is photographed and printed in reverse upon a sensitized zinc plate by electric light, This plate is then immersed in nitric acid which eats away everything but the lines of the drawing which have been made impervious to the action of the acid by chemical process ; so that when the plate is removed from the acid the lines of the drawing are left in relief. This relief is

ILLUSTRATION AND

emphasized in places by the removal of more zinc from around and between the lines by a process known as "routing;" the hand engraver makes a few added touches, the whole is nailed to a block to make it exactly type-high, and it is then sent to the composing room.

The half-tone engraving is a further development of the same principle. It seeks to reproduce the various tones in a photograph or "wash-drawing," by the varying size of almost infinitesimal dots, which are entirely invisible except upon closest examination. These dots are produced by photographing the original picture through a very fine screen of ruled glass. This produces the dots upon the plate, and their size determines the depth of the tones, which in turn make the picture. The plate is usually of copper instead of zinc. Unless retouched by hand, as is always the case in magazine illustration there are no absolute blacks or whites in the picture, everything is intermediate, hence the name "half-tone." The general details of making the "cut" are very similar to those in the zinc etching, only a greater skill and delicacy is required.

Another method of reproduction known as the "chalk plate process" has been very popular, especially with smaller papers, although the results are less satisfactory. The drawing is made directly upon a steel plate covered by a thick layer of prepared chalk. The lines appear when the chalk has been scratched off by a sharp stylus down to the plate underneath. As much chalk is left upon the plate as possible to form the matrix of the "cut" which is cast directly from this plate in a type-high mold.

Under these conditions a vast system of newspaper illustration has sprung up within the last twenty years. The idea of an illustrated newspaper is by no means a new one, on the contrary it is almost as old as printing. Sometimes the crude broadsides and pamphlets of the sixteenth centuries were illustrated with rough wood-cuts. Here and there in the old files of almost any leading paper one may find occasionally a rough attempt at an illustration, or more likely a diagram. The *Daily Graphic* which appeared in New York in 1873 was the first effort toward a systematically illustrated newspaper, and this soon degenerated into a picture sheet copying from the illustrated European Weeklies.

THE NEWSPAPER

At this time everything was wood-engraving; lithography and steel-engraving were too expensive, for general illustration, even in the weekly papers. In England the first attempt at illustration was the insertion of the weather map in the *London Times*, which has continued down to the present. But the *New York Tribune* in 1877 distanced them all in the pictorial reports of an Irish shooting-match. Instead of the long-worded reports which appeared in the English papers, interested readers found a series of targets with the shots of successful contestants indicated on them, the reports coming from Dublin by telegraph. However after this astonishing feat, progress was slow. In the first accessible file of the *New York Herald* in the University Library for the spring of 1886, there appears almost nothing in the way of illustration except a very occasional diagram to accompany the account of some murder or important geographical discovery.

However a few years worked a marvellous change; in 1893, seven years later illustrations are almost as numerous as in the present dailies, but of an entirely different character. One finds nothing but zinc etchings, under the restrictions of which, several effective and labor-saving methods for newspaper drawing were evolved. Among these must be noted "Ross paper" drawings, what are known as 'silver prints' and the use of a coarse crayon with very rough paper. Ross paper or clay-board was devised to produce the effect of a tone drawing while using pen and ink. It is a paper with a gray surface produced by parallel lines, dots, or some other means, often with one surface over another. In other words if the plain paper were to go through the process of zinc etching a flat gray tone would result instead of plain white. The blacks are added in the usual way by pen and ink, and the lighter tones and high lights, by more or less vigorous scratching away with a knife, of the prepared surface. A tone which will reproduce in zinc etching, can also be produced by lightly drawing over a very rough paper, such as is used for charcoal or water color drawing, with crayon or charcoal, being careful not to *rub* it anywhere, so as to produce a gray tone, instead of the fine black and white caused by the roughness of the paper. This method has often been employed very effectively both with and without pen and ink.

ILLUSTRATION AND

Silver prints are pen and ink drawings made directly over the photograph. They are first enlarged to twice the size necessary for the paper, which is the invariable rule. These enlarged photographs or silver prints, as they are called, are of a dull unlovely brown, but entirely sufficient to form a guide for the artist who draws right over the whole picture. After his drawing is completed a chemical bath dissolves the underlying photograph, and leaves the pen and ink picture ready for reproduction. This process was very general ten years ago; it was used everywhere that a half-tone is now made direct from a photograph. The *Review of Reviews* and *Munsey's Magazines* still use this process apparently in their pen and ink portraits of men of the hour.

The ten years between 1893 and the present time brought even more wonderful changes. The most radical change we notice in the modern newspaper is the employment of coarse-screen half-tones, in place of the formerly universal silver print. Further, a most cursory glance will show that one must distinguish between the daily and the Sunday newspaper. The former is what it purports to be, while the latter is fast becoming a vast illustrated magazine. In the daily editions the half-tone reigns almost supreme. The only plans where the pen draughtsman still finds an opportunity is in the daily cartoon, the little sketches which ornament the various departments on the editorial page, and the ornamental borders around single half-tones, or several grouped together in a "lay out." And it seems as if these half-tone illustrations are more trivial and beside the question, while at the same time making a far less attractive page than the clean cut silver prints which they replace. There are several causes for the blotched and sometimes indistinguishable mass, intended for a picture, which is too often seen, in some well known papers at present. Often the photograph is absolutely unfitted for such reproduction, or the wash drawing is made by some one who does not understand the business, for many times a poor draughtsman can make a *better looking* drawing in wash than in pen and ink; or again the pressman may know how to print from type and zinc etchings but not from half-tones, which often require an

THE NEWSPAPER

elaborate system of "over lays" to bring out certain portions which are in the shadow.

With the Sunday edition it is a different matter. While there is no improvement in that portion of the paper concerned directly with the days news over its ordinary appearance, in those sections which really give character to the Sunday paper we find the last refinement of newspaper illustration. There is usually a full-page picture in color, sometimes made by the zinc process, but more often by a newspaper modification of the three-color half-tone which consists roughly speaking, in printing from half-tone plates in the three primary colors. The finest three-color work, such as we see in the illustrations in the "Century" or "Harper's" magazines are made by photographing the original painting once through a red screen, then a yellow, and then a blue screen; from these three half-tone plates are made, which are perfectly registered and printed one over the other in these three colors, to form all the necessary tones for a complete reproduction. These pictures in the newspaper are wonderful when we consider the speed with which they are printed. The inevitable "funny page" accomplishes much the same variety of color by stipple work on a zinc plate, and therefore has a far less finished character. Half-tones with pen and ink "lay-outs" are on every page and oftentimes the boarder is of far more artistic merit than the photograph it surrounds. However, Sunday papers have increased very appreciably the demand for really artistic photographs and are no small factor in the general education of public taste. Perhaps this is shown most clearly in the sections devoted supposedly to women's interests. Here we find what would seem to be the best fashion plates possible, photographs of extremely good-looking women, as a rule, wearing what mere man must suppose to be the very latest Parisian creation. These photographs are all made with some attempt at artistic expression and composition, and laying aside whatever practical merit they may have for her who is planning the spring gown, they are certainly a great advance upon the caricatures of womanhood which we find in the usual fashion magazine, although it must be said some of our Sunday journals, are beginning to sin in this direction, by publishing a regulation fashion plate on the

ILLUSTRATION AND

last page. The "beauty" pictures which are on the opposite page must not be forgotten. They are invariably well done artistically and mechanically, whatever may be their practical value, a question which must ever be a matter of conjecture to the uninitiated.

The paper upon which the more elaborate sections of the Sunday journals are printed, usually has a trifle firmer surface, thus making it possible to employ a finer screen in making the half-tones. Consequently they appear to better advantage than the coarse half-tones in the daily editions.

We cannot leave this subject without a reference to the inevitable daily cartoon. Just how important it is can be seen from the following experience the *Chicago-Tribune* had in publishing one of McCutcheon's "Bird Center" cartoons. When the first or "country" edition appeared the readers found instead of the usual Monday morning pictorial account of Bird Center society, a blank space with the notice, that the Bird Center correspondent was ill and unable to send in his usual picture. The truth was Mr. McCutcheon was at Lake Geneva, and the cartoon was held in the post-office by a careless post-master. The *Tribune* tracing it up found it, chartered a special train, and published the cartoon in the regular daily edition.

Though it was one of the first branches to develop, the cartoon still holds its prominent place on the front page of most newspapers. Thomas Nast, though he drew for *Harper's Weekly* was really the first great newspaper cartoonist. He worked under difficulties in the old days of wood-engraving. He first drew his picture, in reverse, upon a collection of box-wood blocks clamped together; when he had finished the clamps were removed and the various pieces were distributed among as many engravers. In this way a large full-page drawing was engraved in a comparatively short time. Nowadays the method is far simpler. After the subject is decided upon, and that is really the most important part, which often is a matter for the entire editorial staff, the cartoonist makes his drawings over previous pencil sketches, and sends it into the engraver at the last moment.

Paradoxical as it may seem, good drawing, in the sense which an artist uses the word, is not an absolute essential for a good car-

THE NEWSPAPER

toon, it depends more on the subject. McCutcheon who receives a very large salary for his daily cartoon, has apparently been deliberately trying to draw as poorly as he can in some of his late cartoons, and Davenport, who is Hearst's great man, does very poor work from a technical standpoint. His drawing is extremely vague, scratchy, and irregular, but there is no mistaking the ideas either of these men seek to express. and as these ideas are always worthy of expression, they are great cartoonists.

With the regular newspaper artist it is different. He is a craftsman, if you will, and in proportion as he has the technique of his trade at his finger's end is he successful in this field. Just as the efforts of the everyday reporter are hardly regarded as literature, so we can hardly claim a high place as an artist for the newspaper illustrator. But he has developed certain characteristics, which have had their place in the general growth of the essentially modern art of pen and ink. Many of our leading illustrators learned by this means to practice economy of line and to express what they wished with the least apparent effort. The late Phil May who was one of the greatest pen and ink artists, learned how to tell a story with so marvellously few lines, by working on a provincial paper in Australia, which could print nothing but the simplest line-drawing. He learned in the school of necessity. For all his drawings appeared so simple and easily done, every stroke meant hard conscientious effort on the artists part.

The exigencies of the newspaper demand great simplicity, a certain breadth, produced by free unhesitating lines, and a certain dash and go, which is too often attained by a lack of good drawing. However, in the years to come perhaps the present and immediate past, will be regarded as great in the history of art because of this wonderful growth of illustration especially in pen and ink. Its very novelty has produced originality and given it the necessary impetus.

As to the future of newspaper illustration we have seen clearly how profitless any prediction would be. It really seems as though general illustration had about reached perfection, though it has by no means done so in the newspaper. Probably the newspaper of the future will contain fewer but better pictures.

ILLUSTRATION AND THE NEWSPAPER

Such a prediction is surely in accord with the spirit of the times, which is slowly compelling newspapers to publish only such pictures as are strictly relative to the matter at hand. Superfluous illustration and especially portraits are doomed. At a last analysis a large percentage of newspaper portraits are unnecessary and in most cases tiresome. Their chief advantage is their availability, they are easy to procure and easy to make into "cuts." Hence the favor they enjoy with many editors.

As for the Sunday papers they appear to be approaching closer and closer to a magazine form, but nobody but the wisest man would dare say more.

"THERE IS NO WINTER"

RICHARD KIRK

There is no winter in the world,
'Tis ever spring to me,
From every blast by Boreas hurl'd
The robins sing to me;
All cherry white the soft flakes fly;
And in his tracery I espy
May morn delight—when Jack again
Paints jewelled cobwebs on the pane.

There is no winter in the world,
So doth it seem to me;
For tho' Spring's bannerettes are furled
They wave in dream to me;
The hoar frost glitters in the moon;
Yet I have heard a hidden tune
That crickets, elves, and robins sing
When all the world is glad for Spring.

At the Sign of the Ass's Head

"THEO IT BE NOT WRITTEN DOWN
YET FORGET NOT THAT I
AM AN ASS."



In the famous litigation over the borrowed kettle, the defendant entered a three-fold plea: first, that he had never borrowed the kettle; secondly, that he had returned it as good as new; thirdly, that it was broken when he got it. As a former editor of *THE INLANDER*, I should like to make a similar response to a criticism of that magazine that appeared in the editorial columns of November's issue of the *Alumnus*.

The writer of the criticism deprecated the large part taken by members of the Faculty in making up September's *INLANDER*, and quoting from the Criticised title page of *THE INLANDER*: "A Monthly Magazine by the students of Michigan University," contended that it was not living up to its profession.

I wish simply to say: first, that *THE INLANDER* is a magazine by the students, and secondly, that it *doesn't* pretend to be any such thing. In proof of the first statement, I refer the critic to the issues of October,

November and December, the contribution and editing of which were largely by students.

For confirmation of the second point, we have only to refer to *THE INLANDER* itself. The Interpretation phrase quoted from the title page is obviously a syncopated form of the description of *THE INLANDER* which appears on the cover: "A Magazine . . . devoted to the Literary Interests of the University of Michigan . . . edited and published by a board of editors chosen from among the students. . . ."

What *THE INLANDER* stands for is most explicitly set forth by the following words taken from title page of its initial number: "Its aim is to present the best literature of the University and of the Alumni of the Institution in a manner acceptable to the general reader. Every issue is intended to contain productions from members of the Faculty, Alumni, and undergraduates"—or better still, perhaps,

by the following from the editorial page: "THE INLANDER trusts to claim as its due, indeed to merit as the award of its quality; the work of Professor and Alumnus, which would seek other avenues for publication."

To the first number of the second volume, I discover as contributors: President Henry Wade Rogers, President David Starr Jordan, Professors Jeremiah Jenks, and Albert B. Prescott, and Hon. J. Logan Chipman,

AT THE SIGN OF THE ASS'S HEAD

the total of whose contributions transcends considerably the eighty-five per centum rule that the *Alumnus* would prescribe.

. . .

The *Alumnus* also experienced certain misgivings—qualms of conscience—because the **The Professional names of Faculty Label** contributors to **THE INLANDER** were not prefixed by the professorial labels. I fail to see what commandment was broken. Rather, I think, **THE INLANDER** is to be praised for its good taste. Why, when one wishes to write an article for a magazine should he be compelled to "reveal the sad story of his life"? We'll take ours without the trimmin's please.

. . .

Finally, I emphatically refuse to think about the functions of editors in athletic categories.

. . .

It seems the "Michiganian Braves" have set forth courageously in good faith, and hopefully, what **A Michigan Club** appears, as the idea unfolds itself, to be truly a hair-raising proposition. At any rate they compel us to face something, not necessarily terrorizing, of course, but awe-inspiring, awesome, let us say. This proposition is to do three things, namely: Hold an Annual University Dinner, Organize the University Body, and Build a Club House. Moreover, to bring this thing, these things, about, the members of the Senior Society have called a committee of students and faculty, and have sworn by the totem of the

lodge, to see the thing through! Now while the thing may not go through with the eclat commonly posited by the characteristic Indian whoop, yet, in spite of the unusual sizeableness of the thing, the proposition seems reasonable, and we may not be too skeptical about its success. The real question, after all, is not one of means, but of desire, that is, natural desire, necessity. Do we want these things! We do, we indisputably do. Now, if I understand aright, the idea is to make the Dinner and the Organization and the Club not merely student affairs, nor even student AND faculty, but University. If that's the idea, it is a worthy one indeed. The Organization, then, I suppose, will attempt to settle all matters which concerns the University Body, in both its phases, of faculty and student, such a thing as "faculty control" or "student control," for example, to be simply terms of ancient, largely barbarous, history. It's quite reasonable. Faculty and students are of one mind. The best interest of each is the common interest. An Organization of this sort might, possibly, to some extent, become an organ of **And Its Possibilities** publicity, providing a means for the expression of ideas, now vagrant, about various University matters. We do so many things now by deputy! In some parliament or congress what tastes relative to athletic matters, for instance, might be aired! How the proper system for this and that could be secured! An Honor System, perhaps. Maybe we could secure a University Press. No doubt, then, we should hear, less of this department and that, and more of the University

AT THE SIGN OF

of Michigan, the cry of the spirit of a unified University instead of the discordant department voices, departments now largely in spiritual isolation. Of this University spirit, now, at that day, "become flesh," the Club House would become the fitting residence.

. . .

The women of the University have converted Barbour gymnasium into an almost ideal club house for women; while Michigan Needs a Club House the men still struggle along, limiting their acquaintance to their own narrow circles, scarcely knowing their instructors outside of the classroom, holding their meetings here and there, whenever a room is unoccupied, or a janitor can be found who will let them in. Their hours of recreation are likewise often spent in undesirable places. A Michigan clubhouse, conducted on a broad and liberal plan, would furnish a center of student recreation, thought, and activity, and would aid immeasurably in the development of a true college spirit the whole year round. Such a club, in addition to furnishing a headquarters for all student activities, would, if properly conducted, remove many of the objectionable features incident to social life among the men at Michigan.

Many of our leading universities now maintain such clubhouses for the benefit of their students and faculty. In the East, this is especially true. Harvard has its Union, and the University of Pennsylvania its Howard Houston Club of Penna. Hall. Perhaps the latter club would

serve best as a model for Michigan. Founded by Mrs. Howard Houston, to perpetuate the memory of her son, this club has been very successfully conducted along the line of the Union League, and other well-established clubhouses in our large cities. A handsome and substantial building was erected at a cost of a quarter of a million dollars. This building is fitted out with a library, reading rooms, parlors, committee rooms, smoking rooms, a large lecture room, a co-operative book store, offices for the student publications, cafe, billiard parlor, gymnasium and bath. The club has a permanent secretary who manages its finances, maintains order and decorum, and conducts the affairs of the club to the entire satisfaction of the students and faculty. The cost of maintenance, salary of the secretary, and incidental expenses, are met from the profits derived from the sale of text-books and college souvenirs to the students on a small percentage above cost, the proceeds from the billiard tables at ten cents an hour, the profits from the cafe where lunches are served at about one-half the prices charged elsewhere for the same service, and by the annual dues of \$2.00, paid by more than two thousand students who avail themselves of the privileges of the club.

. . .

The Howard Houston Club is a meeting place for all the organizations of the University, for gatherings of the alumni, all the smaller banquets, and, in short is always open, and always the headquarters of the students. Many of the older wise-acres shook their

THE ASS'S HEAD

heads at the thought of smoking-rooms and billiards in a building on the campus, but their protests availed not, and the club is now conducted, as it was established, in the interest of a freer and broader life of the student body.

. . .

Perhaps a club house at Michigan should be worked out in detail a little differently, but the general idea suggested by the Howard Houston Club might well be taken unto consideration by the Alumni committee who are now making plans to raise the money and erect a Memorial Hall at Michigan. Certainly a Club House would be more highly appreciated and of greater value to the student body and the younger members of the faculty than an art gallery, without any works of art to adorn its walls, or some other building that might well be left to the Board of Regents or private enterprise.

. . .

Since the talk at *The Ass's Head* is all of reform and better things, the time may be opportune for the mention of a need, which though little thought of by the majority of students has been none less keenly felt by many,—the need of a University Press. We are beginning to feel the necessity of getting together,—of rubbing shoulders more frequently, and the struggle for a University Club House has been begun. How are we going to get it? A banquet is proposed and will doubtless accomplish much, but after all the demand for a club house will come most possibly through the student publications. These are now, and will be, until the club house is ob-

tained the only common camping ground of student opinion. If the conditions under which they issue can be bettered, a great step will be taken towards the securing of the University Club.

This year the difficulties surrounding the printing of the *Daily*,—the publication nearest to the students—have been exceptionally numerous.

Constant friction with the printers has required attention which could otherwise have been employed more profitably for the paper, and moreover the necessity of locating the headquarters half a mile away from the Campus has inconvenienced both the editors and the students generally.

The remedy for all this is a University press. The typographical work could then be done by men owing allegiance to the university publications instead of to independent printers, and this alone would better the paper immensely. The headquarters on the Campus would be easily accessible to students and editors alike. In short the publications could be brought into closer touch with the students and they with it; organized action in the struggle for a club house would be facilitated, and the desired end—the club house—would be gained with less effort and in less time.

. . .

William James, Jr. has a pertinent article in the current number of the *Harvard Monthly*. He holds Sport as that American Universities Work take their sports too seriously.

The management of college athletics, is pervaded with the instincts of business, and their practice with the spirit of devoteism. In the

AT THE SIGN OF

same connection, the remarks of a distinguished Englishman who witnessed the Yale-Harvard games, are interesting. He declared himself astounded at the spectacle of the Harvard men weeping over their defeat. Such infantile spilling of tears over the loss of a fairly fought contest would never be witnessed at any of the games between the English Universities. To make a life and death matter out of sport was display instincts decidedly not those of a sportsman.

. . .

We suppose there is an explanation for the difference between the English and American views. In England there is a professional leisure class to set the example of how to be leisurely about the things of leisure. In America, the instinct of workmanship, as Veblen calls it, gets the better of us. Accordingly we exploit athletic enthusiasm, rank colleges by their teams, and when we lose a game, weep buckets of brine.

. . .

Here, at Michigan, however, a better proportioned view is beginning to evince itself. Perhaps we **And Sport** have had a surfeit of vic-
as Sport tory, or perhaps we have over assurance of continued victory; at any rate, the past season has witnessed a distinct decline in the usual concern over results and a corresponding increase of interest in the game itself. I, for one, am glad of this changed view of what sport is for.

. . .

Now and then the world is called to listen to the bickerings and mutual

recriminations consequent upon the forced resignation of a college professor. In such cases the authorities of the college are never failing in cogent reasons for their action; the public is always assured that academic freedom has not been in any way transgressed; yet somehow there is always a cloud of heretical dogma looming up in the background, and the public is not wholly convinced. With these melancholy examples before us, the trustees of Trinity college in North Carolina, in refusing to accept the resignation wrung from Professor Basset by popular clamor, seem as the champions of our hereditary liberties. His praise of the negro Washington may have been excessive, but correctness of professorial judgment was held not to be worth the sacrifice of the freedom which should exist in the college if nowhere else on earth. This is the voice of an academic Hampden.

. . .

The Trinity case differed in some of its aspects from any of its predecessors. Heretofore the **Narcissuses** pressure has come from a small group of persons, a few rich patrons, a board of regents, an over-timorous president, a meddling founder. In the North Carolina case the tyrant was public opinion,—a foe more dangerous by far. This enemy unfortunately, does not always attack from without. The entrance requirements of the colleges are no bar to that type of mind which cannot abide to look upon any aspect which is not a mirror to itself. The bigot in college is of all persuasions—the athlete, the fraternity man, the independent, the professional, the

THE ASS'S HEAD

politician. In his presence the word is "Speak easy, and don't tread on my corns." The mediocre man is a zealous leveller. A longsuffering review recently unburdened its oppressed soul of two letters, one from a Catholic priest complaining that its tone was inimical to his religion, the other from a Protestant clergyman intimating that he must withdraw his subscription from what was but a Papist organ in disguise.

...
"Ulysses" by Stephen Phillips, might well be called a dramatization of Homer. The council of "Ulysses" the Immortals on Olympus where Pallas Athene intercedes for Ulysses, is a fitting prologue. We are then shown Calypso in her magic Isle, who with her nymphs, has driven away from the captivated hero all thoughts of home. Our old friends the riotous suitors, the faithful Penelope, Telemachus, and the swineherd appear before us. The descent into Hades is represented in all its details except for the fact that Phillips uses the word "Hell" for the unseen regions. This expression immediately brings before the mind the Hell of the christian poet Dante with its flames and tortures instead of the dark unhappy Hades of the Greek poem. Finally we are shown the return of Ulysses and the bending of the bow. A Homeric spirit runs through the whole work and lends it strength. Phillips has worked under the inspiration of the Greek bard and is much indebted to him. Yet he has gone beyond the simple, almost childlike strophes of that immortal epic and has placed in his poem figures, color and

emotions which are not found in Homer. This is especially striking in the representation of Hades which is more Virgilian than Homeric, as Phillips himself admits, and in the scene on Calypso's isle. The attitude of the homeric nymph was one of mild protest at the departure of Ulysses; but under the imagination of Phillips Calypso bears a marked resemblance to the Venus of Tannhaeuser. The nymph tries all her magic to retain the love of the hero and her sorrow at losing Ulysses makes her much more human than the Greek representation leads us to imagine. It is quite possible that the scene has been influenced by the scene at Venusberg in Tannhaeuser. Not even the most ardent lover of Homer can deny that Phillips has succeeded in weaving Homeric scenes and poetry into a dramatic poem which both contains the ruggedness of Greek and holds our modern ears and eyes as the Odessey could not, if represented upon a stage, unless colored by the hand of a genius. Phillips' poetry is homeric and yet beyond Homer.

...
"Ulysses" is a dramatic poem—not a drama. It lacks the element of suspense. The whole story A Dramatic is outlined in the prologue. Poem The action often halts for a whole scene and does not move at all during the act representing Hades. There is little conflict. Many critics have ridiculed the production of such a work as a drama. Their mistake lies in criticising the poem as a drama. One cannot attend a representation of Ulysses in the same frame of mind that one attends a play of the modern school; but

there is another field of dramatic art i. e. the purely poetical representation of life. This holds a middle ground between the realistic drama and the opera. The same laws, or rather the same liberties, govern both the poetical and musical drama. The difference between these two kinds is that one is sung, the other is spoken. "Ulysses" holds this middle ground. It is spoken opera. We listen to the music of its poetry and care not at all for its story. The work would make a perfect background for the music of a Wagner. But we are more than satisfied with "Ulysses" and as we listen to the beauty of its lines resounding in our ears we do not hesitate to place Stephen Phillips above all living dramatic poets.

...

While a play under the inspiration of primitive Greek poetry was being produced in one of Detroit's theaters, at another Mrs. Fisk was acting "Mary of Magdala", a drama inspired by primitive Christian literature. It is said that William Winter, in translating Paul Heyse's prose version into English verse, made the play presentable. That, however, is no reason for its presentation. The play relies upon two things for its existence: the religious sentiment and the fame of Mrs. Fisk. If the play rested upon its own merits, it would now be ancient history in dramatic literature.

...

Mrs. Fisk is not at her best as Mary of Magdala. Her rapid and indistinct enunciation do much to mar the lines, which in themselves are inverted and difficult to understand, having been

written by one who has failed to leap the chasm lying between dramatic criticism and the poetical drama. The flutter of excitement after the first act was not caused by admiration for the drama or the acting; it was caused by the attempt of each one in the audience to find out the story of the play from those around him.

...

When the orchestra finally usurped the place in the drama which the chorus had held, incidental music was the result. Egmont and even the comedies of Moliere were not without this accompaniment. Today every drama of the style of "Mary of Magdala" is given a background of a painful combination of sounds called "incidental music," in which there is much tremulo and beating of drums calculated to stir the emotions. The hopes of the composer are not vain. Such music does stir the emotions. It sets the nerves on edge and is so moving that one leaves the theater to get rid of the doleful strains which three or four violins and a few wooden and brass instruments are attempting to render—without success, for the composition is mediocre, but yet is as difficult as the music it tries to imitate. Instead of strengthening the impression of the drama "Mary of Magdala," the incidental music clearly had the opposite effect on the audience which was not in a reverent mood after listening to those nerve-racking sounds.

...

Mrs. Fisk and her company are much stronger in Ibsen's Hedda Gabler than in Heyse's play. The character of Hedda is a

THE ASS'S HEAD

living, feeling woman, and Mrs. Fisk is quite equal to its demands. She portrays very cleverly the woman who is without moral sense and is dominated by strong passions, one of which, it must not be forgotten, is the hatred of what is externally ugly. The people of the drama have been called unnatural because the extremes of vice and virtue exist in the same character. The question has been asked how a woman like Hedda Gabler could commit suicide for the sake of her honor. Yet it is in these contrasts that the interest of the drama lies; and even if such characters are impossible according to the psychology of the drama, Ibsen has been enough of a genius to make us believe they exist in life. It is here lies a great part of the work of a dramatist, in exaggerating every-day life and making it intense, yet accomplishing this in such a way that we do not see the deception. Who ever knew a Hedda Gabler; but who doubts her existence—in Ibsen's play?

The nineteenth century kings and queens upon the stage were sufficient to hold the interest of High Society the audience, they are in the Drama far too common at present. Pope Leo, or an inhabitant of Mars is necessary to thrill the modern play-goer. Ulysses, Pallas, Athene, Zeus, Venus, and other Greek gods and heroes are put before us. The Arch Angel speaks in the "Proud Prince." Mary of Magdala and Judas entertain us. Dante stalks before our wondering eyes. The Lord's Supper is reproduced for our benefit. Can anyone deny that this is a progressive age and that the drama is a factor in education and religion!

Samuel McChord Crothers, in "The Gentle Reader," presents a delightfully dilettante view "Honorable Points of things in general of Ignorance" which he applies to the enjoyment of poetry in particular:—

"The social law against 'talking shop' is an indication of the very widespread opinion that the exhibition of unmitigated knowledge is unseemly outside of business hours. When we meet for pleasure we prefer it should be on the humanizing ground of not knowing. Nothing is so fatal to conversation as an authoritative utterance. Conversation about the weather would lose all its rosy charm in the presence of the Chief of the Weather Bureau."

Now what are the "honorable points of ignorance" when one comes to poetry? Well, there are several points of view from which poetry may be regarded. First, take that of the pedagogue and read these lines from "Paradise Lost":—

"Thick as autumnal leaves that strow the brooks
In Vallombrosa, when th' Etrurian shades
High o'er-arched embower, or scattered sedge
Afloat, when with fierce winds Orion armed
Hath vexed the Red Sea coast, whose waves o'erthrow
Busiris and his Memphian chivalry."

"What an opportunity this presents to the schoolmaster! 'Come now,' he cries with pedagogic glee, 'answer me a few questions.' Where is Vallombrosa? What is

the character of its autumnal foliage? Bound Etruria. What is sedge? Explain the myth of Orion. Point out the constellation on the map of the heavens. Where is the Red Sea? Who was Busiris? By what other name was he known? Who were the Memphian chivalry?"

...

Then there is the seeker after hard meanings:—

"Next to the temptation to use a poem as a receptacle for a mass of collateral information is to use it for the display of one's own knowledge. It is taken for granted that the intention of the poet is to conceal thought, and the game is for the reader to find it out. We are hunting for hidden meanings, and we greet one another with the grim salutation of the creatures in the jungle: 'Good hunting!' 'What is the meaning of this passage?'" Who has not heard this question propounded in regard to the most transparent sentence from an author who is deemed worthy of study? The uninitiated, in the simplicity of his heart, might answer that he probably means what he says. Not at all: if that were so, 'what are we here for?' We are here to find hidden meanings and the one who finds the meaning simple must be stopped, as Armado stops Moth, with,

"Define, define, well-educated infant."

...

The critic is equally laborious, only the Gentle Reader (Author) is in order:—

"Many strenuous persons insist that we shall make hard work of our poet-

ry, if for no other reason than to preserve our self respect. Here as elsewhere they insist upon the stern law that if a man will not labor neither shall he eat. Even the poems of an earlier and simpler age which any child can understand must be invested with some artificial difficulty. The learned guardians of these treasures insist that they cannot be appreciated unless there has been much preliminary wrestling with a 'critical apparatus and much delving among original sources.' There is much academic disapproval of one who in defiance of all law insists on enjoying poetry after his own 'undressed, uneducated, unpruned, untrained, or rather unlettered, or ratherest unconfirmed fashion.'"

...

"To understand poetry is a vain ambition. That which we fully understand is not poetry."

The Gentle Readers Point of View It is that which passes our understanding which has

the secret in itself. There is uncommunicable grace that defies all attempts at analysis. Poetry is like music; it is fitted, not to define an idea or describe a fact, but to voice a mood. As we are told that we must experience religion before we know what religion is, so we must experience poetry. The poet is the enchanter and we are the willing victims of his spells."

...

"Shelley's definition of poetry, 'the records of the best and happiest moments of the happiest and best minds,' suggests the whole duty of the reader. All

THE ASS'S HEAD

that is required of him is to obey the Golden Rule."—All of which is, of course, a plea for impressionistic criticism.

. . .

We glean the following "literary note" from the Milwaukee *Sentinel*: "Wild Beasts I Have Saw," by Bridget Seton-Clancy. This charming group of essays has about it the odor of the "Nature" backwoods to a remarkable degree. The authoress explains in the preface, that her early life was spent in the wilds of northern Minnesota, where she associated almost entirely with wild animals. She says: "Many times I used to set under a tree for hours to a time, watching for to get a shot at a rabbit. I could shoot good with a rifle, and have often saw men who were worse shots than I be. When the other girls were wasting their time going to district school, I would be walking through the woods, watching the wild beasts playing in the trees and on the grass, and learning something every minute. I seen lots of funny incidents, which I will try to mention in this here book." Miss Seton-Clancy is one of those free, untamed souls who occasionally startle the literary world by their supreme disregard for the statute in such case made and provided. If she is ever worried by the rules of grammar, it does not appear in her work. She has something to say, and says it straight from the shoulder.

This is one of the best books of the year, and it should enjoy a large sale.

"Wild Brutes I Have Saw," By Bridget Seton-Clancy. Pewaukee Press, publishers.

. . .

My first impression was of loneliness—an awful, unfathomable isolation of a barrier in—"First Impressions visible and incomprehensible, which seemed to separate me from every one. I was not only a Freshman, but also a "Law" and that in itself was enough to turn the kindly heart of every honest Sophomore against me. Fresh from the rough good fellowship of a frontier mining camp, where I knew every one and where every one knew me, I now met for the first time the chilling hauteur of the "man who had been there before." I grew desperate and took the law into my own hands. I got shaved and revelled in a ten minute's blissful and unsnubbed conversation with the barber, then out again to be a Pariah dog—an outcast. On, gentle Sophomore and others of your ilk, be good to the Freshman, for he is a stranger in a strange, strange land!

. . .

"Water, water everywhere,
Nor any drops to drink,"

is of manifold origin. Some-
body referred to the Ken-
tucky colonel. Captain
French gives Noah the credit, and
now comes a university professor as-
cribing it to the poet Gray.

. . .

Another Professor, obsessed of Evo-
lution, offers this explanation of that
species of dream wherein
A Phenomenon one thinks himself
Explained falling and then comes
to with a bound out of
his skin fairly. It seems that the in-

AT THE SIGN OF THE ASS'S HEAD

dividual recapitulates the experience of the race. That is settled. Now the dream is a reminiscence—(one always becomes reminiscent at the close of the day)—a reminiscence of the time when we sat in the ancestral tree, cheek by jowl with Oliver Herford's chimpanzee, and leaped from bough to bough—, getting now and then an ugly fall, one is bound to believe.

. . .

Evolution has another use. It furnishes a reason why children should never be disciplined. The Nomad It's altogether too serious a responsibility. One may be running athwart some great stage in the Child's Evolution—spelled with a capital. Says the kindergarten teacher to Mrs. Professor: "You shouldn't have Mary punished for running away from home. She's in the nomadic stage." "That's all right," says the undisturbed Professorin,

"she'll soon be in the Patriarchal Stage."

Another faculty scion—of seven years—has already attained to scepticism. "Papa, God made the world?" "Yes." "He said one word a day for six days, and then on the seventh day he rested!"

. . .

Suppose the Panama Treaty should be rejected after two messages. A student of English history sends in the following gem from the lips of James I. The king is complaining to Commons that his eloquence is not properly appreciated. He proceeds with charming naïveté: "So it may be pleased God (seeing some vanity in me) to send back my words as wind spit in my own face. So as I may truly say, I have often piped unto you; but you have not danced; I have often mourned but you have not lamented."

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THE INLANDER

A Monthly Magazine by the Students of Michigan University

HERBERT SPENCER

LUIS MARINO PEREZ

I.

HERBERT SPENCER was born at Darby, 27th April, 1820, and died at Brighton, 8th December, 1903. As a boy he was not put through the routine of the school curriculum which made no appeal to him, but was allowed to follow his preference for what we would call today nature study and mathematics. Neither was he schooled in the orthodox theology. His father had at one time been a Methodist, as his mother was always. But Methodism proving distasteful, Mr. Spencer had come to patronize Quakers' meetings, taking his son regularly with him; in the evening the boy accompanied his mother to the Methodist Church. But Spencer did not grow up a devout churchman; in his old age he declared that never in his life was he moved by religious emotion. At the age of thirteen his education was entrusted to his uncle, the Rev. Thomas Spencer, curate at Hinton, a Cambridge graduate, a Liberal in politics, and an anti-corn law agitator. Spencer displayed an astonishing inaptitude for the classics, and was thus debarred from a university training. As in the case of his great contemporary, J. S. Mill, this fact had far-reaching consequences. In mechanics and mathematics, however, Spencer surpassed his fellows. The university career having been abandoned, Spencer turned for a while to his father's profession of a pedagogue. But in 1837 his mathematical and mechanical knowledge secured him the position of engineer in the London Division of the London &

HERBERT

Birmingham Railway, and subsequently on the Birmingham & Gloucester Railway. For eight years Spencer was engaged as an engineer. During that period he contributed several valuable papers to the *Civil Engineer's Journal*, and in 1842, a series of articles to the *Nonconformist* on "The Proper Sphere of Government." In 1848 he accepted the position of sub-editor of the *Economist* newspaper, which he held until 1852. He now published, in 1857, "Social Statics," a remarkable work which at once brought him into prominence. His friendships with Huxley, with George Eliot, and with Henry George Lewis, reputed "the ugliest man and the best talker in London," date from this time, as also his connection with the *Westminster Quarterly*. In 1855 appeared the "Principles of Psychology," producing a notable revolution in the standpoint of that science. But, largely as a result of his labors on this work, his health broke down, never again to be restored. For the rest of his life, Spencer was virtually an invalid, afflicted mainly with dyspepsia and insomnia. Yet in 1860 he issued the Prospectus of the Synthetic Philosophy, and undertook a task whose proportions, difficulties, and boldness, have few *parallels* in literary history. He has told us himself the story of his achievement in the preface to Pt. VI. of the "Principles of Sociology" (1896), which completed the system of Synthetic Philosophy as outlined in 1860. The story, with the modesty with which it is told, records the imperishable greatness of the man Spencer. "On looking back over the six and thirty years which have passed since the Synthetic Philosophy was commenced, I am surprised at my audacity in undertaking it, and still more surprised by its completion. In 1860 my small resources had been nearly all frittered away . . . and I was suffering under a chronic disorder caused by overtax of brain in 1855, which, wholly disabling me for eighteen months, thereafter limited my task to three hours a day, and usually to less. How insane my project must have seemed to onlookers, may be judged from the fact that before the first chapter of the first volume was finished, one of my nervous breakdowns obliged me to desist. But imprudent courses do not always fail. . . . Though, along with other deterrents, many relapses, now lasting

SPENCER

for weeks, now for months, and once for years, often made me despair of reaching the end, yet at length the end is reached. Doubtless in earlier days some exultation would have resulted; but as age creeps on, feelings weaken, and now my chief pleasure is in my emancipation. Still there is satisfaction in the consciousness that losses, discouragements, and shattered health, have not prevented me from fulfilling the purpose of my life."

II.

But the magnitude of Spencer's achievement is as nothing compared to the importance of the work it has done. It need only be pointed out that his treatises on Psychology and Biology, appearing when these sciences were yet in their infancy, opened up for them new conceptions, and gave to them fresh impetus. His services in these fields are gratefully acknowledged by the men who have come after him.*

The science of Sociology is the creation of Spencer no less than of Comte. And it can scarcely be said that contemporary sociology has yet made any profound departure from the lines and principles laid down for it by Spencer; but Spencer's work was a marked advance on the *Philosophie Positive*. Of the "Principles of Ethics" it is more difficult to speak. The opposition which the views set forth therein have aroused, no less than the favor which they have met, indicates, however, that its influence has already been enormous. The central feature of Spencer's work is Evolution, and with this doctrine, Spencer, more than any other thinker, is identified. Despite the deficiencies and extravagances of his theory, which every novice in Philosophy, or in the pulpit, is now able to point out, the doctrine in its essentials is everywhere triumphant. This is true to such an extent that the first requis-

* There is something trifling and narrow in the attitude of the *British Medical Journal*: "Herbert Spencer was in no sense a biologist." . . . We should at once deny that he had any claims to be considered as a biologist; yet he wrote a remarkable work, 'The Principles of Biology,' and propounded views which demanded and received the consideration and commendation of the greatest among contemporary biologists, Charles Darwin" (*B. M. J.* Dec. 12, 1903.) Before long, Darwin's work, like Spencer's, will have passed into the limbo of history. Then will it be recorded of Darwin, also, that he 'was in no true sense a biologist'?

ite of progress in philosophy today is emancipation from the doctrine of Evolution. When Spencer began to write, Evolution was a novel and damnable theory. It has already established itself as a dogma which threatens to enslave the human mind.

Few men, it may safely be said, have affected the thought of their time so profoundly, and in so many departments, as Spencer. In this respect England can show no other thinker like unto him. In many ways he is comparable only to Aristotle, and in his devotion to truth he recalls Plato and Spinoza.

The works of Spencer comprise in the first place his "System of Synthetic Philosophy" in ten volumes: "First Principles" (1862, 6th ed. 1890); "Principles of Biology," 2 vols. (1864-67, rev. ed. 1899); "Principles of Psychology" 2 vols. (1855, 3rd ed. 1881); "Principles of Sociology," 3 vols. (vols. 1 and 2, 1876-1882; vol. 1, 3rd ed. 1885; vol. 2, 2nd ed. 1886; vol. 3, 1896); "Principles of Ethics," 2 vols. (1879-1893). In addition, a multitude of essays, for the most part reprinted in book form. The following are perhaps the most important: "The Proper Sphere of Government" (1842); "Social Statics" (1851, last ed. 1892); "Education" (1861, 23rd ed. 1890); "The Classification of the Sciences and Reasons for Dissenting from the Philosophy of M. Comte (1864); "Essays, Scientific, Political, and Speculative" (1858-63; in 3 vols. 1891), published in the U. S. as two works, "Illustrations of Universal Progress" (1865), and "Essays: Moral, Political, and Æsthetic (1873); "The Man *vs.* The State" (1884, another ed. 1890); "The Study of Sociology" (1873, 9th ed. 1880); "Descriptive Sociology" (1873-81); "Factors of Organic Evolution" (1887); "The Inadequacy of Natural Selection" (1893); "Facts and Comments" (1902), which has an interest all its own.

III.

Among the leading men of science and philosophy of the nineteenth century there are certain ones with whom especially Spencer may be grouped: Lamarck, Bentham, Malthus, Comte, Buckle, J.S. Mill, Darwin, Karl Marx, Huxley, Hæckel, and F. H. Bradley. This group of men, unlike in many ways, e.g., as Darwin and Bradley, are yet representative of the movement against extra-

SPENCER

mundanism and all thinking which rests on dogmatic theology. Their aim has been, on the one hand, to discredit the sort of thinking which subordinates the world of experience to a set of facts or principles (e.g., revelations, intuitions, Free Will, Final Cause, Creation, ultimate reality, and the like) which are not directly deducible from experience itself; on the other hand, to stand the world of experience upon its own feet, and to vindicate its self-sufficiency. This aim is embodied in the social philosophies of Bentham, Malthus, Comte, Buckle, Mill, and Marx, in the scientific theories of Lamarck, Darwin, Huxley, and Hæckel, and is the result of the metaphysics of F. H. Bradley. It is especially these leading men who have been most completely emancipated from theological modes of thinking, and who have gone farthest in framing programs for the organization of life on the basis of purely mundane and secular interests. The scientific movement of the nineteenth century is the most prominent feature of this program of secularization. And it is as the champion of science and secularization that Spencer is above all significant. Let us look briefly at his work from this point of view.

Spencer's doctrine of the Unknowable has occasioned the writing of a prodigious amount of nonsense, especially by men who have thought that it was the basic principle of his system. The truth is that any criticism directed against the Unknowable leaves the entire Synthetic Philosophy untouched. Historically, the Unknowable is none other than the ghost of the departed supernatural which figures in theology and devout philosophy. The Unknowable is all that mass of dogma concerning the relations of the world and of men to extramundane beings or forces (e.g., the creation of the world, the doctrine of free will) and whatever is, or is conceived to be, incapable of scientific formulation, i.e., the mystery which circumvents the field of knowledge. The Unknowable is, then, that in which science has no interest—the extra-human, extra-natural, and, by consequence, the unreal. Conversely, the knowable, being all that of which we have direct experience, is the real and the worth while.

Having thus banished the extra-natural, Spencer proceeds to show that the merely natural work is capable of rational

HERBERT SPENCER

explanation in its own terms. This natural interpretation of the natural world is furnished by the principle of Evolution. The Synthetic Philosophy is the attempt to demonstrate this principle in every field, not simply in the physical and organic, but as completely even into the highest human relations, in the State, in society, in ethics, and religion. That in working out this principle in detail, Spencer very often went amiss, we may at once acknowledge. His success, on the other hand, was often extraordinary. But whether or not we accept any of the details of his system, the imperishable merit of the work remains; the Synthetic Philosophy has been incalculably influential in turning the intelligible public at large from dogmatic theology and every variety of supernaturalism to the interests of secular social living. The work of Spencer, like the discoveries of Copernicus and Galileo, stands out as a landmark in the history of the emancipation of the human mind from the tyranny of religious dogma.

A MOOD.

I feel the years a-flying, flying,
And soon old age will be a-trying
My dreams of youth.
I feel my heart to be a-sighing, sighing—
Why should young hope so soon be dying?
And words of truth?
Are all the words of prophets only seeming?
Or is my deepest feeling only dreaming?
I wait reply.
Of all the facts with which the books are teeming
One only ever keeps its lights a-gleaming:—
We live and die.

TWO ENGAGEMENTS.

E. J.

IT was the most beautiful golden sunshine day in last autumn, when the hills about the old college town were crimson and russet. The atmosphere was deep blue in the valley and over the little river, then rose in varying strata of hazy softness until it met the brilliant color of the sky. The air you breathed was clear and sweet, and your whole body seemed lifted to an exhilaration that was an earnest of joy against all downheartedness for all time. The little blue devils might seize you some dull wet day, but you would go out and plod through the mist and know how the land could look when such another mellow day as this should come.

Bruce Duffy back to his fraternity house in the morning from a plunge and rub at the gym., thought, *what* a day for Skidmore! and upon the thought called up a sorority house for the number of whose telephone he did not need to consult the book. Some one upstairs yelled, "Say, Duff, you've got the wrong combination. Look it up, you haven't called for that number since last night. Your memory's failing you."

By this time Bruce was deep in the message and his familiar "Cut it out" at a grind, and the word or two of emphasis sometimes tacked on, were missed this once.

Was Miss Harris in? This was she. Would she like to drive to Skidmore lake in the afternoon?

Charlotte Harris hesitated. Only last night Bruce and she, who prided themselves—at least Charlotte did—on their good fellowship, with never a bit of nonsense in it, had decided there was just one way to stop the college gossips from announcing summarily the engagement that did *not* exist between them; and this was not to have quite so many good times together, quite so often.

Bruce understood and said, "Four of us can go, you know, Roberts and Miss Archer. They'll be in for it, and it's such a dandy day." Then, after a pause, "Who cares a hang, Lottie; come on."

Charlotte felt he would think she was carping, but she honestly did have an engagement for luncheon in the evening, and there were an even number of people asked, so they would mind if she didn't come. She wished she had spoken of this in the beginning. "I awfully want to go, Bruce, but I am asked to Mrs. Crane's for luncheon tonight, and we couldn't get back by seven."

"Oh, we *can*, and have time for a sail, too," protested Bruce. And because it was such a glorious day, and because she wanted so mighty bad to go, Charlotte yielded.

If she had trusted to getting back in time and not tried to smooth the way in case she should not be able to make it, Charlotte would have had greater peace of mind in the next few hours and have appeared in something less the light of a run-away.

Mrs. Crane was a nice little lady, rather overwhelmingly hospitable when you had other plans than accepting her invitation, plans you didn't care to go into in detail. But she was as cheery and full of news as people are apt to be upon whom personal responsibility rests lightly, and other people's affairs weigh with corresponding heaviness. She was intensely interested in this association of Charlotte's and only her having no acquaintance with Bruce—a condition wisely fostered by Charlotte—prevented his being a member of the little company that night. As Bruce himself had said, "Once get Mrs. Crane on the trail and there will be rabbits run to cover, if they're only lay figures of game. All the discreet resolves in christendom wouldn't throw her off the scent, right or wrong."

They would be starting for the drive at two, and when Charlotte left the telephone she thought a trip over to Mrs. Crane's would do no harm and might offer a release from the engagement, if some one had unexpectedly sent regrets. But no such luck. She suggested that it was too beautiful a day to stay indoors, and Mrs. Crane addressed herself volubly to this subject, for contingent upon it was the fact that a great many young people had been driving past all morning.

This was one thing that always could be depended upon in the lady, she was always tremendously interested in the situa-

ENGAGEMENTS

tion or the topic in hand. Had Charlotte been out? Charlotte had not, but she was thinking of going in the afternoon, and for just what hour was the luncheon set?

Like a hare to the shortest cut from danger, Mrs. Crane leapt to the real issue. "You are never going to fail me now! Mr. Saxon is new here and I am depending upon you to keep him going at the end of the table, besides the others I can't reach."

Charlotte wondered if it was due to similar qualities in her that she was chosen to balance her hostess at the other end of the table. But this might very well be and no discredit, in the main; for Mrs. Crane was a charming entertainer, if a somewhat eager one, and she was a power not to be disregarded in the little town. Mr. Crane lent his name and his professorial salary to the establishment; for the rest, he was left to go his way in peace.

Charlotte saw there was no way out of it, and though it was one of the last warm Sundays of the autumn season, she knew, she gave up gracefully and said she would hurry back. "Though," she added in all honesty, "I can't be held responsible for the traditional accident that is liable in the 'best laid plans', you know."

Mrs. Crane hastened to answer graciously, "Oh, you can get back I know. It must be at prompt seven, you see, because some of the party are going to vespers to hear the music." Charlotte promised, and flew home to be ready to go.

The start was made and the drive was perfect on that perfect day. Bruce drove and Charlotte sat beside him. The others, Roberts, Bruce's room-mate, and Miss Archer were in the back seat poking fun at everything and everybody they could lay their merry minds upon, including the two in front. But these paid no attention to them, beyond a retort or two, meant to "hold 'em some," from Bruce.

With a grim humor the driver turned the horses' heads in the direction of Mrs. Crane's, though Charlotte saw his intention and pleaded against it. They dashed by at a rate, but never too quickly for the keen eyes at the window.

"Now, you will undo everything," Charlotte protested, "You know what she will say."

"I wasn't aware that a *great* deal has been accomplished since last night's resolve," observed Bruce.

Charlotte had nothing to say for several minutes after this thrust; but Bruce was in too gay spirits to let this last long, and he soon had her laughing at a story and confiding in him some new plans for her work.

For this was part of the pleasure of their association, that they could speak together of their aims and aspirations, and of the means by which they hoped to gain these, both in college and in their lives after college days were over. All the inspiration of good comradeship was in their joyous fearlessness of each other, and their confidence and companionship had never been marred by anything that was not direct and sincere."

At Skidmore, Bruce went out to hitch the rather jaded looking pair and Charlotte followed the others into the little country hotel.

It would be necessary to start back in half an hour if they expected to reach town in time for Charlotte's engagement. The drive out had taken longer than she imagined it could; but she had not noticed the route followed, which had been deliberately round-about.

Bruce did not appear, and they wandered down to the shore of the lake to wait for him. Roberts shouted and was answered by a voice from a little speck of a rowboat well out on the lake. "Now what the deuce is he up to?" demanded Bruce's roommate, who had dealt with some of his nonsense before.

"Oh, I *must* start back," exclaimed Charlotte. "He knows I must; I simply can't be late. Some of the people have engagements for later in the evening and lunch will have to be on time," she explained.

"Well," Roberts announced, "I really don't see anything to do but wait his highness' pleasure. Anyhow, he'll be back soon."

Charlotte tapped her foot and drew on her gloves, then pulled them off and on again, but never quite losing faith that Bruce would make it come right some way. He always did—some way.

ENGAGEMENTS

The others decided to stroll, but Charlotte waited.

In twenty minutes or more the runaway serenely pulled in to the shore and in the most gentle manner possible explained that he had at once discovered that the horses were totally unfit to make the trip back without rest. He saw, standing in the shed, a single rig belonging to one of the fellows at the house, and had rowed out to see if the man could be found to ask him to let his fresh horse go back to town; but the trip was unsuccessful. No one was to be seen.

Nothing could be more solemn and more a surety of good faith than Bruce Duffy's blue eyes when he chose to be in earnest. And he was looking very grave now. "There is one other thing we could do," he said, "we could take the train that pulls in here at seven and have a carriage ready at the station in town. I think we could get there by half past. Of course, that would show them that you intended to keep your engagement, since you wouldn't have had time to go for a sail—or anything, out here." And Bruce looked off over the water, now a beautiful stretch of rose and gold from the sunset. "But I really don't see what good it would do, because the people who were going to—to church," there was a thoughtful pause here, "would have gone, you know."

When a big athletic fellow who looks perfectly capable of doing most things he wants to, crumples himself together in a sort of dejected heap and looks meek, but says he doesn't see anything to do but stay where you are, it's rather hopeless. And Charlotte was not a girl of wildly impossible expedients in situations like this. She quickly saw the limitations. It didn't strike her either that there was any use being crochety and making a fuss about it. If she couldn't get back, she couldn't. If it was not possible for her to keep her engagement, there was no use spoiling the pleasure of the others by trying to get back as nearly the time of appointment as possible, and then not be able to fulfill it, after all. So she said simply, "Do you think it is possible to get a message in?"

Bruce sprang up. It certainly was possible, it was altogether possible. He seemed surprisingly enthusiastic about the prospects; his ineffectiveness seemed quite to have disappeared.

"I can send one of the freshmen over and he can reach there by seven, so they won't wait," he said. "If there isn't a long distance telephone open in town we'll just break one open."

There was but one of any sort, and they had to rout out a cross looking storekeeper from his house nearby to get at this.

Bruce called the fraternity house and explained with great care and exactitude to the freshman he had selected for the errand just what message was to be taken to Mrs. Crane. He impressed upon the messenger the fact that it was hard driving while trying to make up time that was responsible for the "nags being bushed" now.

The shopkeeper had let them in with a very bad grace, and he shuffled about the place while the telephoning was going on, apparently intent only upon letting the intruders out as speedily as possible. But as Bruce held out the toll, the old fellow turned with a grin and said, "Blame it on the poor hosses, do yu'?"

Bruce let one eyelid down slowly and covertly, the one farthest away from Charlotte, and said, "Come now, they *are* in a bad way, you know." But the shopkeeper went off chuckling.

There was time for a sail before supper and a good stiff breeze was up. The four went out together, Roberts holding the sheet rope and rudder. Before they turned about for the last time, their craft was tearing over the water at a pretty swift rate, and she rolled and pitched more than was comfortable. They made a good landing, though, and went into the old-fashioned supper in high spirits.

Afterwards Bruce was for going out again, "Just once more across the lake," he begged. Miss Archer was tired and had had enough, she said. So Roberts suggested that they two, with the couple whose single rig Bruce had tried to get, and who had joined the others at supper, should go back to town together in the surrey, leaving the little road wagon and single horse for Bruce and Charlotte if they wanted to stay out. This was agreed, and Charlotte went down to the sailboat with Bruce.

There had been some misgiving in her heart all during the stolen pleasure, but Bruce had said she was a girl of the right sort, making the best of things. This she was determined to do

ENGAGEMENTS

even to the length of not chiding him a whit, though she knew he might well deserved it. But no one ever scolded Bruce, perhaps because it wasn't any use; and other ways of doing were a great deal of use.

It was not very light, though there was a moon struggling through clouds that looked picturesque and heavy, but not in the least dangerous. They pushed off and the wind took the sail. It was glorious. They swished through the water, cutting the waves and breaking them into spray over the deck fore and aft. When they tacked and the sail went booming over their heads, Bruce's splendid muscles stood full and rigid during the moment, as the rudder swung her to a straight course. They were fighting the gale magnificently and they struck across to the extreme upper part of the lake.

The moon had gone now and there were no stars. A country church bell with a high-pitched tone struck sharply across the water with fine clearness. Charlotte smiled as she thought of vespers down in the town, and the people there she didn't care about. Somehow, out it in the open she didn't mind about explanations that would have to be made. All that was far off, and it was so big out here; there was such a sweep of sky and air you couldn't think small or be trivial.

The sail loomed white and mysterious in the black night and the waves crushed against the boat and broke into hail. Then the wind struck at their sheet with a sudden new force. Before they could turn about, they were in the midst of one of the treacherous fresh water squalls that carry off many a good sailor unawares.

"Keep your nerve!" shouted Bruce.

"I've got it; I'm not afraid," said Charlotte. But she wished she could see his face, whether it was expressing joy at the fight or a certain grimness she had seen when he was out on the field in a big game. By this she would know the danger there was.

Suddenly she heard a crash and a rip. The rudder had gone helpless and the sail was flapping loose. An instant later there was a grinding noise and the boat rested on a sand bar. Until the boat should be beaten loose, she was safe; though she

tossed from side to side and dipped a little water. Charlotte saw the sail swiftly lowered. Then she felt a great coat thrown over her shoulders. She laughed a little, just to reassure herself, and him.

"Well," he announced, "there is one thing to do; swim to shore for boat hooks."

Charlotte implored against this. They could wait for help. But Bruce knew they couldn't. If they did, they would wait till morning; because the others had gone home, and the boat-keeper, who knew Bruce, had told them just to tie up when they came in.

Bruce pulled off his coat. The gleam of his shirtsleeves in the darkness and the thought of the icy water frightened the girl more than any present danger to the boat, or to her. She cried out, but again the challenge, "Keep your nerve!" brought, in a sort of pride, her answer, "I'm not afraid."

She had to let him go, and the big fellow plunged off and struck out for shore. He called back every few strokes, and she answered, "I'm not afraid." When after a long suspense the faint echo of his "Halloo" came to her from the far shore, she could not reach him with her voice, but she whispered to herself, "I'm not afraid."

Alone in a disabled boat in the middle of a lake in the night, miles from the hotel and cold, even in Bruce's great coat, was interesting and all that; but it was too real to be romantic. She sang softly to herself and thought of the girls, of lessons, of her slighted hostess, and a little bit of home. But the last wouldn't do, she decided, and began to hum again. It was very lonely, and the stillness was terrible.

The wind had died down almost entirely, but the waves were splashing over the fore end of the deck. The girl strained every nerve to hear, but more than an hour wore away with still no sign.

He knew of a farmhouse which he could reach by breaking through the underbrush, he said; and it was for this he had headed. At last she heard a faint note, then another louder until his fraternity whistle thrilled clearly across the water. Lights appeared and a queer old man, with shadows dancing

ENGAGEMENTS

in fantastic lengths from his lantern and slanting across his path, came opposite her on shore to stand guard while the others could row to the sailboat.

The old guardsman shouted to Charlotte how he and his son had pulled in three men at different times, drowned, not far from the spot where she then was. He said this again and again, slowly, a word at a time, repeating until she answered that she understood. The sound carried perfectly now in the calm.

Then Bruce and the old man's son came up with hooks and skillfully pulled the boat off. Neither of the two sailors would consent to leave the craft and go in by any other route. Indeed, this seemed the only solution, for it was a long rough way by land, and too long a pull to row. They rigged up the rudder and made new sail fastenings.

The oarsman clattered his boat hooks together in the bottom of his own sturdy boat, and put off, shaking his head at trusting to such a "battered old scow." But he would have no pay for his part in the mending. "Glad 'nough not to drag for bodies," he said, "done that more'n once by this lake. She ain't trusty."

Bruce thanked him and took his name. Then he put the now shivering girl in the bottom of the boat and covered her up, but they had no words. It wasn't the time, and they had to get home.

The long course across the lake began, with tacking again and again, going this way and that with the wind; but creeping each time a little nearer the landing. They made it, and he lifted Charlotte to her stiff feet. At the hotel they got heavy wraps and started on the ten-mile drive home.

It was a long time before either spoke, except Bruce to ask her if she was cold. She shook her head; but she did not want to talk. At last she said, "I'm awfully stupid, Bruce, but you won't mind. You said I was brave back there, but I wasn't really. I was flying false colors; because I *was* scared, down deep. I wasn't half so plucky as you think, and I don't want to pretend."

Bruce leaned over and tucked in the robes around her closer. He turned away and seemed to be studying the sky

TWO ENGAGEMENTS

line, broken, in the far-away glow of the city a few miles ahead, by spires and steeples. Then he smiled down at the girl beside him and said:

"You aren't confessing it until it is all over, anyway, are you, Lottie! I've been under the wrong flag, too, little girl; but I didn't know quite how off color it was until I had to strike out and leave you alone in that boat. You have wanted it to be friendship between us and I've tried to make it that; at least, until we were out of college. But——*Charlotte!*"

Charlotte was crying her heart out; all her fortitude was gone, and she was only a very tired, wistful girl without any more theories about friendship or about anything but just to be loved and comforted. There is only one way for this, really; and somehow down in Bruce's heart he had learned the way.

Ever since Charlotte could remember she had missed the mothering that her playmates, first, and then her girl friends had received before her eyes. There used to be times when every gentleness seemed out of her life because the sweetest tenderness that belonged to her was gone. Once, when she was little, there came a dream of wandering through fields of flowers until she found her mother, and then she had been folded close and warm beneath a face that looked at her with love in the eyes, as the face in the portrait did in her father's room. In the daytime she lived the dream again, then it returned, after a while, in her sleep; and many times since it had come to her when she was lonely and tired.

Now with Bruce's arms about her and her cheek against his shoulder, the quiet of the old dream drifted back over childhood and over all her life until this hour. It was the dream come true, as nearly as it might, with the tenderness and understanding in it.

Next day they went together to Mrs. Crane, and it was Bruce who became responsible for the broken—and made—engagement. But Mrs. Crane was not formidable any more.

Translations

MAUDE C. PERRY

"TRUE TO THE DEATH WAS HE"

Scheulin's "Treuer Tod."

We were the truest comrades,
Cornet and musketeer,
Four arms in fighting ready,
Two feet in marching steady,
One heart in the evening cheer.

Loyal we held together
Whatever fate might be,
One note of my bugle calling
For battle or rank's infalling,—
There at my side was he.

Till on the field of Lützen
Too straight the bullet sped,
And there my soldier loyal
In Death's own crimson royal,
My good, my true, lay dead.

He cried, "O God have mercy!
"The end has come for me!
"Beneath the grasses lay me
"And for a last pledge play me
"True to the death was he!"

I took him to my bosom
And soft his eyelids fell,
One solemn night around us,
One holy peace enwound us—
Which dying? Who could tell!

I laid him neath the grasses
As he had begged of me,
And played above his sleeping,
With tears of bitter weeping,
"True to the death was he."

TRANSLATIONS

At last we home come marching,
Our banner flaunted gay,
The road was thronged with kindred,
When through the crowd that hindered
A woman pressed her way.

Her eager eyes o'erscanned us,
—All wan with crying she,—
My heart was almost broken,
I played,—could I have spoken?—
"True to the death was he."

LYRIC BY SULLY PRUD'HOMME

Would you ease the anguish Death is bringing
Still your lips, my love;
Let your zither lure me with its singing
From below above.

Melodies enchanting lull, and loosen
Spirits from their pall;—
Cradle, sweet, my sorrow in your bosom,
Do not speak at all.

Tired I am of words, of Earth's deceiving
Lips that lie so well,
Dear the sounds that ask for no believing,
Simply shed their spell.

Steep my soul in music's airy splendor,
Till her potent breath
Draw me from my pain to dreamings tender,
From my dreams to death.

THE IDOL

Barbier's "L'Idole."

O straight-locked Corsican, how fair thy France,
In Messidor's clear sun! Like steed a-prance,

TRANSLATIONS

High-mettled, tossing wide her snowy mane
Uncurbed by bit of steel or golden rein,
Young, from the fields, in untaught pace she swings
Her warm flanks smoking with the blood of kings.
Arch-necked, bold-footed, and unblemished, see
Her beat her native soil, the first time free.
Never has her broad back upheld the load
Of stranger's harness, felt a stranger's goad.
With waving fetlocks, mane and tail astream,
With quivering flank and human eye agleam,—
A beauteous wanderer,—on her haunches reared
At her shrill neighing all the world has feared.
Now you come, and her beauty without fault
Tempts you, impetuous centaur, and you vault
Booted, upon her, eager-nerved to feel
The slender sinews move the cords of steel.
She loves the din of war, the powder-smell,
The beat of rattling drums, the shriek of shell,
And so you make the world her racing-court
And give her mortal combat for her sport.

And now no rest, no night, no sleep, no dreams,
Always the gallop where the wild wind screams,
Always the crunching of men's bones like earth,
Always the red blood to the saddle-girth!

Three times five years her harsh hoof grinds the world,
Three times five years her frantic course is hurled
Over the prostrate nations, till at last,
Spent with the mad chase that is never past,
And with the trampling of creation, spent,
—What whirls of human dust behind her sent!—
She shudders, panting, reeling, at each bound
Her straining knees bend closer to the ground,
She begs for mercy from her cavalier,
O thrice a butcher, that you will not hear!
You tear the rowels through her shrinking thighs,
You wrench the bit to suffocate her cries,
Till, in her foaming mouth, with furious strength

TRANSLATIONS

Her teeth are broken. With a plunge at length
She rallies bravely. Hark—the drum's command,—
She cannot feel the bit, nor understand!
Stricken, she falls as pitiless heaps of lead,
And falling, crushes you beneath her, dead.

"WE SAID, 'LIFE IS VAIN'"

Montenaecken's "Peu de Chose"

Sweet, life is vain,
A little play
Of love and pain,
And then—good-day!

Dear, life is brief,
A nearing light,
A dream, a grief,
And then—good-night!

HOLE'S CANTERBURY PILGRIMS

KVA M. KINNEY

IN England it was the month of pilgrimages. The town of Southwark lay dark and silent one early morning in April, and the road that leads to Canterbury dwindled into a wavering thread of gray. Pale bands of light streaked the dull eastern sky, and a fresh breeze that heralded the morning, set all the leaves a flutter. A cock sent forth his lusty challenge, evoking many a querulous answering crow, pigeons stirred under the eaves and took short flights from roof to roof, and smoke began to curl from the chimneys of the town. Outside the Southwark gate, that arches the road, under a gnarled old tree, a miserable beggar lay asleep, huddled up in his rags and tatters. Across the road from him a plowman crept across a field, back and forth, leaving furrow after furrow of rich, dark upturned soil; and yet the beggar slept on and on until suddenly, roused by the sharp shrill barking of dogs, and the sound of many voices, he sat up with a start, and rose decrepitly, peering through the arched gateway, and rubbing his sleepy eyes, the better to see a gay cavalcade of pilgrims that was rapidly approaching, led by two stately horsemen on curveting steeds, at whose heels a couple of dogs snapped playfully. On the procession came toward the gateway, their rich trappings and harnesses flashing in the sunlight. The beggar, meanwhile, chuckling at the prospect of a shower of coins, seated himself by the road, and had scarce time to draw his face down sanctimoniously before the noisy throng began to pour through the gateway.

First came a knight with the air of a conqueror, sitting at ease upon his high-stepping charger, erect, broad-shouldered, with uncovered head, his face bold-featured and clear-cut, with deep-set eyes, and strong, determined mouth. Back over his shoulder he flung his velvet cloak, as if proud to reveal the war-soiled cassock that shielded his coat of mail. Beside him rode a self-important, richly-clad monk, with a round, red, shining face. Tossing some coins toward the mendicant, who now whined for alms incessantly, the two cantered by, close followed by a motley, singing, laughing throng.

HOLE'S CANTERBURY PILGRIMS

First came a group of solemn priests attendant on two nuns, one with a sweet, coy face, and eyes modestly downcast, as she listened to the gallant speeches of a handsome young squire, riding with dainty grace a snow-white gaily-beribboned steed. He wore a rich-embroidered cloak with flowing silken sleeves, and on his curly head a jaunty velvet cap, caught up at one side with a tuft of bright peacock feathers. Dropping a gold coin into the beggar's bony, outstretched hand, he rode upon his way, attended only by a yeoman with a mighty bow. Behind the nuns and the gay young squire rode a sergeant of the law so deeply engrossed in arguing with a thin-faced clerk that he paid no heed to the beggar's cry for alms. Behind them came a group of tradespeople and farmers—a cunning merchant with pointed beard and broad-brimmed beaver hat, loudly boasting of his gains to a richly-garbed old landlord, with a ruddy face and snow-white beard. With these there rode three or four artisans. Each one as he passed the fawning beggar gave him alms.

Up dashed a brown-hued shipman astride a sorry nag, drew rein beside the beggar, and turned far around in his saddle to shout out some rude jest for the benefit of a gaudily-dressed goodwife who was somewhat deaf, whereupon in high glee she threw her head far back, and held her side, and fairly shrieked with laughter. With her rode a pardoner and summoner, singing a love song in concert, and by her side a merry, fat-faced friar jogged along on a shaggy-haired donkey. Close upon their heels rode a scowling reve, a parson, and a carpenter. A cook, who wore a pointed cap, loitered a moment, and with head back-thrown, drank deeply from an upturned flask. Then came a stout-built brawny miller, on a champing steed. He held the reins with iron grasp, and clutched beneath his arm his treasured bagpipes. One by one, goodwife and friar, parson and pardoner, cook and miller, rode by with laugh and jest, each tossing coins to the beggar as he passed. And bringing up the rear, there rode more slowly than the rest, a thoughtful poet, reading as he rode. He looked up, startled by the beggar's cry, gave alms, and quietly resuming his reading, left the wretched mendicant gloating over his new-found wealth, and follows on after the noisy procession that now stretched far down the road.

THE MUCKER

GUS M. JOHNSON

IT was Saturday night in the Library. A sleepy air of desolation hung oppressively over the shadowy rows of empty chairs. Far back in the corner as if defying the dusky room sat a man bent low over a book. He was not pleasant to see; thick-set with a fleshy jaw and small eyes, the brownish hair tumbled unkempt over the rather low brow.

He was not studying now, his eyes rested on the pages of formulae rather from force of habit. He was tired and was dully conscious that he had been tired all the week while he had plugged, and the week before, and the one before that. His mind went back over the long brain-weary weeks of the winter. Ugh! he was sick of the very sight of books, and in a sort of dumb resentment he shoved the book from him and laid his heavy head on his arms.

A faint noise of cheering came through the open windows from the Gym. He remembered there was a meet that night. He dimly remembered that all week he had passed the yellow bill-boards in weary recurrence. Looking back it seemed a nightmare week, full of feverish hurryings, yet it was no different from the ones which had preceded it, no—nor from those to come. Why should it be so? Why must he always grind, grind, grind! But what else was there to do? Why did *he* not go to the Meet? He had no money. Bitterly he thought of his classmates. They seemed a different people. He remembered how they talked and laughed, seemingly care-free. They all seemed to know somebody. No one ever spoke to him. In all his three years in college whom had he known, who had even been interested in him? Only one there was, a fierce anger leaped within him at the memory. It was a year since he had met that Fellow, he had had a letter to him from a mutual friend. The Fellow had a roomful of wonderful pictures—rare bits of color and clever suggestion. Ah, a wave of pleasure touched him at the thought of the pictures. He had stood silent before them, he had listened to the fellow's clever comments, flip with vain self-confidence,

THE MUCKER

unhearing, he was looking forward to knowing him—and the pictures. Twice after that the Fellow had spoken, then at last passed over the way.

The old dull bitterness was gnawing at his heart. Why had he no friends. What right had he to be cheated out of his share of life? He lifted his head and gazed stolidly over the bare tables. He was tired—tired of it all—he would go home to bed.

Outside was a spring drizzle. Through the fog the lights showed in luminous blurs and from every side sounded the drip of melting snow. Wearily he turned to the long walk to his room, underfoot it was slushy and his limbs ached. As he passed under a light two people neared him. They were laughing and the pale light showed the man's face—it was the Fellow. A tightness seized at his throat and he hurried into the dark, on and on through the dismal mist.

He stumbled up the shabbily-carpeted stairs of the dingy hall and down the narrow passage to his back room. His fire was out and he shivered in the damp chill as he struck a match and lit the oil lamp. A letter was lying on the table. Indifferently he opened it and dumbly looked at its meaning—"Your work has been reported as unsatisfactory in Chemistry and Bacteriology." Again the blind anger swept up within him, the crumpled paper fell to the floor, a hoarse cry, half groan broke from him. It was no use, he had done his best, he could not do the work—the others could, *he* was a failure. On the table stood a vial marked cyanic acid. He had made it the week before—it was another failure. He seized the bottle to fling it after the letter, but a sudden thought stopped him. Half raised his arm stiffened—a wild look leaped into his eyes—Why not—who cared anyway!

The corrosive cut deep—and he gasped—

The Meet was over and from the distance came the sound of victorious cheering.

"A MAN IS A DEBTOR TO HIS OWN DEFECTS"

W. CARLETON PACKARD

I DO not know that his name was Chauncey, but Bill said he was sure of it. Bill is a friend of mine who owns a ranch within a mile of Lookout Point. Lookout Point is a great rock which commands one of the noblest views of the Grand Canyon of the Colorado.

The Denver and Rio Grande stops at the collection of four stores and five hitching posts, known as Halkinsville because it is from this place that one may take stage to the vicinity of Lookout Point. It was at Halkinsville that the obliging porter had that morning, helped Chauncey off with two suit-cases, a hat-box, and his golf sticks, and it was there that Chauncey had chartered "Old Man Halkins' outfit" and had arrived at Halkins' place in time to have a look about before dark. It was at Lookout Point that Bill and I were standing just at sunset.

I have seen Niagara and it's grand, I have often seen the sea and have been so inspired, generally after the third day out, as to make up verses about it, but after seeing the grandeur of the Rockies from Lookout Point, I am mute. I have never been a skeptic since the first day I stood there. Bill has never been a skeptic, but then Bill has always lived in the West.

It was my last day, for tomorrow I would have to start for the city. I was thinking large thoughts, so was Bill. The evening breeze was sighing in the great pines; far, far below, with the changes of the air, one could hear the murmur of Eagle Fall. Eagle Fall is at the head of Thunder Cascade which looked from where we stood, like a rumpled piece of baby-ribbon. Bill was pointing out some cloud effects, I was dreaming, when we were startled by "Can you gentlemen direct me to a hotel?" We were too surprised to answer no, until we had been asked a second time. The stranger seemed oppressed at Bill's reply and offered us cigarettes as an introduction to his sad story.

He had heard from a traveling man who had been West, that Lookout Point was an ideal place to spend a summer vacation,

SOME FRESHMAN

but had already found that he had been deceived. Mr. Halkins was a rough man who did all the cooking, there were no lady boarders at the "Halkins House" and forms of entertainment were scarce. When I told him that Halkinsville was the only town within fifty miles, he seemed to take offense and, after twice peering into the dimming solemnity of the Gorge and once or twice glancing suspiciously into the gathering twilight of the woods, departed in the direction of the "Halkins Hostelry."

The next morning I breakfasted at four. When Halkins pulled up with the hail that there was mighty little time to lose if I wanted to catch the express, there was Chauncey shivering on the front seat. I crawled in behind over his baggage, had one more grip with Bill, took one more deep breath of that air, had one last look around, and we were off. It two hours we had boarded the train and a little later as we bowled over Battlement Mesa, through the wonders of Fairyland at the head waters of Green River, and down into the stupendous canyons of "The Blue," Chauncey was happily entering into extravagant business relations with waiters and the newsboy.

SOME FRESHMAN ALLEGORIES

I.—THE UNFAIR TEST

THERE were once three brothers, who decided that they would take a journey to the town where a "Degree," an article which helped a man in his life work, could be obtained. But they could not get through the barred gates of the town without a pass called knowledge. Now these passes were issued at an office called Examination, situated a little way from the city gates. The stern official would give a pass to no applicant unless he could tell all about the road over which he had traveled. Knowing this, the first pilgrim left not a stone unturned, nor a leaf unnoticed, throughout the whole way; but his brothers, having heard much from other travelers, did not follow the example which he set for them. One knew of a friend, Mr. Cram, who lived a little way from the station, and decided

ALLEGORIES

to spend a day or two with him previous to making an application at the office. The other brothers engaged at the start the services of an evil but cunning spirit called Pony; and while their brother toiled faithfully, these two had many a frolic. They all obtained their passes, though the first applicant experienced some little trouble with the official who had full confidence in the ready answers of his brothers.

Fairness, a prominent citizen of the town, has now caused this much-dreaded station to be removed, and the official must henceforth look after the travelers all along their journey. He has also slain his enemies, Cram and Cary. G. B.

II.—EXAMINATIONS

In starting out in life as students, we make our entries in Ambition's race, with the intention of making the effort of our lives in order to win some one of the great Promotion trophies, which are offered as a reward for those who cross the finish line within the time limit. The course laid out for this race is long, and beset with perils. Without considering the lesser dangers which are encountered on the way, the greatest obstacle which we must pass 'ere we reach the goal, is a swift and treacherous river known as the Examination River. In seeking to pass this stream, some, and there are a goodly number of them, although strong swimmers, are seized with Flustration Cramps, and either sink or are compelled to return to the shore which they started from, and try again; others, who are not so strong, appear to be making remarkable headway against the current, but if the truth of the matter were known, the cause of their success is a life preserver known as Pony, which buoys them up, and yet remains invisible to the observer: others still, though not as numerous as the last class, battle successfully with the stream and land on either side, with the other successful contestants. Those who, through no fault of their own, were unable to pass the stream at the first trial, when they do finally succeed, arrive at the finishing point in time to find that the prizes have all been awarded, some to persons who really deserve them, and others to those who do not. G. P. B.

SOME FRESHMAN ALLEGORIES

III.—PUPIL'S TEST

There is a youth in the prisoner's box. He is there to defend himself against the false charges of his enemy. And his name is Pupil. The judge, grave, revered, and unmoved, is in his place, and his name is Examination. The plaintiff, Ignorance, stands ready with Timidity as an ally. The time has come, and Pupil realizing that much depends on the verdict, has brought his friends, Knowledge and Ability, to support him. All is ready, and the judge calls upon Pupil to testify and tell what he knows. Pupil turns to Knowledge, for aid, but she is at that moment so charmed in watching the shy and modest demeanor of the young Timidity that she does not respond. In his extremity he looks to Ability, but finds him so busily engaged in attempting to attract Knowledge's attentions to Pupil's need, that he does not offer any himself. So, after desperate attempts to answer Judge Examination's questions, Pupil gives up and goes from the tribunal defeated.

Then, Ability comes to his rescue, and cheers him by advising him to go to a certain great lawyer. So, taking his two friends, who are his inseparable companions, Pupil goes to seek him. There, aided by Knowledge, he presents his case so clearly that he gains the ear of the great man, and the name of the lawyer is Confidence. Confidence, now takes his case in hand, and going to the judge, presents an appeal, urging that Pupil had not had a fair trial, because he had used poor judgment in pleading his case, without Confidence; and, also, that the desertion of his friends, at the critical moment, had disconcerted him. So a new trial is granted.

The important day has again arrived and the people are assembled. The Judge again calls up on Pupil, and he again turns to Knowledge, who, this time, though no more powerful than before, steps forth, being bidden by Confidence, to his aid. Timidity, as attractive as ever, fails to draw her attention, being overawed by Confidence. Ability, also is able, in not having Knowledge to see to, to render all due and proper aid to Pupil. Thus, at the close of this session, Pupil goes forth, a Victor over his open foe, Ignorance, and his secret one, Timidity.

K. M.

At the Sign of the Ass's Head

"DOST THOU NOT SUSPECT MY
(Y)EARS?"



Owing to an unavoidable delay in the issue of the January INLANDER, it has been deemed best to omit the February number, inserting an extra number at the end of the year.
EDITORS.

...

A movement was recently started, and is now under headway, for the erection of a Club house at Michigan. The idea has met with universal approval, and the hearty coöperation of the different college organizations has already been secured. The plan is to secure an endowment, if possible, whereby a separate building may be erected near the campus, and equipped in a fashion similar to that of the Reynolds' Club at Chicago University.

...

The object of the movement is to afford a place where all college men and organizations may meet on a common ground for mutual pleasure and cultivation of university spirit. It will appeal, perhaps, more particularly to the non-fraternity men who have at present no place of meeting. The lot to

the north of the campus, between Thayer and Ingalls streets, and which belongs to the university, has been suggested as a desirable location for such a building. We heartily agree. The only question is, can the university authorities be prevailed upon to yield the ground for such a purpose? It is well known that the regents are already in need of more building space for extending the regular work of the university.

...

A month or so ago four organizations, Michigamua, Friars, Quadrangle, and the Toastmasters' Club elected delegates to meet and formulate some plan of procedure. This committee met February 29, and after a general discussion, at which the *Daily* representatives and members of the faculty were present, a subcommittee was appointed to draft rules for organization to be reported at a subsequent meeting. As *THE INLANDER* goes to press, the subcommittee announces its readiness to report, and a meeting of the general committee will doubtless follow at once. The enterprise of the committee is to be commended, and there seems every reason to believe that in the near future definite plans will be completed whereby the project for a Michigan Club House will move forward rapidly and successfully. Let everybody lend a hand to see this enterprise through.

...

Some years ago a certain melo-

AT THE SIGN OF

drama entitled "The Heart of Maryland" was made known to Du Barry the public. It was written by one David Belasco, who was known up to that time as a successful theatrical manager. The play was acted by a Mrs. Leslie Carter, whose principal claim to fame was that she so entered into the spirit of her acting as to actually stab the heavy villain with a bayonet, thereby endangering his life. The drama was mediocre, but for some reason it met with the approval of the public. Belasco was congratulated on having discovered a new star; Mrs. Carter was congratulated on having discovered a new dramatic author. However, it is still a question whether Mrs. Carter made Belasco a dramatist, or Belasco made Mrs. Carter an actress.

. . .

Be that as it may, the present Belasco-Du Barry-Carter combination is very strong. Belasco may be called the sole American playwright, now that Clyde Fitch has degenerated into—or perhaps never rose above—a certain form of comedy-drama which depends upon sensational scenes and situations for its success. In "Du Barry" Belasco has written an historical play which contains enough of the qualities of the modern society drama to hold the attention of the audience. The staging of the work is more than satisfactory. No pains have been spared to make every detail perfect. In Mrs. Carter, Belasco has a most artistic portrayal of the pleasure loving, but weak Jeannette Vaubernier. Such is the threefold combination which has held the public eye for more

than two years. When we examine the production closely we find that the drama is purely realistic, if we mean by "realistic drama" the representation of life wholly divorced from its moral or æsthetic aspect. Ibsen and Pinero infuse at least the thread of a lesson into their dramas, but Belasco pretends neither to discuss a problem nor teach a

lesson. The play is designed simply to interest the playgoer for one evening. It does not contain one line worth remembering. It is a representation of one of the strangest epochs in the world's history, in which a young woman is first a milliner, then a decoy in the gambling house of Jean Du Barry. At the moment when she renounces this mode of life she is dazzled by the love of Louis XV. She becomes virtual queen of France; then she meets death by the guillotine. This is the central figure of the play: a woman who lacks will-power to rise above circumstances, and who pays the penalty of her love of wealth and display by mental and physical suffering. The character is dramatic, and Mrs. Carter passes through the different stages with artisticness.

The illusion of the whole drama is somewhat spoiled by the last scene, which reminds us too strongly of cheap melodrama. The fourteen or fifteen people representing an infuriated populace has become such a subject of laughter that a scene of this kind always lack dignity. In "Du Barry" the result is very unfortunate, since the scene, being the last, leaves the audience in a frame of mind toward the ill-starred woman which is by no means reverent. If

THE ASS'S HEAD

the play ended with the prison scene it would gain force.

. . .

The third concert of the Choral Union Series was given on January 15th, by the Kneisel Quartette, before a rather small but appreciative audience. It is perhaps unnecessary to say much in praise of this well-known organization, or of the personality of its famous *concertmeister*, Franz Kneisel. Certainly, after their superb performance here the other evening, these artists need no further recommendation to an Ann Arbor audience. Rarely has it been our good fortune to hear so high and uniform a grade of virtuosity, combined with such perfect sympathy among the performers.

. . .

The programme, in interest and variety, was a pleasant surprise: A quartet in E flat major, by The Pre-Von Dittersdorf, made remarkable by the magnificent playing of Kneisel; a charming Romance by Grieg; a Lento for violoncello and strings, in which Alwin Schroeder played the solo part with an unusual intensity and beauty of tone, and a very characteristic quartet [in F major], by Dvorák.

. . .

On the evening of February 17, the Pittsburg orchestra played the fourth programme in the The Pittsburg Choral Union Series. Orchestra This organization has shown such remarkable advance in power upon each successive appearance that we hear with genuine regret of the resignation of

its efficient conductor. The programme was in itself a model of arrangement, and received a masterly interpretation in Victor Herbert's hands. Beethoven's vivacious Eighth Symphony was followed by the Prelude to "Parsifal," which in turn stood out in strong contrast to Strauss' wonderfully intense tone poem "Don Juan." The programme closed with a graceful Ballet Suite by the versatile Russian, Glazounov. The Strauss number was especially noteworthy in the tremendous demands it made upon the orchestra. It would perhaps be hard to find a better example of ultra modern tendencies in music. A work of such complexity and impetuous sweep can not be fully appreciated upon a single hearing, and it is fortunate that this number is to be repeated during the Festival.

. . .

By an arrangement with the American Futurity News Syndicate (unlimited), the following important telepathographic Parable bulletin has been received at the Ass's Head: Chicago, April 1, 1923.—The twenty-fifth annual meeting of the Association of American University Presidents was held today in the Banqueting Hall on the seventy-first floor of the Auditorium Annex, twenty-six members being present. The association was called to order by President Yost of the University of Michigan. In opening the meeting President Yost directed attention to the magnitude of the interests represented by the assembled body. Under their direction was a teaching corps of

coaches, junior coaches, assistant coaches, and trainers, numbering not less than five thousand. The total enrollment of matriculated rooters was but little short of 250,000.

The past season has been not wholly unsuccessful, the total gate receipts amounting to about fifteen million dollars. Twenty years ago, under the old regime, this would have seemed a large sum. But things have changed since then, and the gross receipts were, he regretted to say, less than had been expected. The association had counted on at least twenty-five millions. Could it be that American Universities were degenerating? This was the question they were met to consider. They were here to determine the evil and to devise a cure. He had no doubt that the first speaker on the programme would suggest an effectual remedy. He then introduced President Staggs of the University of Greater Chicago, who then read a paper on the Encroachment of the Culture Studies in Athletics.

President Staggs said that although the title of his paper implied that culture studies had to some extent encroached upon the study and practice of athletics, he did not consider the encroachment as yet a serious menace. It was true that in a university here and there some slight interest was now and then manifested in literature, art and history, and occasionally the interest rose to enthusiasm. But these outbursts he regarded as merely sporadic and temporary. Athletics as

theory and practice was now too firmly entrenched in the educational traditions of the country, it was too closely intertwined with the financial interests of the universities, ever to be seriously disturbed. It was the keystone, the sheet anchor, the bed-rock, the very spinal column of American university education.

Nothing short of a revolution in human nature could remove it from its place. Nevertheless education meant progress, and it was true that the absorption of other studies by athletics had not proceeded as rapidly during the past year as he had hoped. Greek was still taught in a few belated colleges. He feared that it had not yet been thrust out of all universities represented in the association although it was prohibited by the constitution. The classes in mathematics and Latin were, he was glad to say, steadily falling off in numbers and interest. The time was approaching when Latin might be thrown aside and the money now wasted upon it be given to the Department of Railway Ululation, where it was sadly needed. The study of mathematics, particularly of geometry, had

been defended by some on the ground that it was contributory to the Theory of Craticular Calcitration, but for his part he found it of no great value in this respect. However, their studies were not greatly to be feared. The true foe to athletics was the modern languages and history. To these studies in themselves there was no great objection save as they took up time better given to Dopology and

THE ASS'S HEAD

Footballistics. But the trouble was that they were taught in a way to prejudice the interests of athletics. The instructors in these subjects appeared to think that their business was not only to lecture, but to arouse interest. This false idea, if it were allowed to prevail, would in time play the mischief with the curriculum. It had been suggested that interest in the culture studies might be kept down by closing the library at all hours except during meal times. But he was not prepared to go as far as this. Perhaps three hours of hard practice on the gridiron would be equally effective. The plan had been tried at Northwestern under President McCarnacle with the happiest results.

. . .

In the discussion that followed, President Heston of the University of Oklahoma made the charge that the University of Chicago was not living up to the by-laws of the association. According to by-law 16, no university was to employ more than two instructors in the Department of Culture Studies. President Heston understood that the University of Greater Chicago had three. He moved that the University of Greater Chicago be ruled out of the association. President Stagg was upon his feet in an instant and replied with warmth. It was true, he said, that three names appeared upon the salary roll of the Department of Culture Studies, but this was for legal reasons, the endowment having been made in such a way that the income could be used only for academic purposes. As a matter of fact, however, two of these three men were rubbers in the gym-

nasium. (Applause.)
 Alas! The third, as was well
 Poor Yorick! known, was the venerable ex-President of the University, Dr. W. R. Harper, who had been permitted to offer three courses, namely, in Hebrew, in Christian Science, and in the Theory of Promotion. But all three of these announced classes had since been suspended for lack of students, and Dr. Harper was now looking after one of the dormitories. In view of these facts he felt that he could truthfully say that the University of Chicago was living up not only to the by-laws of the association but to its own ideals. (Applause.)

. . .

President Gregory of Leland Stanford University reported that at his institution there had been at one time some enthusiasm for Science, Modern Poetry, and the Philosophy of Art, and restrictive measures had been necessary. But the crisis was now past. The enthusiasm was no longer of a violent or feverish character and doubtless would soon subside and disappear.

. . .

A communication was read from Superintendent Sweeley of the New York City high school
 Give me Liberty to the effect that the
 or— classes in Footballis-
 Free Admission tics had been seriously hampered—indeed, he might even say demoralized—by the propaganda of the instructor in English Literature at Columbia University. It appears that this misguided young man in his mistaken zeal had collected several high school

AT THE SIGN OF

pupils at his room under pretense of giving them, so it was said, a pointer in the Harvard-Yale game. He had then and there lectured to them on the Dramas of Shakespeare and had, by some means of persuasion, the exact nature of which the investigating committee could not discover, aroused them to a dangerous pitch of enthusiasm. Secret meetings had been held. The excitement was growing. One member of the team was known to have been approached and others were suspected of being sympathizing with the movement. Unless the propaganda were checked he feared that secondary education in New York City would soon be in a perilous condition.

. . .

A lively discussion followed, in which considerable variety of opinion was developed. It was held by a few that the instructor should be summarily dismissed as a warning to others who might be inclined to be overzealous. But the majority of the members were of the opinion that the principle of academic freedom of speech should be upheld. Columbia University was not responsible for the mouthings of an indirect member of the Lower Faculty. As the result of the discussion a committee was named to report at the next meeting upon the subject: How may the University co-operate with the Secondary Schools to restrict the Study of Literature?

The meeting then adjourned.

. . .

Faust's contemptuous dismissal of all philosophy has its counterpart in

the Soul's tragedy recorded
A Modern in the following excerpt
Sceptic from the *Detroit Journal*:

These are the principles laid down by David Morgan, methodist clergyman, city missionary, and methodist leader during a discussion at the Hamline Six O'Clock Club yesterday afternoon:

"Ministers of the gospel are parasites."

"Religion and the church are luxuries."

"Teachers and professors are leeches."

"Schools and universities are non-essentials."

"Society can exist without churches and without schools," said Morgan during a point in the debate, "having been founded before either existed."

"You are a parasite on society," he said to Professor R. W. Cooper, a professor of English Literature in the Hamline University, who refuted his argument.

"I may say the same of you," replied the professor.

"I acknowledge it," said Morgan, "I am a parasite on society. All ministers are parasites."

. . .

The ulterior motive of such scepticism is, we surmise, to be ascribed to some such hallucination of splendor as is depicted by *Puck*, thus: "The accomplished and beautiful Mrs. Porkand gave a delightful wine party at her lovely home, Jagshire. Mrs. Porkand was gowned in black silk, the waist being ornamented with \$5,000 bills, and the skirt tastefully draped with government bonds, making altogether a superb effect. Mrs.

THE ASS'S HEAD

Depuyster-Stuyvesant-Crab, a rival for social leadership, whom Mrs. Porkand had tactfully invited, was attired in blue crepe de chine, trimmed and draped with \$1,000 bills, government bonds, and airship stock. At 2 a.m. the tellers were appointed and carefully invoiced the costumes, resulting in another victory for Mrs. Porkand, whose gown was appraised at \$29,-987,652.92, defeating the too sanguine Mrs. Crab by \$78,622.16."

. . .

Is Porto Rico ready for statehood? We submit as evidence the following advertisement from a Porto Rico Porto Rican daily:
Creeping Up GRAN HOTEL FRANCES.

CAFE Y RESTAURANT
ALEGRET Y OVARES
TIRRY NUM. 40

(Frente al paradero de Sabanilla.—
Matanzas.)

Una radical y completa reforma, ha colocado á este antiguo y acreditado Hotel á la altura de los mejores. Cuenta con Médico, Intérprete y dependencia inteligente, así como un afamado Maestro que dirige la cocina. Especialidad en mariscos. Precios sumamente módicos, admitiéndose abonados. Camas a cincuenta centavos.

GRAN HOTEL FRANCES
COFFEE-HOUSE AND RESTAURANT
ALEGRET & OVARES
40, TIRRY STREET
(In from of Sabanilla's Station.—
Matanzas.)

A radical and complete reformation has placed the old and accredited Hotel at the high of the best ones. It has a Physician, Interpreter and intelligent dependencie and also witch á noted cook that directs the kitchen. Specialty in shell-fish. The prices are very low admitting subscritors. Beds at fifty cents.

The ass, one day last month was meandering leisurely across the campus when it occurred to him that if certain things were not so they would be different. For instance, if all the water that stands in the campus walks these days were drained off, the early spring canoe practice could be dispensed with. However, this has been the custom here so long that considerable inconvenience would probably result if a change was made.

. . .

The real difficulty lies in the fact that the college fathers have so far shown no disposition to comply with repeated requests to supply boat-houses at the extremities of the campus where students might deposit their canoes instead of having to carry them every day to and from their rooms. The erection of such shelter could be accomplished at very slight expense to the regents, as such houses could be made of light materials, removable during those parts of the year when they were not needed.

. . .

Another improvement which could also be easily made is the lowering of two or three places in the college walks which protrude above the water-level and on which the boats invariably ground, causing congestion of traffic, oftentimes just at those moments when students are most anxious to make haste. We are not disposed to complain, but merely throw out these few suggestions to let it be known that we appreciate all that has been done for our convenience and that we stand ready to applaud any other

AT THE SIGN OF THE ASS'S HEAD

improvements that may come our way.

The ass can never think of improvements but somehow or other the Ann Arbor street car **Our Elevated Road** system crowds into the foreground of his consciousness. He would like to relieve himself of some views on this ancient institution, but will refrain re-calling that it strains one so to kick at nothing.

With the Fencers' Tournament the indoor meets have come to an end.

It is, perhaps, not too much to say that this winter's meets have been the most successful ever held at Michigan. Certainly, the Cornell meet was the best attended. Michigan won all those in which outside teams competed. This, perhaps, was to be expected though there were many who feared Cornell. Cornell, in fact, has always been the best drawing card at the indoor meets and her teams have always given our men plenty to do. As this is the only track meet held with an eastern university, the event is always looked forward to by Michigan enthusiasts. The crowd which greeted the Cornell delegation, a crowd which taxed the gymnasium as it has never been heretofore, was evidence of the interest which was taken in the meet and, also, of the good feeling which exists between the two universities. Incidentally, Manager Baird was able to add a neat sum to the university's athletic fund.

The meet itself was one of surprises. Rose's exhibition in the shot-

put was the first. Having been barred from the contest on a technicality, he was allowed to give an exhibition to show what he might have done had he been allowed. After a number of "tries," all of which were better than the best put of the evening, he removed his sweater, and without apparent effort put the weight forty-eight feet and nine inches. Unfortunately the record will not stand, as it was not made in competition. Otherwise a new world's record would have been made, as Rose's put was seven inches better than the existing record for this event. It seems there is no limit to the young man's putting power. He works without the slightest effort and still ignorant of the fine points of the trick, all of which makes one wonder what he will do when he is a few years older and has added science to his strength. That he will establish records which will remain untouched for some time is already conceded, as his present records are still some distance short of what he is capable of.

Another surprise was the defeat of Kellogg by Schutt in the mile run. It is probably exaggerating to say that this really came as a surprise. Schutt was known to be a formidable competitor, but it was generally felt that, no matter what Schutt might do, Kellogg would do better. Of course, this was altogether a wrong presumption. Schutt proved himself the best man, for the one time at least. His time was two seconds better than had ever been made on our track, the best record up to that time having been made by Captain Kellogg.

BOOKS

Perhaps the greatest surprise of all was the large margin by which we bested Cornell. For two successive years we have defeated her teams by the same score of 42½ to 29½. This year the score stood, Michigan 49, Cornell 23. The meet was so far from being close that only on two or three occasions did the great crowd manifest any unusual enthusiasm. The meet, from a Michigan standpoint, at least, was highly successful, and we hope next winter will again find a Cornell team among the list of visiting teams.

Books

This is a pamphlet written in criticism of "Eulogy on the Supreme Court," by Joseph Choate, which appeared in the June issue of *The North American Review*. Mr. Bigelow in a reminiscent flush of indignation at the defeat of his friend Tilden for the Presidency, would like to see the Supreme Court properly castigated for lending countenance to the Electoral Commission of 1877. Of course, that body was *Extra-Constitutional*. Everybody understood *that* at the time. But seemingly not everybody was quite so certain as Mr. Bigelow is now, that it was *unconstitutional*. True, the Twelfth Amendment provides the method of choosing a President when no person has received a majority of the electoral votes, but it was evident enough in 1876 that one of two men *had* received such a majority. The question was, *which* one?

One thing is certain, that if Mr. Tilden's party thought the Twelfth

Amendment was applicable, as Mr. Bigelow insists, they showed themselves easy enough prey to the cajolery of Republican confidence men, in originating and passing, almost unaided by the latter, the bill providing for the Electoral Commission. For, had they brought the election into the House their two-thirds majority insured absolutely the choice of their candidate.

The attack that Mr. Bigelow makes on Justice Bradley is inexcusable. It cannot be asserted that Justice Bradley acted in a partisan manner. Oregon's single contested vote, which alone of the nineteen votes in controversy, might have been awarded to the Democratic candidate by settled constitutional construction, so obviously belonged to Hayes that it was so counted by the unanimous vote of the commission. To question the moral right of the Republican party to the vote of South Carolina, Louisiana, and Florida, was to question the morality of the Fifteenth Amendment itself. It is not strange that Justice Bradley was unwilling to go to such lengths in order to escape the charge of partisanship. At any rate—though this is merely a personal preference—we think the part he played in the famous battle for the Presidency of 1877, was decidedly more heroic than that of Justice Davis, whose flabby acquiescence in the smooth management of the Illinois Republicans so bitterly disappointed the hopes of the Democrats for a packed court, but whom Mr. Bigelow, strangely enough, pretends to find a model of judicial conscientiousness.

The pamphlet has a fine flavor of

paternal concern for Mr. Choate, and it is not without pretensions to literary adornment; a quotation from Esther, another from Oedipus Tyrannus, and a third from the Wife of Bath being interspersed at proper intervals.

E. S. C.

"The Supreme Court and the Electoral Commission": An Open Letter to the Hon. Joseph H. Choate, from John Bigelow. G. P. Putnam's Sons, N. Y., 1903; pp. 23.

Carl H. Ibershoff, teacher of French, German, and English, at the Detroit University School, has just issued a new German work for class use in preparatory schools and colleges. It is an adaptation of "Robinson Der Jüngere," the German tale of Crusoe, considerably abridged for the demand of undergraduate work. Mr. Ibershoff graduated from the literary department with the class of '98.

The Macmillan Company has just issued the January number of the *Burlington Magazine*, which has become famous during its two and a half years of life for its beautiful reproductions of all sorts of rare objects of art, the real appreciation of which is confined chiefly to the connoisseur. The most attractive features of this issue are reproduction of paintings by Greuze, Rubens, and others, in the Normanton collection, by J. S. Cotman, and by the early Milanese painters.

Mr. Thwaites' first essay in the book "How George Rogers Clark Won the Northwest, and other Essays," is the best story we have of the opening the great western door-

way of our republic. From the moment that Clark plans to seize the British centers of influence, the interest never flags. He raises his rough band of volunteers, floats down the Ohio, hurries to Kaskaskia, seizes it, and pushes on to Vincennes. Through ice and bog, and in spite of hunger and fatigue, they reach Vincennes, cow the villagers and terrify the fort into surrendering unconditionally. Then they held the Northwest until in the treaty-making at the close of the war, their fact of possession determined to whom the territory should be awarded.

The other essays touching the division of the Northwest, the Blackhawk war, Braddock's Road, Mackinac, La Pointe, and Upper Mississippi lead-mining, are all valuable treatments of events and phases of western history.

C. H. O.

Mr. Aldrich's literary activity has resulted thus far, I believe, in three volumes of poems and about seven volumes of short stories and other light reading. Mr. Aldrich is justly esteemed a successful short-story writer and a mediocre, yet withal a pleasing verse writer. It is certain that he has achieved popularity with his readers, for he issues now a miscellaneous collection of wit and wisdom under "the alluring alliteration" of *Ponkapog Papers*, which any writer, who was not convinced that his fame was assured beyond peradventure, would be careful to retain for his own private delectation. We will quote here two or three of the shorter pieces:—

"I notice the announcement of a

BOOKS

new edition of "The Two First Centuries of Florentine Literature," by Professor Pasquale Villari. I am not acquainted with the work in question, but I trust that Professor Villari makes it plain to the reader how both centuries happened to be first." (p. 4).

"The young girl in my story is to be as sensitive to praise as a prism is to light. Whenever anybody praises her she breaks into colors." (p. 10).

"The possession of unlimited power will make a despot of almost any man. There is a possible Nero in the gentlest human creature that walks." (p. 25).

"A man is known by the company his mind keeps. To live continually with noble books, with high-erected thoughts seated in the heart of courtesy," teaches the soul good manners. (p. 40).

The reader would not fail to appreciate the subtlety and the brilliancy of the author's mind if he perused seven score pages of this and the like of this. But Mr. Aldrich has written other things, and we hope that *Ponkapog Papers* will prove a financial success.

At the end of this volume Mr. Aldrich publishes an essay on Robert Herrick, which may be worth reading.

L. M. P.

Ponkapog Papers. By Thomas Bailey Aldrich. Pp. VIII-195. 1893. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston and New York. Price \$1.00 net.

The compiler has gone through the writings of Ruskin, has taken all the passages in which reference is made to the "Divine Comedy," and has arranged these under a few rubrics.

This is then said to furnish "a comment on the poem, partial and irregular indeed, but of peculiar interest." By it we are helped "to read the poem with keener intelligence and fuller appreciation of its interest and significance." And so it is that to the enormous stock of books on Dante has been added one more. The value of the present compilation is not primarily the light it throws on Dante, rather that it serves to give us a promiscuity of Ruskin's moods. But many will be interested in looking it through, no doubt for sake of the "Divine Comedy." The title, "Divine Comedy," for the poem may sound a bit nonsensical, but it is now well established. It seems pedantic to write "Divina Commedia." The "Comments" might have been furnished with an index.

L. M. P.

Comments of John Ruskin on the "Divina Commedia," compiled by George P. Huntington, with an Introduction by Charles Elliot Norton. New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1903. Pp. XIV-207. Price \$1.25 net.

...

Professor Woodberry's *America in Literature* is a volume of reprinted papers originally appearing in *Harper's Magazine* and *Harper's Weekly*. It is not an attempt to present a systematic history of American literature with an array of names and dates; rather is it an appreciative interpretation and critical analysis of the elements that enter into the literature, with some attempt at evaluation and ranking. We have no national literature, thinks Mr. Woodberry. "There has been no national author in the universal sense: no man moulded so American in genius as to appeal to all parts equally, and

BOOKS

to express the common nature either by an intense spiritual concentration or by diverse representation." In consequence he attacks his problem territorially. A chapter on beginnings is followed by four on The Knickerbocker Era, The Literary Age of Boston, The South, and The West, respectively. Two chapters, The Achievement, and Results, and Conditions, conclude the volume.

The conclusions of the author may be summed up somewhat as follows: The debt of our literature to the Continent has not been fully appreciated: "our contact with the Continent has been with its past in history, sentiment, poetic form, critical canon, artistic impression and the like from which our men of letters derived culture, and a certain dignity and grace of literary demeanor, in the scholarly group of which Irving, Longfellow, and Lowell are typical names." For the rest, our literature finds its explanation in the character of American life, a life "less turbulent and perplexed, less liable to chaotic and eccentric motions, less on the grand scale of internal battle and social upheaval, but rather a life of assured self-command, intelligent and slow change, conservative in its essence." In such a life our literature finds its limitations, for while "no nation has so pure, few so painstaking, a literature; it fails of the highest rank because it lacks inspiration, passion, that deep stirring of the spirit of man, which, with all its cost, is the cause of his highest reach in imagination, intellect, and desire." Comparatively, our writers of the first class—Bryant, Irving, Cooper, Emerson, Hawthorne, Longfellow, Lowell, and Poe, no other names would pass unchal-

lenged—"are themselves in a second class in comparison with English or French authors of the century; and, in fact, they fall, in almost a solid group, just below the greatest names in English literature, and above all others who are reckoned as second in England."

The volume is eminently stimulating and suggestive, and on the whole thoroughly sound.

R. A. A.

America in Literature, by George E. Woodberry, Harper & Brothers, New York, \$1.50.

. . .

More diligent readers of fiction who yet remember "The Pet" may elicit considerable entertainment from Mr. Salt; for not only does Mr. Will Payne favor us with a narrative of the Chicago market, as did Mr. Frank Norris, but he sends our minds remembrancing to the pages of a far better than his own book, many a time and oft—at any rate, a quite sufficient number of times. This act of recollection seems to depend on incident rather than on any trick of style. We have Salt a lover of a good driver, after Jadino, etc., etc. Mr. Payne, we think, is in this instance, one of those sincere flatterers of which the proverb speaks, as a result, perhaps, of a very desirable sensitiveness to certain characteristics of the present economic situation, a good deal of the barbaric temper of which is to be found in his book, revealed both in plot and diction, particularly in his diction, which in many ways is astonishingly unfit. His words are few and unquiet. They appear to have been secured by main strength of will. He doles

BOOKS

them out to us over the counter grudgingly. It must be he has more in his till? We protest that it is unessential to carry the individualism of trade into literary transactions; and certainly Mr. Payne has husbanded his gains—we hope for generous purposes hereafter.

R. R. K.

Mr. Salt, by Will Payne, Houghton, Mifflin & Co, Boston, \$1.50.

In "The Religion of an Educated Man" Professor Peabody has appropriately brought together three lectures originally delivered before the students of Haverford College. 'Religion As Education,' 'The Message of Christ to the Scholar,' and 'Knowledge and Service' cannot fail to strongly impress college men and women seeking a consistent religious faith. The book will appeal especially to the perplexed student who has cut loose from theological dogmas and creeds of the past, and demands a religion which needs no compromise with his education. "Religion is education; but education, when its process and end are revealed, is religion." p 27.

R. A. B.

The Religion of an Educated Man, by Professor Francis Greenwood Peabody. The Macmillan Co. New York. \$1.00 net.

Discourses on War: William Ellery Channing—with introductions by Edwin D. Mead. Ginn & Co., 1903.

The Discourses, delivered originally at various dates between 1816 and 1842, are nine in number, all devoted to fervid denunciation of war. The reason for their republication, is the Editor's belief that this fanged age

needs such mollifying gospel. "The right of the strong nations to subject the weak to their good pleasure; the conviction that the black, brown, yellow, and dirty-white people will have to go;—the flouting of our traditional ideas of popular rights as sentimental constructions for which we have no longer any use,—these are so many aspects of our own time that indicate the need of our return to him (Channing), for guidance in the doubtful way."

Yet Channing was not quite a non-resistant. His moan is against unnecessary war—as if there had ever been such a one. "War can be justified only by plain, palpable necessity," against which, however, the presumption always lies.

Channing, like his editor, takes a gloomy view of the situation. "How loose a morality governs the intercourse of states. A statesman is expected to take advantage of the weakness and wants of other countries! What nation regards another with true friendship? What nation makes sacrifices to another's good?" The wonder is that the preacher does not despair of such an audience. For like Garrison and Phillips, Channing has but a bitter gibe for the nation to which he addresses his lofty propaganda.

Another bit of historical interest attaching to the book is, that in these Discourses, we have the rough draft, so to speak, of Sumner's "True Grandeur to Nations." Also, if we choose to avail ourselves of it, a timely antidote for Wolseley's "Memoirs," or the "New York Sun's" Panamania, etc.

E. S. C.

BOOKS RECEIVED

"Macaulay's Life of Johnson," edited by A. P. Walker. D. C. Heath & Co., Boston.

"A Primer of English Literature," by Abby Willis Howes. D. C. Heath & Co., Boston.

"Zoölogy, Descriptive and Practical," by Buel P. Colton. Part I., Descriptive. D. C. Heath & Co., Boston.

"Physical Laboratory Manual," by H. N. Chute. D. C. Heath & Co., Boston.

"Man and the Divine Order," by Horatio W. Dresser. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

"Ireland Under English Rule," by T. A. Emmet. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. 2 vols.

"Little Journeys to English Authors and to Famous Musicians," by Elbert Hubbard. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

"The Political Theories of the Ancient World," by W. W. Willoughby. Longmans, Green & Co., New York.

"The Homebuilders," by Karl Edwin Harriman. Geo. W. Jacobs & Co., Philadelphia.

"Elementary Guide to Literary Criticism," by F. V. A. Painter. Ginn & Co., Boston.

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THE INLANDER

A Monthly Magazine by the Students of Michigan University

HERMANN SUDERMANN—A STATEMENT

WARREN WASHBURN FLORES

WHEN one considers the development of the German novel since Goethe's "Wilhelm Meister," and especially the development since 1848, or the more recent one since the founding of the German Empire, it seems almost incredible that contemporary German literature, so rich in modern social forces, is practically unknown in this country where German influence is so strong. And where known, a perverted conception of it usually exists. The recent activity in German literature has renewed the interest in the writings of Hermann Sudermann, the great dramatist and novelist. Sudermann is known in this country more as a dramatist than as a novelist, and mostly through an English interpretation of "Heimat." No German writer who has attained a literary reputation is, therefore, more misunderstood than Sudermann. This is due mainly to the fact that we are wont to accept dogmatic statements of the critics as infallible decisions.

It is indisputably true that the majority of critics read into a work their own ideas rather than read out of it the fundamental ideas underlying the author's words. The critics may, however, in order to substantiate their point of view, cite only passages, or parts of passages, or even words, which ostensibly lend support to their contention. Or they may judge a writer by a single book which is but a part of a larger plan, and, at the best, can give one but a limited insight into the man's life work. This is dangerous, not to say unscientific,—dangerous, because the reader may accept the criticism as final; unscientific,

HERMANN SUDERMANN—

because the deductions drawn from such insufficient premises are necessarily lacking in logical conclusions.

Again, it is very difficult for a critic, who has been brought up in certain lines of thought, to free himself entirely from the deep-rooted prejudices of early associations, and especially so when he ventures to express a judgment on the literary productions of an author so complex and so subtle in experience and character as Sudermann. Some critics, there are, who intend to dedicate their work to "Seiner Majestät," or freely translated, to the "powers that be." But the most dangerous critics of all for the American student outside of the classroom are those who write "copy." Such criticisms are usually based on the interpretation of the actors, and these interpretations are as widely different as the characters of the actors. The "Magda" of Duse would not recognize the "Magda" of Mrs. Patrick Campbell.

From the above it will be seen that if one follows the critics one will obtain but a confused conglomeration of ideas, or will accept the criticism that appeals to his own subjective tastes. One feels almost tempted to follow Goethe, put aside the critical reviews and books and go to the sources, that is, to the author's writings. Even these, we must bear in mind, are but the incomplete and imperfect expression of the inner thoughts of the author. The modernists are mostly serious men and women, writing for serious men and women, not necessarily, however, conservative.

Before one can read Sudermann with appreciation one must have attained a certain development, for each individual will only learn that which he can learn. One is at once limited by his own Seele-life-experience. One must free himself before he can appreciate a man who is already freed. That is, one must first attain a largeness of spirit, a comprehensiveness of vision which enables one to see a man or a man's work with eyes from which the scales of prejudice have fallen, it matters not whether these prejudices are rooted in extreme conservatism or extreme radicalism. Furthermore, one must consider that the range of an author is as broad as human nature itself in its deepest significance. One must look a little deeper into the depths

A STATEMENT

of human nature, since that which one is wont to call "good or bad in a powerful man," or in a powerful book, "is only in the shallow surface. Under the surface resting in dynamic power is the natural," and the natural is essentially true, and truth should be the ultimate aim of man. Even thus equipped it is necessary to know as much as possible the man, his experience, his personality and purpose in writing in order to understand the works of the man.

When Sudermann gave "Frau Sorge" to the press he was thirty years of age, so inexperience can not be charged against him. We have not, unfortunately, the real direct autobiography of the boy, the youth and the young man, although to understand a man thoroughly one must know him in his earlier years. Fortunately, however, Sudermann leads us to the portals from which we can, to a certain extent, view his inner development, namely, his novels, and especially in "Frau Sorge," into which, as Goethe did in "Werthers Leiden," he poured his very life blood. And if, after one has recovered from the "surprise and astonishment" of the first reading, one begins to read his works with "observation and investigation," he need not be classed among those who seeing see and do not perceive.

Sudermann has given a key, as it were, to himself and to his "Frau Sorge" in the dedicatory poem to his parents:—

Frau Sorge, die graue, verschleierte Frau,
Herzliche Eltern, Ihr kennt sie genau,
Sie ist ja heute vor dreissig Jahren
Mit Euch in die Fremde hinausgefahren,
Da der triefende Novembertag
Schweratmend auf nebliger Heide lag
Und der Wind in den Weidenzweigen
Euch piff den Hochzeitsreigen.

Als Ihr nach langen, bangen Stunden
Im Littauerwäldchen ein Nest gefunden
Und zagend standet an öder Schwelle,
Da war auch Frau Sorge schon wieder zur Stelle
Und breitete segnend die Arme aus
Und segnete Euch und Euer Haus
Und segnete die, so in den Tiefen
Annoch den Schlaf des Nichtseins schliefen.

HERMANN SUDERMANN—

Es rann die Zeit.—Die morsche Wiege,
Die jetzt im Dunkel unter der Stiege
Sich freut der lang verdienten Rast,
Sah viermal einen neuen Gast.
Dann, wenn die Abendglut verblichen.
Kam aus dem Winkel ein Schatten geschlichen
Und wuchs empor und wankte stumm
Erhobenen Arms um die Wiege herum.

Was Euch Frau Sorge da versprach,
Das Leben hat es allgemach
In Seufzen und Weinen, in Not und Plage,
Im Mühsal trüber Werkeltage,
Im Jammer manch durchwachter Nacht
Ach! so getreulich wahr gemacht.
Ihr wurdet derweilen alt und grau,
Und immer noch schleicht die verschleierte Frau
Mit starrem Aug' und segnenden Händen
Zwischen des Hauses armen vier Wänden,
Vom dürftigen Tisch zum leeren Schrein,
Von Schwelle zu Schwelle aus und ein,
Und kauert am Herde und bläst in die Flammen
Und schmiedet den Tag mit dem Tage zusammen.

Herzliebe Eltern, drum nicht verzagt!
Und habt Ihr Euch redlich gemüht und geplagt
Ein langes, schweres Leben lang,
So wird auch Euch bei der Tage Neigen
Ein Feierabend vom Himmel steigen.
Wir Jungens sind jung—wir haben Kraft,
Uns ist der Mut noch nicht erschlaft,
Wir wissen zu ringen mit Not und Müh'n,
Wir wissen, wo blaue Glücksblumen blüh'n;
Bald kehren wir lachend heim nach Haus'
Und jagen Frau Sorge zur Thür hinaus.

From this poem one may deduct several important facts. Sudermann has known Frau Sorge throughout his entire life. Notwithstanding this he has never lost the courage and strength to struggle with care and adversity. He knows by experience where the true flowers of fortune grow. By his own endeavors he has outgrown the sorrows of the past and now looks upon life in a healthy optimistic spirit. In this poem is contained the theme of his entire work.

In order to appreciate Sudermann it is necessary to study

A STATEMENT

his character, lest we may fall into the mistakes Richard M. Meyer makes in his "German Literature of the Nineteenth Century." Meyer has apparently caught but a fleeting glimpse of Sudermann, as he disappeared hurriedly in the orange groves of Bellagio. Again, Meyer noticed that Sudermann seemed to use the word "flackernd" quite often, and immediately made one of his "flackernd" turns and stated that Sudermann wrote in a "flackernd" haste. A composite picture of a man according to the adjectives or words which he may prefer to use to describe certain things or to depict certain characters would certainly be a very interesting phenomenon.

What a different conception of Sudermann may one obtain from his own words and actions:

"We boys are young—we have strength,
Our courage has not as yet lost its savor—"

Or later in 1902 in answer to inquiries which Crottewitz sent throughout Germany in order to obtain the opinions of various artists concerning the future of German literature, Sudermann replied: "Create artist! talk not."

Again, note Sudermann's speech which was forced by the movement culminated in what is known as the "Lex Heinze" before the "Goethebund" at Munich, April, 1900. A word concerning the "Goethebund" may be in place before proceeding. The "Goethebund" is a sort of defensive and offensive alliance of the artists (in the broad meaning of the word) of Germany against the powerful movement inspired by the "Centrum" and the "ultra scholastic conservatives" to clip the artist's wings and to impose upon him limitations according to their conception of what good and evil is. This movement culminated, as stated, in the "Lex Heinze." According to this bill, works of art were to be submitted to a jury consisting of extremely conservative and safe men. They were to stamp the works of art as good or bad according to their finding. No more fitting acknowledgment of Goethe's broad conception of art could be rendered than by calling the alliance of modern artists the "Goethebund," and by the selection of Goethe as its "Schutzpatron."

"Our Schutzpatron, in whose name we are here gathered,

once said: 'In every artist there must be concealed a germ of audacity, without which no talent is conceivable.' So spake Goethe. Rob the artist of this privilege to be audacious and to endeavor to seek his own path through the underbrush, meaning in plain words, rather to trot along decorously and comfortably upon the macadamized roads behind the retinue of the prince, and you will soon see how soon German art will be at an end. But that shall never happen. And in order that it shall never happen stands our Goethebund on guard, and will take good heed that no force shall be applied to German making and creating, that no force shall be applied to German thinking and investigation, it matters not whether it may come."

Such is the calibre of Sudermann the man.

The next question is—what are his aims? The aims of a writer often give rise to many unphilosophical discussions. Sudermann, however, in "Heimat," defined his aim in a short concise sentence, "The purpose of art is to elevate the moral sense of the people." Knowing his aim, what is his method? In order to elevate the moral sense of the people, one must awaken the moral sense. What is his process? Exposure. What is to be exposed? The conditions which tend to dull the moral sense. What are these conditions? The family, the school, the church, the society, the government, in so far as they retard a healthful development of individuality.

One may thus have an idea what will be treated in his writings and especially in his novels. And knowing the nature of the poet, you may see that he will not handle things with gloves. By experience Sudermann first learned what was right and then went ahead. He blazed his own path through the underbrush of society, and at the age of thirty he had so freed himself that, like his creation Paul Meyhöfer, he could stand up with an erect head and tell the truth before the tribunals of the world, regardless of consequences. And as one knows, to quote literally from Luther: "The entire world hates the truth, if it hits," or "truth is the most unbearable thing on the earth." Sudermann is one of the few who have recognized the heart and contemplation of man, because he has looked a little deeper into the "Seele" of a human being and has been courageous enough to

A STATEMENT

reveal his feeling, his contemplation. One may thus see that his writings are a veritable mine for the honest reader.

The work which contains Sudermann's "Dichtung und Wahrheit" to a certain degree and which has merited the new attention given to it by the appearance of Gustav Frenssen's "Jörn Uhl" is his first and, as many think, his best novel "Frau Sorge." Every reader will have a different impression of the book on first perusal, according to how much he will read into or read out of it. "Frau Sorge" will make the average reader sad. That is, the person who reads the book to get the mere story, or reads it to kill time, or perchance, as supplementary reading. These readers feel sorry for Paul; they feel sorry for everybody; they feel sorry for themselves; they feel sorry for Sudermann, because he has written such a sorrowful book. Why did not Sudermann, for their amusement, tell more lovely stories in "Frau Sorge" like the one about the young lawyer who loved sweets to such an extent that, at the sight of a box of chocolate which he could not have, he turned into sugar?

An observant reader will notice that everything is, even on the surface, not "Sorge" in the book. Human nature is so prone to remember the rainy days, without considering their benefit, and to accept the bright ones as a matter of course. Paul, however, lives many "tief beglückte Stunden," and has "Pläne voller Hoffnung." He experiences the joys of nature. The acquaintanceship with Elsbeth make him "freudvoll" as well as "leidvoll." The poet understands how to depict the happy as well as the sad of his destiny. One must remember that the book covers years of life, and that only those points are brought out which make Paul grow to feel the dignity and self-consciousness of manhood. To emphasize that Paul's life is more than is contained in the book, Sudermann has placed his dashes in a most masterly manner. In these dashes are contained unspoken worlds. A young man once, under the influence of certain kinds of criticism, thought, however, that he had been reading an expurgated edition. This incident illustrates Sudermann's opinion that the discussion about the morality, or better, immorality, of a work of art has caused the young mind to lose its naturalness.

HERMANN SUDERMANN—

The object of this short article, however, is not to treat the development, or to give an æsthetic discussion of the book. The reader may find these in Kawerau's "Hermann Sudermann," in the histories of Modern German Literature, in various articles and criticisms. A simple statement will be made in regard to Sudermann's literary position in the light of the most recent contemporary literature. Sudermann has been severely criticised by men who, to a large extent, "have pastured their youth on the literature of a hundred years ago" as being a "Tendenz" writer. But that has been the lot of nearly all men who have dared to treat the social conditions of the age in which they have lived. 'People have a habit of trying to drive artists out of the world; this is, perhaps, not due to the evilness of mankind, but is rather the divine will of the Creator, for if one does not strike the tuning fork it will not resound.'

Before noticing Gustav Frenssen's "Jörn Uhl," an observation on the influence of Sudermann's writings in another direction deserves to be made. In his dramas, "Die Ehre," "Heimat," and "Es Lebe das Leben," and in the powerful short play, "Fritzchen," which is a model of its kind, Sudermann has attacked the subtle parasitic forces which are undermining the governing society of Germany. These works have helped to pave the way for those novels which are to-day revealing the conditions which exist in the army life. The strongest book is Baron Schlicht's (Wolf Graf von Baudissin) "Men of the First Class." This demonstrates, even if Sudermann be a "Tendenz" writer, that he has caught the tendencies of the times, perhaps, however, not in every respect. He has seen to a great extent, "das Gewirre der Leidenschaften, Familien und Reiche sich zwecklos bewegen—die unauflösblichen Rätsel der Missverständnisse, denen oft ein einsilbiges Wort zur Entwicklung fehlt, unsäglich verderbliche Verwirrungen verursachen." And perhaps he has fulfilled, more than one at the present can divine, the words of the poet of Hemme: "Ich glaube, es liegt daran . . . daran, dass ich nicht mit beiden Beinen im Trubel der Menschheit stehe. Ich muss mich mit meinen beiden festen Beinen breitspurig hinstellen und muss die Augen offen haben. So wie es wirklich ist, das Leben, rund um mich her, das muss

A STATEMENT

ich sehen. Man muss den Dingen, so wie sie sind, auf den Grund gehen. Das Leben muss man ansehen und dann seine Quellen suchen. Das Leben sprudelt rings umher; aber wer sieht die Quellen, die Wassergänge unter der Erde? Sie stehen und staunen: Bunt ist das Leben, ein Wirbel! Nein. Es hat Quelle und Lauf. Es ist ein Strom. Woher kommt er? Wohin geht er? Wer das weiss, der kann mehr als andere Leute!"

This fact explains to a great extent the similarity of "Frau Sorge" and "Jörn Uhl." Both poets seem to have observed the current of the life of the nation. Whence it comes, and whither it is going. Whether Frenssen was under the influence of "Frau Sorge," or not, the fact remains that Sudermann first made "Sorge" as the basis of a "Roman," and that his "Frau Sorge" and other writings, especially "Katzensteg," "Es War," and the above-mentioned dramas, helped to prepare the way for the unprecedented reception of Frenssen's writings. The fact that Frenssen does not mention Sudermann has given rise to much speculation, but it does not prove anything. In reality it is the most natural thing to do. That Sudermann, as a young man almost a generation ago, in this age when the development has been so rapid and so powerful, saw the hidden springs and the secreted burns which have fed the current of the new century, and that he has sung, in his particular way, melodies which have not been sung before, is sufficient to establish for him a permanent place in the history of German literature.

Again, both poets agree that each man must have an independent "Weltanschauung;" that the development of a "Weltanschauung" is slow; that this development begins in the earliest childhood, and that it means: "Auf, entdecke dir selbst Land, Wasser, Geräte und Nahrung!" It is thus perfectly natural that the poets who know whence the current of life comes, and whither it goes, should have to a certain extent a similar "Weltanschauung." It is also perfectly natural that the poets who have lived in different localities, who have been brought up in a different atmosphere, who have enjoyed a different education, who have pursued a different vocation, and who have ripened in a different decade, should have a different "Weltanschauung." Thus, in the "Weltanschauung" is where

HERMANN SUDERMANN—

they are alike, and also where they are different, although they have the same ultimate aim—the development of an independent personality within its environments. The environments, or social forces, will be similar in some respects and different in others. Both come from what one may call modern Germany—the North—but Sudermann's "Heimat" is Lithuania, and Frenssen's "Heimat" is Schleswig-Holstein. Frenssen lives in the old "Heimat." Sudermann has a new "Heimat"—Berlin, but he still keeps alive the old. Both have the history, philosophy, and literature of the past, from which they profit in their own way. Both live under the influence of the same general "Zeitgeist." However, what one calls "Zeitgeist" in literature, is "Im Grund der Herren eigner Geist, in dem die Zeiten sich bespiegeln." Therefore, one cannot compare the two poets with the same glass, nor gauge them with the same measure.

As stated before, both poets have "Sorge" as the fundamental basis of their work. However, it is a different "Sorge," and therefore requires a different treatment. A word in regard to the "Frau Sorge" which hovered over Paul Meyhöfer's life, may be in place. An observant reader will notice that the theme of Paul's mother's life, as seen in her actions and poems, is repentance. In Paul's early childhood, repentance checked his development. Under the influence of the confirmation hour he felt repentance. And when the organ was pealing out, "Lobe den Herrn, den mächtigen König der Ehren," Paul noticed at the altar the picture of Magdalene, and whispered "Frau Sorge." One sees the influence of repentance throughout the book. Finally Paul recognizes what has been retarding his development. In his confession before the court he said: "Mir fehlte die Würde und das Selbstbewusstsein,—ich vergab mir zu viel gegenüber den Menschen und mir selber." Repentance is his real "Frau Sorge." But the poet must not allow Paul to despair. Along with the influence of repentance one sees the development of Paul's individuality with the growth of his "Weltanschauung." Different phases of mastery are shown throughout. The desire "das ich zu betätigen," is aroused more and more. Slowly, but surely, Paul is prepared for the decisive moment when his inner self must assert its supremacy. He recognizes

A STATEMENT

that no one can live a life for him, and that he must free himself before he can begin to live an independent life. When he recognizes this fact his "Frau Sorge" loses its magic and powerful control. He has gained his individuality, he has conquered through his own experiences and exertions. From now on "Würde" and "Selbstbewusstsein" are no longer lacking in his life. And that certainly is a solution of the problem which the artist undertook to solve.

Frenssen, although he treats different "Sorgen," recognizes "selbstbewusstsein" in the development of manhood. However, in accordance with his experiences and vocation, he adds one important element. He recommends the Christian "Weltanschauung." His "Jörn Uhl" illustrates the development of a man within the newer, or perhaps, better, within the conception of Christianity, as Frenssen sees it. Sudermann, however, has not overlooked the strong, invisible, blessing forces which are to be found in the New Testament. We see these forces in "Frau Sorge," not as visible as in "Jörn Uhl," but powerfully present. With Sudermann it is more the religion of the layman than that of the pastor, but none the less religion.

The broad-minded reader, quoting indirectly from Stern, will observe that the fundamental idea is that sorrow has blighted the youth of many excellent and capable young men, and that only the strength of the opportune moment of victorious decision can rescue, remains true for thousands. He will see that it is the object of the poets to treat the inner life, the poetical side of an oppressed nature, and to search for the divine spark in the harshness of stern duty. He will find both Sudermann and Frenssen outspoken opponents of those poets who need a beautiful, externally gentle man in order to find human life worthy of representation. They have thus recognized that a "simple, deep life is worth relating." That alone is sufficient to assure a lasting influence on German literature. Sudermann accomplished this in "Frau Sorge" in 1887.

THE FOG

HARLAN P. ROWE

THE Great Lake is the eldest daughter of the sea, of the ever changing, restless sea, that gray wanderer of the earth who is forever pacing up and down between the twin mysteries of the frozen poles, peering into forgotten harbors and nosing about among the bones of dead ships.

From the sea she has her heritage; a heritage of heaving distances and sunless depths; of jewels half hidden among folds of blue, and yeasty, green rollers following fast beneath a clearing sky,—and the heritage of the fog.

Ah! The Fog! It comes down as silently as the night. The passengers are grouped about the deck looking back at the swiftly receding harbor, animate with its life. Suddenly the scene is blotted out. The steamer continues on her course, but as much alone as though in mid-lake.

Over goes the handle of the telegraph on the bridge. A ringing bell, and the pointer on the dial swings around to half speed. The rush of the bows through the water dies to a ripple, and the throbbing leviathan forges slowly ahead.

Then on every side pandemonium breaks loose! Shrill whistles, ringing signal bells, deep toned sirens and voices shouting commands and answers, and, sending a troubled minor note through it all, the melancholy tolling of the fog bells.

Shadowy forms of life become apparent. Thirty yards away, on the starboard quarter, lies the long, indistinct bulk of a huge freighter, and out of the mist beyond comes the booming roar of a siren. Off the port bow a low-lying whale-back blends her gray form wierdly with the fog. Here and there a massive iron prow pushes enquiringly by through the veil for an instant and a long, gaunt shape goes drifting by with pigmy figures astir high up on the bridge. Ahead, astern, on either hand the damp unreality of the fog is haunted by great, slow-moving monsters whose bellowing echoes over the gray waste; and among them the steamer cautiously feels her way. The confusion of sounds rapidly grows fainter, and ceases altogether,

THE FOG

and she is alone, alone save for the white lake gulls winging low in her wake and sweeping and darting and blending with the mist.

Occasionally the veil is rent. The vessel crosses reaches of clear water, but only to plunge into that damp wall on the other side.

About, above, below, a uniform gray.

So it continues during the whole afternoon, and during the whole afternoon the siren moans her monotonous song to the gulls. Then, toward evening, in an interval of silence listening ears catch the faint, far-away sound of an answering note somewhere in the mist ahead.

The officers on the bridge gather in a knot and listen. Nearer and nearer draws the stranger, her siren's muffled moan sounding wierdly across the cloaked waters.

Anxious eyes strain over the rail, striving to read the mystery of the fog. Anxious watchers look to the bridge for any trace of uneasiness, and the suspense becomes tense with expectation.

At last! A low cry, "there she is!" runs from group to group. The rail is lined. A dozen outstretched arms point toward her.

Yes, there she is! A faint, ghostly wraith of a freighter creeping slowly up by an eighth of a mile away!

Afternoon wanes. A short, gray twilight and darkness shuts down over the dreary waste; and all through the night restless sleepers are roused from troubled dreams by the mournful siren, and once are startled into wakefulness by the sound of a tolling bell.

'TIS SPRING

M. H. P.

The south wind comes with floods of rain;
The sun peeps out and smiles again;
The young-old earth awakes, to thrill
In coy surprise, relaxed and still;
And lo, the buds are born, to sing
'Tis spring, 'tis spring, 'tis spring!

REFERENCES

**Over the brown plain, into the red west,
Gallop- ing on!**

296

THE STRUGGLE FOR RECOGNITION

H. A.

PART I

“**B**LANK, blank, blank, as Mary McLean would say, blank you, blank it, blank everything.”

“What’s the trouble, Mike?”

“Nothing, everything, Hans. Let’s go back to work and forget it.”

Terence Henry Wagner was sitting at his window in his modest room away out near the observatory. After a quarter of an hour’s study he stopped, looked out of the window a moment, then threw his pencil on the floor and gave his “François’ Composition” a vicious fling into the corner, perched both elbows on the table and looked gloomily out on a gloomy landscape. And then, as always in time of stress, the Irish in him, his Irish nature broke out in protest as though in conversation with the other side—his German side.

“You know what’s the matter Hans. I’m tired, and sick, and blue. I’ve been thinking how little I amount to up here. I go up to class, the Prof. calls out a name, looks up, addresses the owner of it as Mr. or Miss as it had turned out to be, pumps some questions into him, makes a note in his class-book and at the end of the term decides that certain names have passed all right,—so records it—and that’s all the nearer he comes to us. I suppose if he happened to know one personally it would be different, but as it stands, it seems to me that one common, ordinary Dutch-Irish Freshman attracts as much notice and is of as much consequence as one of the squirrels on the campus. I’m not kicking. The Profs. couldn’t do otherwise without getting brain fever. The University is too big. I feel out of everything. I’m just a sort of stranger coming and going, why or where or where from to what end, or how successfully no one knows or cares, or even considers.”

“Cut it out, Mike, you’re just feeling blue tonight. You don’t mean half of this. Every freshman has his moments of

THE STRUGGLE

discouragement, his moments when the problem he's tackled looks too big for him. But stay with it. If you want attention paid you, if you want recognition, you've got to win it, you've got to prove your right to it."

"Well, that's just the point, Hans, I have tried to do something, to be somebody,—tried hard. But I've flunked and flunked, again and yet again, and I'm discouraged. Tonight at the Gym. I was running with the mile squad—here I've been training nearly a month and ought to be getting in shape—and they hit it up pretty hard, and after about eight laps, I was all in. I managed to stay with it for three more, then I just had to drop out, and the other fellows seemed to be running just as easy, with no particular effort at all. It's two weeks now till the first meet, and here in an ordinary practice mile, I've had to quit when about three-fourths of the way round. In the society debate last week, I finished about fifth—of course the fellows told me that was pretty good, considering the men I had against me. You know I failed to make the All-Fresh last fall, and there again they told me I played pretty good football, and Hackett who beat me out will stand a good show of making the 'Varsity next fall, but the point is this:—In every direction that you turn there'll be a dozen or so stars, men who seem to outclass you altogether. Now, I'm tired of being pretty good at different things—I want to be the best man at something.

"But even then what's the use? Who is there in the whole University that would care whether I win or lose. Besides Harry Adams from home, and say three other fellows, there wouldn't be anybody at all to come around and say 'Good work, old man. I'm blamed glad to see you win out.' Hans, I think this is the sorest point of all. I'm tired of not having any friends, tired of being lonesome, tired of walking along the street without anyone's even noticing me. I haven't had a single good time all year. Why is it, that there isn't any way for the ordinary non-fraternity man to have any fun. Maybe it's my fault, but if I go to a church social I only meet a lot of people who were strangers until then, are strangers all evening, and are generally strangers ever afterward. And this is the week of the J. Hop when the contrast is sharpest, most painful."

FOR RECOGNITION

"O well, cheer up. I tell you what, why don't you move down closer to the campus and go to some good big boarding house?—Can't afford it?—Why you can rustle up a job waiting on table or something, and fix that all right. Your living away out here is one reason why you don't know more fellows, why you feel like an outsider. Friendship, you know, is simply a matter of streets. Another thing—when you get to feeling this way, sit down, light your pipe and think about the Princess."

"Hans, I believe you're right again. Isn't she a girl though? I tell you, she's my kind of girl, line for line, trail for trail, smile for smile. I've seen her just four times—one—two—three—four—every time an event. With a girl like her beside me to say—'Go in and win, Mike dear, for me,' I tell you I could win a place in college and in the big world outside. Girls I have liked because they were good to look on, because they were bright and could understand your jokes, because they were sympathetic and could appreciate your troubles, because, they were square and treated a fellow right, because they were sweet and gentle, and seemed to need a big strong chap around, because they liked me, but the Princess—she's different from them all. I love her for her own sweet self, for the way she wears her hat, for the way she manages her skirt as she picks her way across the campus, for the way she smiles. I tell you, Hans, we Irish have our faults, our limitations, but we have an appreciation of the beautiful that is better than all your science and your philosophy."

"Well, Mike, if you'll come down from the clouds for awhile you'll hear a little sparkling wisdom straight from the German Empire. It's this: Be leary—rave about your Princess all you like, but keep it to yourself. Don't butt in. You don't know her now and you're happy in your illusions of her perfection. As long as you don't know her, you'll love her. Maybe you won't if you know her better. Keep her where she is now—a part of your æsthetic nature—a little dearer to you than music, or poetry, or painting. A bubble is a very pretty thing, but don't take it in your hands."

"What an awful cynic you are, Hans. I wouldn't have your opinion of human nature for anything. And yet—O.

THE STRUGGLE

Princess, can I trust you? Trust you to be what you seem? I think—I should like—to take the risk—anyway. You won't fail me, will you, Princess?"

II

It was the night of the Fresh-Soph meet. The two teams were very evenly balanced and there was a feeling on each side that only a very little more of will, of enthusiasm, of stay-with-it-ness would turn the scale, and as a result excitement ran high. The keenest contest, perhaps, was expected in the mile-run. Kennedy, the Sophomore, had been looked on the previous year as a most promising candidate for the Varsity, until he fell on the ice and was laid up the rest of the season. This year the mile-run had been conceded to him until young Farley, a freshman of interscholastic fame, had come out for the team. Among the other names on the list of candidates for this event was Wagner. The owner of this name was walking restlessly around the gymnasium, up on the track, then down to the main floor, down into the basement, then up again after a while. "O you miserable poor fool," he asked himself: "Why didn't you keep out of this athletic business and then you could sit up there on the bleachers with the rest of the care-free crowd and be happy. If you had stuck to 'pit' and 'flinch' you wouldn't have this sickening feeling of dread and shrinking now. Look at Kennedy joshing with that crowd of girls as though this was an ordinary night, while I—poor devil—would like nothing better than a hole where I could crawl in and die. And the Lord knows I've trained hard enough for this, too. Why, just think; the other night I was thinking I stood some show. Fitzpatrick said we made it in 4:50, and there were only six men who stayed with it and three of them were 'U' men. I was dead to the world when we finished, but I thought to myself at the time that I'd be willing to have to be carried away, if I could only win tonight. But now the very thought of winning or of starting even makes me sick."

The only people he met in his wanderings around the gym. who knew him were a fellow in his German class who wished him "good luck," and the captain of the track team, who made it a point to keep an eye on all material, promising or not, and

FOR RECOGNITION

who called out to him a careless "Hello"—until suddenly, so suddenly that he grew white, just at the door of the main hall, he met—the Princess, and for a full second the two looked into each other's eyes. Then Harry Adams, who was with her, exclaimed, "Why, hello there, Terry. Are you going in to-night? What event are you trying for?"

"Mile," said Terence, coming back to earth.

"Good work! Miss Mason, let me present my friend Wagner, and if you'll excuse me a moment I'll see if I can't get hold of a program."

"I'm very glad to meet you, Mr. Wagner," said the girl. "Did you say you were going to run the mile?"

"Yes."

"Well, I do hope you will win. Of course I want to see our class win, but I want particularly to see Mr. Kennedy beaten. He was out at the house the other night, and was so confident that the Sophs would win, and that he would beat the Freshmen in the mile, that I got real angry. Now, Mr. Wagner," and she shook her finger at him, half serious, half jesting if you will win, may all honor and glory, thanksgiving and praise be yours, now and forevermore."

As she was speaking she dropped the tiny tea rose that she carried, and as Terence picked it up, he said: "If I could win this by winning the race, I should treasure it more than all the honor and the glory, the thanksgiving, and the praise."

She looked at him for a minute, with a twinkle in her eyes that was almost a smile, then she said, "If you win, you may keep it."

"I'm going to be presumptuous enough to ask if I may keep it now and wear it in the race. In olden times, you know, when the knight went forth to battle for his lady, she gave him a token to wear, and oftentimes the favor helped him more to win than his skill and courage. May I wear your favor?"

Again she looked straight into his eyes, this time almost earnestly for an instant, then broke into a smile that made Terence clinch his hands tight behind him to keep from taking her in his arms. Then quickly, but very gently, very delicately, she pinned the bright red rosebud on his white jersey, and said:

THE STRUGGLE

"Do you realize your responsibility? You must not lose now."

And there was a look of high resolution, almost consecration on his face as he answered, "So help me, I won't."

"Then go, Sir Launcelot, and acquit you as a true knight."

* * * * *

The mile-run was the next to the last event on the program. The score stood 37-27 in favor of the Freshmen, but the pole-vault was still undecided, and first place in the relay was conceded to the Sophs. Just before the milers started, Franklin, whom the Freshmen counted on to win the pole-vault, fell and sprained his wrist. The three remaining contestants who had all cleared the bar were Sophs, so the score immediately changed to 37-36, and excitement became intense. If the Freshmen could take first in the mile, those five points, with the three from the relay, would win them the meet—otherwise they were beaten. So the Freshmen gave nine good ones for Farley, and the Sophs came back at them with nine and a tiger for Kennedy.

The Freshmen were to start from the south side of the track, the Sophs from the north. Wagner drew fifth place, the last on his side. In spite of his resolution, his heart sank now that he was actually face to face with his contest. The crowd, his native nervousness, his new responsibility, all weighed on him, and a chilly, sickening feeling, took the place of his resolute self-confidence. "On your marks! Set! Bang!" and they were off. Both sides hit up a stiff pace from the start. After four laps Farley took the pace for the Freshmen, and pushed it a little harder, keeping about opposite the Sophs. The pace was faster than Wagner had met in practice, and he began to lose breath. By the eighth lap his whole body seemed to cry out for breath, for rest. Those of the spectators who happened to notice, observed that the last man on the Freshman side was about all in. Nine laps, ten, he ran, though every step seemed to take the last bit of strength in his body. And he could see Farley ahead, taking long, easy swinging strides, with no more effort, it seemed to Terence, than a dog. At the end of the tenth lap two of the men ahead of him dropped out, and there was a sickening space of about thirty feet between him and the second man, and it seemed like agony for him to put any more energy into his stride.

FOR RECOGNITION

His brain seemed numbed, he couldn't think of the honor, or the glory, or even the Princess. There was just one thing beating back and forth in his brain, and that was to stay with it. During the eleventh lap he painfully closed up the distance, and as they struck into the twelfth lap it came to him suddenly that the race was almost over, the end was in sight, that he was still with the leaders, that he had a responsibility and an opportunity, and that now was the time. The idea awoke all the fighting Irish in him. A rose and a smile seemed to call him on. Bang went the gun. It was the beginning of the thirteenth lap, and Wagner, with new spirit, started to overtake the man ahead of him. He took the outside of the narrow track, and just as they struck the first curve, he stumbled—only slightly, but so that his foot struck the board floor outside the track, slipped, and the next instant he was down. For a second the whole crowd held its breath, but the next minute, when with the blood running from his face and his knee, he set out again, desperately trying to recover the lost ground, the whole audience, stirred by his pluck, cheered him till the building rang.

Arms, legs, shoulders, he seemed to put his whole body into the effort. For the minute he was unconscious of his injuries or fatigue. He saw the two men ahead of him, he heard the cheers of the crowd, he felt the excitement of a great struggle. Twenty feet, ten, five, he closed up the gap, passed the second man at the west end of the track, and on the flat south stretch forged his way ahead of Farley. Then for the first time he glanced across the track. He saw Kennedy, seemingly about ten feet ahead of him. There was a moment of dismay, of reaction from his exhaustive sprint. His strength had been gone for several laps, and he had been running on his nervous power, and now that seemed to fail him. The track would rise in front of him and strike his foot unexpectedly, and twice he stumbled. But as he passed the back stretch he saw Kennedy only about six feet ahead of him. Responding somehow to the tumultuous cheering of the Freshmen, and collecting all his reserve energy, he threw himself into the last sprint. Without the spur of competition he ran blindly, as though bucking time itself, faster and faster, till amid the wildest excitement he crossed the tape—a winner.

THE STRUGGLE

As Wagner went home that night he vowed it had been the happiest night of his life. The fellows had almost carried him down stairs. Skilful fingers bandaged his wounds, while for the heart and mind was the sweetest balm - recognition. The captain of the track team came running in, and shook his hand enthusiastically, saying:—

"By Jove, old man, you're a trump. That was the greatest race I ever saw. You've got the right stuff in you."

Fellows he only knew in classes, hurried in and congratulated him, while up on the floor the whole crowd of Freshmen, Sophomores, and all, gave nine long rahs for Wagner, and then the Freshmen sang, "Oh, how he Ran."

But there was something else. As soon as they'd let him, he hurried upstairs. The relay had ben finished and the crowd was pouring out, but the Princess was waiting for him. She came up with both hands outstretched.

"I couldn't go, Sir Launcelot, until I told you how splendidly you had run, and that I'm proud of my knight."

"O, Princess, is it all really true? Am I really talking to you? Did I win the race, or is this just another dream?"

"No, Sir Launcelot, its all true. That's the best of it. You must come around to see me. I live at the Phi Sigma Gamma house, you know. What fraternity do you belong to?"

"I'm not a frat man at all."

"Oh. Well don't forget to come around. Good-night."

"Good-night, Princess."

III

It was a few days later at Garrison's Boarding House. With his white coat and apron, and a tray of dishes, Terence was coming from his table into the hall, when he met the Princess with two other girls. For a moment her face showed a succession of emotions. Surprise, anger, pain, embarrassment, and pride, struggled for the mastery. Then she grew white and cold, and passed him without a word. For a moment the world seemed to grow dark to him. Had the Princess deliberately thrown him down? It was impossible. And yet—it was true. By an effort of the will, he managed to banish it far enough from his mind to

FOR RECOGNITION

finish up his work. That afternoon he saw her coming toward him a couple of blocks away, but—perhaps unintentionally—she crossed the street before they met. He tried not to think of it until he got back to his room, where he could think the whole matter over quietly. When he did get home that night he sat at his window in the darkness a long time.

“It seems like the world has all gone wrong. What’s the use of trying? What’s the use of anything. O, Princess, how could you do it, how could you fail me when I trusted you so?”

A SONNET

I. A. J.

The Dawning in the East,
And lillies, with their white, still throats
Uplifted passionlessly;
While through the grey there floats
The chorused matin-music of the lark,
And all dimmed in a waving, misty dark,
And so—the Dawn.

The Dark’ning in the West,
And poppies with their soft, red lips
Down-bended sensuously;
While through the gloom there slips
The sad-songed vespers of the nightingale,
And all robed in a purple, clinging veil
And so—the Dark.

A STORY FOR THE MAIL EDITION

FRANK G. KANE

HARDLY had the telephone bell ceased jangling when the receiver of the instrument was enclosed by Jimmie's grimy paw. The city editor, glancing up wearily from the sheet of copy before him, mentally expressed the wish that there were enough office boys in the world to permit of a new one for each day in the year. All day, Jimmie had been promptitude personified, and if the man "on" the desk had not known as much about office boys as he did, he would have congratulated himself upon selecting this particular little Milesian from the saucy, roistering group that he had found fighting around his door early in the afternoon.

Jimmie's tousled head appeared around the corner of the editor's desk. As he proffered the desk 'phone, he vehemently remarked:

"Say, dere's a guy talkin' tru dis ting wot has 'is mout' full of mush, I guess—anyway, I can't get wise on wot he's tryin' t' pipe us off t'."

"Hello!" cried Mitchell, paying no attention to the boy.

Over the wire came a responsive "Hello," in thick, Teutonic voice, "Dis is der Tribune—Yes! Vell, den, I, who am speaking mit you, am Chay. Hoppenheimer—ja, wot der pawilion by der Lake Forest on runs yet—ja, by der Lake Forest, I saidt. Vell, you know oldt Thymer, de billionaires manufacturers, wot by Rocher's poulevard lives? Vell, he-he-his daughter, Miss Thymer, who comes sailing der Lake Forest on, and wot stops my pawilion by for lunch efery tay she here is, well, she, Miss Thymer—Hello!—ja—Miss Thymer, I saidt, is get from de lake a whole boat load—zwei oder drei—of dem Chicago peoples wot is on Park Point camping now. Dot is all I know—I do not know dem Chicago people's names. You will remember you dis is Chay. Hoppenheimer wot is mit you speaking, wot runs der pawilion der Lake Forest by? You can put my my name in der paper—you can spell it Chay, dot is for Chay, der first letter, den—"

A STORY FOR THE MAIL EDITION

It was not of much consequence how J. Hoppenheimer spelled his name, especially at this moment, when Mitchell's nose for news scented a good story. The city editor whirled in his chair and shouted:

"'Put'! 'Put' Moe!"

Any other reporter on the staff than Francis Putney Moe would have jumped to his feet and hurried into the office. "Put" nonchalantly flicked the ash from his cigar, carefully placed the little tube on the shift-key of his Underwood, and walked into the office, rolling down the sleeves of his shirt as he walked.

Mitchell never wasted words:

"'Put', here's a good story. Go out to Prescott G. Thymer's—5521 Rogers Boulevard—and see Miss Thymer about doing the heroic rescue act for some Chicago campers on Park Point—three of them were in a sail-boat that capsized, I believe. Let's see, it's now 11:30. You can get the last car to Peachy street and Holden avenue and from there you'll have to hike five blocks to Thymer's. I want a good story on this for the mail edition."

As "Put" folded a pad of copy paper to fit his pocket, disappeared down the hall, the "club" reporter commented:

"He'll have a hard time landing that yarn—so late, and old Thymer, you know."

"It's a tough proposition, but if it can be landed 'Put' is the boy can do it. 'Put's' the smoothest of 'em all. Who got the story of the Wilson-Hadley collision in the harbor last spring? And got it with the statements from every man aboard the Hadley, even after the attorneys had enjoined inflexible silence upon all? 'Put'! Who beat the town on the Aylward-Purdy elopement? 'Put'! And he isn't any society reporter, either. I'll stack 'Put' against any man west of New York City."

Having so expressed his mind, the sporting editor deemed that he had recalled enough instances in support of his sweeping statement qualifying "Put," and he turned to his task of calculating the positions of the teams in the Inland league. The "cub" resolved to remember the names of the affairs mentioned, in which "Put" had appeared to advantage, and also to induce

A STORY FOR THE

the sporting man to tell him the stories of the stories some night after all the copy was in.

"Put" possessed a fair conception of the difficulty of his task by the time he had spent three minutes on the porch of the Thymer residence. After he had pushed the electric button for the sixteenth consecutive time within five minutes, "Put" stuck a piece of gum over the depressed rubber, and, while the bell jangled furiously, continuously, within, he hammered with both fists on the door panels without. Then he lifted his voice in resonant calls of:

"Hi! There!"

"Any one at home?"

"Hi! There!"

A window above his head rasped, and looking up "Put" beheld the rubicund face of the magnate protruding over the sill. Then on his ears fell the stern words, uttered earnestly and evidently with the speaker's wrath ill-suppressed:

"Young man, you get away from that door! Go on, now, or I'll call the police! No; I won't come down, and I won't talk to you. I know what you want, and you're not going to get it. Go away, now, or land yourself in jail!"

The window banged down savagely.

Slowly retracing his steps along the spacious frontage of the Thymer grounds, "Put" was given time to allow the city editor's request for a good story for the mail edition to sink deeper into his mind. He needed that story. Here he had had it run to earth for him, and he couldn't obtain the mere details. It was annoying, to say the least. At the stone gateway of the next driveway he crossed, "Put" stopped to scratch a match. As he held the fire to the end of his cigarette, a plan presented itself for his consideration. It was a bold, daring plan, one that would, perhaps, lead him into an embarrassing situation. That's why he gave it consideration. A scheme that would be thrown aside by the ordinary reporter as being totally without the pale of feasibility was always of the sort seized upon eagerly by "Put."

The sleepy butler, blinking under the strength of the electric light suddenly thrown in his eyes, managed to discern dimly

MAIL EDITION

the figure of a tall, well-dressed young man on the porch. He was startled into wakefulness by the stranger's speech, which, closely following his own words, ran:

"Is the young lady of the house at home? Yes! Then, will you please tell her that a gentleman wishes to speak to her a few moments on a matter of great importance? Yes, I'll step in and wait."

Instead of reflecting on the amazing success attending his bold effort, as almost any other man would have done, "Put" dropped into the depths of an easy chair in the library, and began to speculate in an imaginary cotton market. He had just cornered the entire crop, and was on the point of boosting cotton to seven thousand dollars per bale when the rustling of silk on the stair tumbled the market ruinously about his ears.

"Did Miss Thymer tell you about rescuing those Chicago people from drowning in Lake Forest this afternoon?"

Now, Miss Janette Rix had expected to hear, first of all, profuse apologies for being roused at this unseemly hour by a total stranger. Indeed, she had been wondering since the butler had awakened her what urgent need could have impelled this man to ask an interview at such a time. So, being unprepared for the question, she answered straightforwardly and promptly in the affirmative, and then was just a little piqued at being so neatly trapped into speaking before an explanation had been vouchsafed her.

With each succeeding moment, she surprised herself beyond her understanding in the matter of conversation with the inquisitive stranger. She threw a light shawl across her shoulders, took a seat near the fireplace, on the side opposite the intruder, and answered a host of impertinent, blunt queries. He never allowed her a fraction of a moment in which to introduce a subject foreign to that in hand—Miss Thymer's rescue of the Chicagoans. Suddenly, he thrust into his pocket the pad of paper on which he had jotted notes. Then it was that he allowed her glance to waver for the first time from a direct line with his compelling gaze.

And then came the apology. It was so originally expressed; the manner of the apologetic intruder so humble, and withal

A STORY FOR THE MAIL EDITION

with a touch of the debonair, that Miss Rix decided to forgive him. And her eyes actually twinkled merrily, as she bade him a cheery "good-morning," while he bowed himself out of the door.

Another cigarette claimed another match, and again the stone pillar at the driveway gate offered its service. As he exhaled the first fragrant puff, this remark "Put" addressed to the world in general:

"Every girl in creation will tell a thing like that to her chum, and if that chum happens to live next door, it's the easiest thing in the world to land the yarn, will-she, nil-she."

Then he settled down to a fast walk in the direction of the nearest owl-car line.

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Prescott Thymer, millionaire manufacturer, gasped as his eye fell on the Tribune's account, giving in full detail the story of the occurrence in which his daughter figured so prominently. Accompanying the article was a two-column cut of "Miss Ethel Thymer Prominent Society Belle who displayed Remarkable Bravery."

He re-read the story; then remembered that his daughter had given her photograph to the Tribune at the time she made her debut, the previous season. Once more, he read the story. Finishing his cup of coffee he observed:

"Well, it's pretty well written; and your picture, Ethel, isn't so bad, barring that blotch of ink that obscures the nose. But what puzzles me is: Where in the name of the General of Industry did he get the story?"

GOD BLESS YOU

W. D. RUSSELL

Not one ray of hope was here,
All things looking bleak and drear,
Gloom prevailing, till I heard
That dear voice whose dawnlike word
Turned me toward the cloudless day,
Sunned my soul, and made me say:

“God bless you.”

Oh, the beauty of the day!
April, mellowing earth for May,
Coaxing from each feathered sprite
Song of joy-transmuted light.
And the lovelight in your eyes,
Ministers of paradise—

“God bless you.”

So heart's April came to me—
Swiftly, frankly, winsomely.
Bless you dear: I owe to you
Every gladdening point of view.
Out of winter's storm and strife
You have led me back to life.

“God bless you.”

At the Sign of the Ass's Head

"I AM A WISE FELLOW, AND WHAT IS MORE, AN ASS."



Not long ago the faculty representatives of certain eastern universities met in conference to discuss matters affecting their common interests along lines of athletic policy. It

happened that the name of a student of conspicuous baseball ability was mentioned. Said Prof. —

The Fable to his colleague of a rival institution:

"I am sure you have no questions to raise regarding the standing of Mr. —. He played baseball with a summer team, but is an amateur of the first water. He was not paid a cent for his services, and simply made this a pastime of his vacation."

There came something like a twinkle in the eye of the colleague of the rival university as he responded with cordial accents:

"Yes, indeed, I am in a position to say that Mr. — was not paid for playing baseball. Not at all. For I have documents to prove that the captain of your baseball team obtained for him a position as 'captain of the bellboy staff' in the hotel which was headquarters for the summer team. There were two bellboys under him, and he was paid a handsome wage commensurate with the arduous responsibilities of his position. No, indeed, there is no question about the

young man's playing baseball for the fun of it. He was not paid a cent for his baseball. You are perfectly right, professor, and I am sure he made a capital captain of bellboys."

This little incident which we cite from the *Illustrated Sporting News* is a humorous statement of a disagreeable fact—disagreeable, that is, to the lover of true sport and of an ideal in collegiate athletics. We leave this same contemporary to point the moral, pausing only to say, that it is rare that we have found so sane a treatment of this really serious problem.

It is the desperate absorption in the contest itself that has made the problem of campus athletics so

The Moral difficult to deal with. It has been found that, left to themselves and freed of watchful criticism, the young men who direct athletic affairs in many of the American colleges and universities will not maintain, as a body, the standards of conduct which should be a matter of course.

It is an indictment of American university life and its student body that a complex code of rules and penalties must be devised to prevent him from casting reproach on the fair name of his institution.

But for his side of the case there is much to be said. The pressure of intercollegiate rivalry becomes fiercer every year. Athletics are set far above all other reputation to be gained on the campus. There is no real sport in training for the eleven or for the crew. The game is all in all. And the adverse criticisms of this con-

AT THE SIGN OF THE ASS'S HEAD

dition come from the college men, and appear in their own periodicals in such force as to indicate a strong reactionary tide. President Eliot of Harvard complains of the same tendencies in his latest report. Nowhere appears any symptom of denial that athletics play a tremendously valuable part in the making of useful, vigorous, self-reliant men. Nor is there any stronger influence for good in college life than the training, development and discipline of a university team. Yet those chosen for these teams are being driven with increasing pressure to make of their athletics a vocation, not a diversion in college. The result of combined influences working with increased headway has been to increase also the difficulty of keeping these intense rivalries within the bounds of gentlemanly conduct.

Princeton has tried the honor system in student examination, and it has been notably successful. Instead of fencing her young men about with tutors and rules, they themselves are on honor towards one another. Punishment is in the disgrace which comes hot on the heels of betraying a common trust. Is there any reason why the same code should not be applied to athletics? A manager who coaxes a promising school athlete to go to a certain college by promise of material help, cleverly disguised; a coach who teaches unfair tactics, a player who takes a position at a summer hotel in order that he may play ball without actually receiving a salary, the man who allows any misrepresentation to exist about his amateur standing—are not these pitiful persons in as sorry a plight as the man caught cribbing in his examination?

From Massachusetts to California,

and from Maine to Georgia, there is an unending squabble over eligibility rules and "purity in college athletics." Yet there seems to be no difficulty over the problem of what should be done with students caught cheating in the classroom, or men caught cheating with cards in a club-room, or short-sighted persons accused of taking money under false pretenses. But in that class of American life in which standards of conduct befitting the gentleman are most confidently to be looked for, it is no disgrace to be accused of dishonorable dealing nor of attempting to pass it off on others.

. . .

No victory in the history of Michigan track athletics ever brought greater glory and renown Philadelphia to the University than Meet did that at Philadelphia, on April 23, when the picked teams of the entire country went down to defeat before Michigan's stars. It was a decisive victory of the West over the East, when the West sailed under the colors of the Maize and Blue.

Michigan's first victory came in the shot-put when Rose, the freshman giant, hurled the missile 48 feet 2 inches, equalling the world's record in this event held by Dennis Horgan of Ireland. Rose's nearest competitor was more than three feet under this mark. But the Easterners opened their eyes in earnest, when, at the end of the event, Rose made an exhibition put of 48 feet 3½ inches. This, however, will not stand as a record because it was not made in competition.

Next came the hurdles in which a Michigan man again outdistanced all

competitors. The men were bunched until the fifth hurdle was passed, when Schule pulled rapidly ahead winning by about 5 feet in the time of 15½ seconds, Catlin, Chicago's crack hurdler, was second, and Ashburner of Cornell, third.

The hundred-yard dash was looked upon as one of the star events of the meet. Running against "Archie" Hahn of Michigan, were Schick of Harvard, and Blair of Chicago, both of whom, within a year, had been given decisions over the little Michigan sprinter in races of questionable closeness. It was Hahn's supreme opportunity, and he improved it. Blair got a poor start which practically put him out of the running. Schick ran even with Hahn for 50 yards, and then the Michigan man forged slowly ahead, winning with a clear lead of 5 feet in the time of 10 seconds.

The banner event of the day and the one looked forward to with the greatest interest was the 4-mile relay. Yale was confident of winning this event. One of her men was reputed to run in 4:35, two in 4:30, and one in 4:20. The last was Parsons, on whom Yale based all her hopes. He had recently run a half-mile indoors in the wonderful time of 1:54¾, just one second slower than the world's outdoor record. Trainer Murphy had spoiled a winning 2-mile relay team, that he might run against Michigan in the 4-mile relay.

Michigan was fourth from the pole. Daane, the little freshman lead out for her. He dropped in to the pole at about fourth place. By the beginning of the last lap he had moved up to second place, being able, owing to the bad judgment of his competi-

tors in running too far from the pole, to pass his man each time on the inside. On the stretch he sprinted away from all his opponents, giving his team a lead of at least 15 yards. His time was 4:42½. Stone then took up the race. He lead most of the way, winning from the Yale man by about 2 yards, thus giving Perry the pole and pace. His mile was run in 4:41½. Perry ran his mile in 4:39½, leading by 2 yards, Kellogg took the pace with Parsons close behind, and the final test had begun. The race soon degenerated into a "loaf." Every time Parsons endeavored to take the lead, Kellogg by clever jockeying would keep him on the outside, but would not let him pass. The Yale men were jubilant. "Just the kind of a race Parsons wants," Murphy was heard to remark, "He will win on the sprint."

The sprint began at the beginning of the last quarter, and on the back stretch the men were fighting for every inch. On the last turn the Yale man forged ahead amid the cheers of the Yale faction—the rest of the crowd was with Michigan.

Parson's lead was only temporary. At the beginning of the straight away, the Michigan captain swung out around his adversary, and after a beautiful sprint of 75 yards, finished 5 yards in the lead.

Rose's failure to make a showing in the hammer-throw was due to his inability, through lack of practice, to stay in the ring. His throws in nearly every case were farther than that which won the event.

. . .

Since the close of the indoor track season March 26, the weather man has held the leading cards in the

THE ASS'S HEAD

athletic situation. No outdoor work in any branch of athletics began until April 1, and since that time the weather has been alternately cold and windy, making efficient work almost impossible. Furthermore, the frequent rains have driven the men from practice time and again.

Baseball has suffered from these adverse conditions even more than track work. Practice has been confined to the fair grounds, where actual work in the fine points of the game is practically impossible. Furthermore, a liberal distribution of "cons" and "plucks" among the members of the squad is disqualifying, for the present at least, several of the best men. The personnel of the team which undertook the first part of the schedule is as follows: DePree, first base; Capt. Redden, second base; Campbell, short stop; Boyle, third base; Kaufmann, left field; Aldinger, center field; Carrothers, right field; Bird and Turner, catchers; Wendell, Nagle, Bean, and Ward, pitchers. There is a noticeable weakness in this last position. All of the available men are new, and the two best pitchers in college are ineligible for various reasons. The batting department is also weak.

The schedule for the spring trip was as follows:

- April 16—Chicago.
- " 18—Wisconsin.
- " 19—Kalamazoo.
- " 20—Albion.
- " 21—M. A. C.

Of these games Michigan won all but one, that with Wisconsin. The work of the team is very encouraging in view of the handicaps under which it has worked.

The outlook in track athletics is bright. The immediate end in view in the past weeks of training has been the Pennsylvania games, at which Michigan won such a great victory.

Rose is doing 150 feet consistently, and has reached 165 feet.

In addition to the men, whom Fitzpatrick took east, a number of others have been working-out at Ferry Field. These include hurdlers, sprinters and men with the weights. Garrels has been doing commendable work with the discus, throwing it about 119 feet.

. . .

It has been an annual custom for the girls in the Junior class of the University to give the Seniors at some time during the year some sort of a party. The party this year took a very novel form, being a representation of Buster Brown's progress through college. The play was given in Sarah Caswell Angell Hall on Monday evening, April the eleventh, and was a decided success. The Seniors had not been told what they were to expect, but were merely invited to be present at the play. The following prologue will explain the nature of the performance:

Fortune that helps the fools and wise,
hath brought us here,
And though our chiefest actor is no
seer,
Yet will he show to each of us, I
wean,
The student as by others he is seen.
Our scene is Ann Arbor, and we
would make known,
No college jokes are better than our
own.
No class is better food for mirth than
'04.

AT THE SIGN OF

Since they have entered classic learning's door.
Sharks, poets, athletes and the genus grafter
You'll see perform and then will ache with laughter;
Their manners and their learning will call forth
From Buster Brown, advice of solid worth.
He doth not aim to grieve, but better you
And teach you your infirmities to rue.
He hopes to find no one so much diseased,
But will with his advice be greatly pleased.
The Freshman's verdure and the Sophomore's gall,
The Junior's learning will he show to all.
The Senior's awful wisdom he'll expound,
And thank the gods, no more of them were found.
All are such natural follies and so shown,
That each will see and think they are his own.

The play was divided into four acts, one for each year in college. The first scene represents Buster and Tige resolving to become intellectual and to go to college, and then follows the farewell scene with the parents, accompanied by all sorts of advice, such as: not to cultivate any female friends unless he consulted the woman's dean, and on all questions of etiquette and morals to be sure and consult Dean Hudson, and on all practical questions, such as laundry and care of dogs, to consult Dr. Angell. The best part of the act is where he reaches Ann Arbor and is rushed for a fraternity. He joins everything in

sight from the W. C. T. U. to the Mother's Meeting.

In the second act he realizes that the great mistake of his Freshman year was in trying to become great through intellectuality, and he resolves that brawn is greater than brains, that Yost's picture is first in the Michiganensium, that President Angell has never had a cigar named after him, and that no one knows how much Professor Kelsey weighs, but everybody knows how much Maddock weighs; therefore "I will become an all-round athlete." He calls the whole Sophomore class together, and says that he wishes to enter athletics. On being asked what he can do, he says that he can do most anything and that he will give a meet. He begins the meet with a basketball game between the Sophomores and Seniors, then does Kellogg's mile run, a relay race, low hurdles, and the high jump. The crowning event of the meet was when Buster challenged Rose for the shot-put. After several trials, during which Rose removes his sweater, Buster puts the shot so far that it can't be found, and then struts up and down wondering whether he will be able to get into his bed. The bed is brought in, and sure enough he is too long for it. The act closes with his graciously bestowing the bed upon Rose.

During his Junior year he tries to conduct a class in Pedagogy and is conned on all the snap courses in sight. This and his Junior hop debts bring on his fond parents from home and he resolves to expiate his guilt by working for Pa Finney behind the library desk at 12½ cents an hour.

In his senior year he appears wearing an anti-trust cap and gown and is

THE ASS'S HEAD

initiated into the Ancient Order of Grafters. When he says that the only kind of grafting he knows is apple-tree grafting, the Seniors tell him that you can graft any periodical into the Senior class, and the returns are a thousandfold, while any scheme that is grafted into an unsuspecting and innocent faculty will give you a millionfold returns. He then proceeds to run the Michiganensian and the Senior girls' play, and gives the whole class day program under Tappan Oak. At the end he resolves that it is better to have sense than to be a Senior, and that if he had joined the grafters ten years earlier he would not now be asking a position as freshman instructor in English.

There is nothing in the calendar of commencement festivities so really beautiful (if we may be
The Swing-Out pardoned the word in these unpoetic days) as the senior "swing-out." It is the first of those last experiences which come to the college man and woman in after life as one of the pleasantest in all their college course. It is then that the Senior for the first time distinctively feels the exalted station which he occupies in his college world and in the eyes of his fellow townsmen who flock to do him honor. Though it may be the last as it is the first time, still he enjoys it and deems himself in truth the man whom, for the nonce at least, others think he is. And who will censure him? Not we, assuredly. For four long years he toiled, known, it may be, to none but a classmate who sat beside him in his "math" or German. Now he is acknowledged. He struts about among his younger col-

leagues in most amazing garb, observed of all observers. He is the Senior, full-blown, grave, and great.

Such are some of the sights we see in these the gladdest, mayhap the saddest, days of the college year. For the Senior has "swung out" in Ann Arbor, of the months the fifth, the days the second. "Lits" and engineers came out together. President Angell talked to them in University Hall, Professor Stanley played, the Glee Club sang. Then stately, as became their dignity, yet joyously, the "staid old Seniors" defiled down the stairs and out upon the walks, past the museum and Tappan Hall, down to the meeting of the roads, north under the elms for full a mile's quarter, then toward the "gym" where man and maiden parted. The photo taken, nought remained of the day's appointed program. But often the unsuspected is the truest pleasure. And so was it here. For after all was quite and night had fallen on the campus, the heroes of the day assembled in the shadow and laid a mighty plot. Out of semi-darkness, in single file, the hands of each upon his comrade's shoulders, beneath the clock they trod. In silent, measured step they
In the Lion's Den passed within the portals and on to where "Pa" Finney rules as with the rod of iron. Through the tiers of seats they marched and never a word was said. The lion bearded, quietly as they had come, they left. With one accord the marchers crossed to the President's. Here a song was sung and nine rahs given for our beloved "Prexy." Then the line proceeded down State street, past "Tuts" and all the rest until down

AT THE SIGN OF THE ASS'S HEAD

town was reached, when each betook himself to soberer haunts. But they will come again. Six weeks remain and prophecy is but vain if the Senior is not more in evidence than even yet he's been.

. . .

The past month has seen much interest in oratory and debating. The new rules for the orator-
Debating and Oratory ical contest (namely that one set of judges decide on both thought and composition and delivery at the time of the contest) seemed to make no material difference in the speeches that were presented. Indeed it is probably true that the contest this year was the best that has ever been held in the history of the University. The speeches were of a uniformly high grade. It was thought that many speeches would be written in a somewhat "spread eagle" style, merely for effect; but very few cases of this kind were noticed. The Northern Oratorical League Contest will be held in Ann Arbor on the sixth of May, and it is hoped that our representative, Mr. Halliday, will add another victory to his already long list.

The debate with Wisconsin, held the week following the oratorical contest, was won by the men from Madison. The judges gave their decision 2 to 1 against Michigan. The subject was "Resolved, that the states should relinquish the personal property tax." Our team was composed of new men, whereas the Wisconsin men were all upper classmen in the Law department.

The final debate for the championship of the Central Debating League was held in Chicago on April fif-

teenth, and was won by Northwestern. The subject for discussion was the same as that for the Cup Debate: "Resolved, that labor unions should incorporate."

The Cup Debate finals between the Aephi society in the Literary department and the Webster society in the Law department, is to be held in University Hall on the twentieth of May. The teams are both strong and have worked hard for their positions in the finals.

. . .

In giving an account several days ago of a well-known institution not a thousand miles from
20th Century Advantages Charleston, a member of the faculty, who has obtained a great deal of experience there, notes as one of the advantages of this institution the fact that in it "the opportunity for seeing serious gunshot and knife wounds is almost unsurpassed."

Verily, we live in an enlightened age. The improvement in good clinical opportunities is truly marvellous. Nothing could be plainer.

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The following encouraging communication has just been received.

We print it as an illustration of what a few
Culture vs. Athletics Again determined persons can accomplish against the degenerating tendency of the times when once they set about it. With the attempted encroachment of the Culture Studies on athletics in American universities, as reported at some length in our last bulletin, and other menaces to university ideals too numerous to mention, we confess ourselves at times thoroughly disheartened at the pros-

BOOKS

pect. In view of these conditions this announcement reported at our branch office through the New York *Evening Post*, is decidedly stimulating:—

College honor is at a low ebb in the University of Pennsylvania. A number of freshmen and sophomores actually refused to take part in the annual "bowl fight" on the campus a few days ago; and, very properly, have been condemned by their classmates to ducking in the frog pond of the Botanical Gardens. In the face of a great moral crisis of this kind it is not surprising to read that the classes forgot their traditional hatred of each other, and joined enthusiastically in chastising the poltroons. One of the degenerates had the effrontery to tell the ducking committee that he had kept out of the fight because he didn't want to ruin his clothes. "A howl of derision went up at this," and he was hustled off to the pond. Another young freshman had the "nerve" to confess that he kept out of the class battle because his parents told him he must. Of course, there was but one thing to do with such a "mamma's boy" as that—dump him in the frog pond—and it was done. The most humiliating case of all, however, was that of two sophomores who would not fight. Humiliated in the extreme, the classmates of these men delivered them over to the freshmen to be hazed. "For an hour," wrote an observer, "they were compelled to push pennies around on the gravel with their noses, sing, and make speeches, while the crowd looked on and jeered." The case of Pennsylvania may seem hopeless, with such cowards in the

student body, but it is cheering to read that "*hazing will continue until every freshman or sophomore who failed to go in the bowl fight is given a trial.*"

Books

This is a collection of essays by representative Negroes on various aspects of the Negro Problem. Booker T. Washington writes on "Industrial Education"; W. E. B. DuBois, on the "Talented Tenth"; C. W. Chestnutt, on the "Disfranchisement of the Negro"; Paul Lawrence Dunbar, on "Representative American Negroes"; and there are three other contributors.

One would naturally expect a great deal of interest to attach to a work of this character, and in this respect the book is not disappointing. Nevertheless, it *has a great* disappointment, indeed, for the thoughtful reader. Of the seven essayists, Mr. Washington alone has an adequate appreciation of what the Negro Problem really is, viz., *how is an inferior race to maintain itself in the presence of a superior race?* Thus, on the one hand, we have Mr. Washington proclaiming this eminently sensible doctrine: "As a slave the Negro was worked, and as a freeman he *must learn to work.*" And on the other hand, we find Mr. DuBois giving utterance to this mystical nonsense: "The Negro Race, like all other races, is *going to be saved by its exceptional men.*" Or, granting that the sentence quoted means something, it must still be borne in mind that to make his vicarage

efficacious, the leader must be followed. Mr. Washington is not the only followed Negro leader, but he is the only Negro leader who can be followed by the great masses of his race, and consequently, the tone of depreciation for industrial education that pervades Mr. DuBois' essay is rather disturbing.

The new South is the industrial South. If the Negro Race cannot adjust itself to this fact, its doom is certain. Last year 12,000 Italian laborers were brought into Louisiana to become factory hands; yet the streets of New Orleans are crowded with Negro loafers. As Mr. Washington says, "The Negro must learn to work," and he must learn how to work. The ballot, Homer, and Virgil, are luxuries; bread is a necessity—sometimes.

E. S. C.

"The Negro Problem"—By Representative Negroes. James Pott & Co., N. Y., 1903, 8-234.

. . .

The present work, growing out of a lecture prepared by the author in 1897 on "England's Destruction of Ireland's Manufactures, Commerce, and Population," is an effort to show that practically all of Ireland's misfortunes may be traced to English misrule. Beginning with a sketch, rather fragmentary and uneven, of the relation between the two countries up to the Union of 1801, the remainder of the space is devoted to the English political, commercial, and financial policy in the nineteenth century. Various illustrative appendices, and a reprint of the diary of Thomas Addis Emmet, while acting in Paris as the secret agent of the United Irishmen from May 30, 1803,

to March 10, 1804, supplement the text.

As might be expected from a descendant of the Emmets and a president of the Irish National Federation of America, the treatment is frankly partisan. But, making no pretense to originality, the author has contented himself with compiling extracts from printed works on phases of the subject which he selects for consideration, and piecing them out with comments and explanations, usually feverish in tone. Unfortunately, most of his denunciation of English oppression is deserved. Nevertheless, with adequate cause for complaint, Mr. Emmet rather weakens than strengthens his case by his fatal disregard of all extenuating circumstances, while his manifest lack of general historical knowledge and training greatly detract from the value of his work. Although he has read widely, he has, strangely enough, overlooked Gardiner's "History of England," from which he might have obtained a more scholarly view of certain of the events of the seventeenth century, particularly of the Irish rebellion of 1641. A cursory study of the history of mercantilism would have taught him that, for at least a couple of centuries, Ireland was not the sole sufferer from restrictive commercial relations. Moreover, some attention to Irish physical geography, and a due regard to economic laws, both of which the author neglects, contribute much to explain Ireland's backward state.

Although England has sinned grievously in the past, although her measures of recent years to remedy evils largely due to her own impolicy

BOOKS

and selfishness have been tardy, and only yielded under pressure, she has now faced in the right direction. The Local Government Act, the work of the Agricultural Organization Society, and the last Land Purchase Act, open to criticism in particulars, as each or all may be, are encouraging signs. Nay more, they point the surest way to Ireland's betterment for the immediate future, for home rule, owing to strategic considerations and to inevitable complications, in which not only Irish, but Scotch, Welsh, and imperial interests are involved, seems still a long way off. In view of these facts, one may query whether a book like Mr. Emmet's contributes anything to the settlement of present problems, and certainly he has failed to supply what has been so long needed, a detailed, impartial, and comprehensive history of Ireland. It is to be hoped that the time is not far distant when we shall have a work on the subject corresponding to Mr. P. Hume Brown's admirable history of Scotland. However, the reader desiring a reasonably brief statement of Ireland's case against England, will find in Mr. Emmet's two volumes material hitherto scattered, and to a degree not generally accessible.

C.

"Ireland Under English Rule. A Plea for the Plaintiff." In two volumes. (New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1903. Pp. xxv, 333; iv, 359).

. . .

Charles Major, one of the victims of the Literary Guillotine, quotes the French nobleman who addressed the headsman thus: "It is a pleasure Sire, to be executed by such a gentleman!" The book before us contains

enough clever nonsense to justify its existence, which is saying a good deal when one recalls some recent nonsense, say, "Ponka-pog Papers."

To give a sample:—The cause is *James vs. Eddy*, for infringement of patent on the *Sentientia Obscura*, and the plaintiff has just taken the stand: "In good common-place English, now, Mr. James," said Mark Twain,—"no patent obscure sentences for the present, please." "My aim shall be to achieve the centrum of perspicuity with the missile of speech," was the concise reply, "propelled, as in the case of truth's greatest protagonists, by the dynamic force of exegetical insistence, eventuating in unobfuscated concepts." "Now, Mr. James," said Loomis, "I should like to ask you a few questions. You were born in America, I believe?"

"By the irony of fate."

"And you live in England?"

"By the compensation of events."

"Will you tell the court why you left America?"

"Because it is the home of the obvious."

"— Will you kindly give us your theory of fiction?"

"Fiction, as I conceive it," said the witness slowly, "is the science of inaction, the microscopic study of the subliminal, the analysis of the shadowy."

"Now, Mr. James, let us come to the matter in hand, the patent obscure sentence — —."

"The object of the obscure sentence," said the complainant, "is manifold. . . Talleyrand claimed that language was invented for the purpose of concealing thought; I have carried the process to its ultimate conclusion, and invented a form of

BOOKS

language for the concealment not only of thought, but of the lack of thought. Beyond that it is impossible to go. But the obscure sentence subserves a further purpose. It is a Blue Beard castle in which all sorts of improprieties are committed, but into which the young person, that arch enemy of fictionists brought up in France, has never been known to penetrate,' etc., etc.

Mrs. Eddy, denominated "the ova-tor of Confuse-us," next takes the stand in her own defense.

At the conclusion of the trial, the following verdict is reached: "An examination of the works of the defendant shows clearly that her obscurity is of her own invention, beyond the mental capacity of mere man—the costs are on the complainant."

The Literary Guillotine? John Lane. New York and London. 1903.

. . .

To one interested in the East Aurora "Weltanschau" and willing to take

his information with an admixture of thoroughly Hubbardesque musical mythology, this book will doubtless prove interesting reading. However, even to such an one, to represent the refined, almost fastidious Goethe, who heartily disliked the "sovereign herbe," as engaged in a "donner und blitzten argument over pipe and stein, or to divide the chapters purporting to deal with the life of Mozart into sections, labelled with the names of the railway stations between Chicago and East Aurora, may seem a trifle too brutally Philistine. Our author's sublime transcendence of fact has sometimes rather amusing results, as when he says that "Aida was written for the Shah of Persia (!)—and produced at Cairo—his capital it must be, for why else there?

The book is made attractive by beautiful presswork and photogravure portraits.

Little Journeys to the Homes of Great Musicians. By Elbert Hubbard. G. P. Putnam's Sons. New York.

Little Journeys to the Homes of English Authors: a companion volume to the above.

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THE INLANDER

A Monthly Magazine by the Students of Michigan University

THE HARVARD UNION

JOHN S. P. TATLOCK

THE object of the Harvard Union, in the words of its constitution, is "to promote comradeship among members of Harvard University, by providing at Cambridge a suitable clubhouse for social purposes." This object has been worthily accomplished. The institution offers the advantages of a good club to all past and present members of the university, has a large and unrestricted membership among students, faculty and graduates, and its building has become a recognized center of student life and activity.

Such a club was first projected some six or eight years ago, but was finally realized by the liberality of a single man, a man whose name deserves to be mentioned with honor as that of one of the most public-spirited citizens in any American city, Mr. Henry Lee Higginson of Boston, and of the class of 1855 in Harvard College. His gift amounted to between two and three hundred thousand dollars. Generous gifts for particular purposes were also made by other graduates, the plans were drawn without price by the New York architects, Messrs. McKim, Mead & White, and the corporation of the university assigned for the building a piece of property adjacent to the electric car line to Boston and just across the street from the college grounds. In September, 1901, the building was formally opened by a mass-meeting of graduates and undergraduates. The membership during the first year was 4213, of whom about 1800 were students, half of the total number of students in those departments of the university which are situated in Cambridge. At the middle of the present year the total membership was 4413.

THE HARVARD

The building is of ample area and three stories, built of rough brick and sandstone in the so-called Colonial style; its general aspect is suggested by the Sigma Phi fraternity-house at the University of Michigan, though it is very much larger. Plain on its street sides, out from one of which stands a large circular veranda, it turns inward, as a club-house should do, its discreet and comfortable main façade. Within, it is admirably adapted to many purposes. In various parts of the building are rooms for various student organizations; in the basement are a luncheon counter and a large billiard hall; in the third story are ten bedrooms for members or their guests; in the second, a ladies' dining-room (with its own entrance from outdoors), an assembly room of good size, and a library; on the ground floor are a grill-room (where good *table d'hôte* meals may be had at a moderate price), a dining-room for the athletic teams, rooms for reading and writing, and the great "living-room." Two of these parts of the building deserve special notice. The library contains over six thousand volumes, sufficient for most purposes except those of the specialist; they are arranged in quiet alcoves and occupy three rooms, in two of which (according to a benign provision of the by-laws) persons who hate tobacco may find a refuge. The most striking feature of the building is the large place called, for lack of a better name, the living-room. This runs up through the two lower stories, and is about fifty feet broad and a hundred long. At either end is a high stone fireplace, the dark panelling which nearly covers the wall is hung with portraits, antlers and tapestry, and all about are couches, comfortable chairs and small tables for light eating and drinking. At times the room is cleared and used for large meetings, but it is most attractive and "clubable" in its normal state, and to the undergraduate "the Union" means the living-room.

The cost of membership has been made as low as possible, in order to carry out the democratic character which is the reason of the institution for existing; since it has no endowment, however, the cost must be more than merely nominal. Students in the Cambridge departments of the university pay ten dollars a year; former students who live within twenty-five miles, and officers of the university, pay five dollars; former students living



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UNION

at a greater distance may become non-resident members at a cost of three dollars; and either former or present students may become life-members of the Union for, respectively, fifty and seventy-five dollars. Of life-members there are nearly a thousand. As to government, the legal title to the property is vested in a board of seven self-perpetuating trustees, chosen in the first instance by the university corporation, chiefly from among graduates of the last twenty-five years. Besides the trustees, the club has the usual complement of officers and committees, chosen by and from the students.

The Union has been from the first most useful and attractive both to the members of the university as a body and to individuals of all kinds. In the basement of the building the undergraduate publications all have their offices, and the daily paper its own presses. In several of the rooms various clubs, large and small, serious and social, hold their meetings and suppers and receive refreshment of various kinds. At Commencement the Union has been used for the dinner of the day by those who were unable to find places in the greater hall regularly used for the purpose, and at the annual meeting of the Phi Beta Kappa society the hungry procession led by tottering sires and ended by graduates of the day before, winds forth from hearing an oration and poem to roast pig and cigars at the Union. The club affords every student an interesting place for entertaining his masculine friends, and attractive rooms where he may take ladies to rest or for a meal. The living-room is often used for mass meetings, for practising songs before athletic events or at other times; in the spring of 1902 the meeting with which the students welcomed Prince Henry of Prussia was held there, and also in March of the present year the meeting held to celebrate President Eliot's seventieth birthday. On one night each week there is some especial attraction, such as an informal concert by a musical club, to which graduates who live in the vicinity often come to meet old friends. The building is as useful for study as for amusement; one may pass from the billiard-rooms to the library, which for most students is as adequate as the university library and more comfortable. The living-room is a most agreeable place to chat

EN ROUTE

in for a time over afternoon-tea or after-dinner coffee. When the club was opened, some undergraduates predicted failure unless it should be possible for members at any time to obtain beer, which the university authorities were unable to allow, Cambridge being a no-license town (though clubs may import beer from Boston for their meetings) this restriction, however, has done no harm to the institution and certainly has promoted order. But of all the results of its foundation the most praiseworthy is certainly this,—that it has done as much as an institution can do to further a spirit of democracy, which Harvard is often accused of lacking. The dues are so low as to be within the reach of all except the poorest; the conveniences and attractions are great enough to draw the members of the most exclusive clubs. These two conditions are essential to the success of any institution with the purposes of the Harvard Union.

EN ROUTE

RICHARD KIRK

Behind us lie fields harvested,
Trees leafless, songless, ghostly, dead;
Across white plains our ways are bent
Whither young Spring does pitch his tent.

J. B. BROWN, MISFIT

AVERY HOPWOOD

“WHO in the world is he,” tittered Miss Barberton.”
“I haven’t the slightest idea,” responded Miss Simpkins, after another amused inspection, “though I think I have seen him on the Campus.”

“A Freshman, I’ll bet my last dollar,” ventured a Jocular Assistant.

“And a green one at that,” added Dolores Hubb, a diminutive young woman of large ambitions and wonderful spectacles.

They looked again at the object of their remarks, and looking, all smiled. He was very funny,—there was no denying it. Even on the Campus, where curiosities are numerous as in the museum, he would have attracted some passing notice. Here, in Professor Johnston’s home, in the midst of a more or less polished upper-class and post-graduate assembly, he was certainly incongruous.

Miss Barberton, whose liberal education had dispensed with attention to the Fine Art of Courtesy, tee-heed somewhat audibly, as she noted with renewed merriment his angular form, awkwardly upright, his immense eyes, scowling from under the fiercest of eyebrows, his hands, large, and plainly much in the way. He was constantly trying to dispose of them, and never succeeding. His pockets, the refuge of most boys in similar trying positions, seemed too small, and the offending hands, after squeezing into them, came out redder and more odious than ever.

The owner of the hands became painfully conscious of the scrutiny to which he was subjected by the facetious quartette. He glared frightfully at Miss Barberton, then, turning slowly away, took his pale, sour face and his ungraceful presence to the adjoining room.

He was far more puzzled by the fact of his presence at this meeting than were the four interested Seekers After Truth, whose gaze he had just escaped. Three days before had come that mysterious postal, notifying him that the Seekers After Truth would meet Monday evening at the home of Professor Johnston, and that it was “necessary and desirable” for him to be present. Great indeed, had been his wonder and amaze, sorely had he

pondered upon the source and meaning of this invitation. He had obeyed it, however, and now—here he was!

The Professor's rooms were crowded with people. Brown, —for the green youth, strange to say, bore that surname,—looked at them all, in a vain attempt to find a familiar face. He wandered again through the three rooms, pausing a few minutes in each. No one in the front parlor, no one in the side parlor, no one in the back parlor, no one but strangers. It was quite unexplainable; so much so that poor Brown was not overmuch surprised to hear a voice near him remark:—

“Really, I can't understand it.”

The rooms were so full that it was impossible to avoid the overhearing of tête-a-têtes. Turning, Brown discovered that the speaker was a very good-looking young man, who was sitting close by, in a double chair, with a quite wonderful young woman.

“Are you sure you sent him a postal?” asked the latter. She had the brightest eyes imaginable. They shone so that Brown could do nothing but gaze at them.

“Why, Lilian,” a trifle impatiently, “I remember the whole thing very well. Of course, I send all the postals in stereotyped phrase, as is proper and fitting for the burdened secretary of an overgrown club, but to John I sent a particular postal, in which I stated that it was both ‘necessary and desirable’ for him to be present.”

“How very original,” said Lilian, with a smile, “and how very particular.”

“Yes,” with a laugh, “and I addressed it in the plainest, vertical handwriting, to J. B. Brown, 717 E. Huron, City.”

“I can't understand it,” she shook her head. “I haven't seen him for almost a week; perhaps he's sick.”

“Perhaps,” assented her companion, rising, “I suppose it's almost time to begin. I'll go stir up the lions.”

He crossed the room and joined a group near the piano. Lilian, gazing after him with a certain pleased abstraction, came to with a start, on hearing herself addressed.

Looking up, she saw standing before her a thin, gaunt, awkward boy, whom she had noticed wandering about the rooms some little time before.

MISFIT

"Did you speak to me?" she asked, a trifle coldly.

"Why,—yes," he stammered. He spoke in a manner quite suited to his appearance. "I couldn't help hearing what you said. I guess there was a mistake,—I got that postal."

Lilian's eyes softened, and she began to smile.

"How did it happen?"

"I don't just know," he said, smiling also, but still embarrassed, "you see, my name is Brown, too,—J. B. Brown."

"Yes, but the address?"

"Why, it's funny, but I guess our numbers are the same,—the other Brown's and mine. Only his is 717 East, and mine is 717 West. Here's the card."

He produced the fateful postal, which he had been careful to bring with him.

"Why, yes, she said, after a moment's scrutiny, "Ben wrote that West instead of East. He must have been thinking of Horace Greeley's advice. How very odd! If we read this in a book, we wouldn't believe it, would we?"

Brown agreed that they would not.

"Now, what do you think I'd better do?" he asked timidly. "It's hardly right for me to stay; I wasn't really asked."

"That doesn't matter," assured Lilian, "I'll ask you now. The members of the club have a right, you know, to invite a friend once in a while. Sit down for a few moments, then I'll introduce you to Professor Johnston. You haven't met him, have you?"

"No," said Brown, as he sat down obediently. Had Miss Lilian Ward commanded him to plunge into the cold waters of the Huron, or to get a dozen books at the Main library, he would doubtless have obeyed as unquestioningly. He had never met any one just like her,—he was very sure of it. He had seen prettier girls, though probably you could not have forced him to admit as much; but surely he had never met one at once so pretty and so kind.

They talked of many things in the short while they sat there. Lilian, of course, said the most. In a dialogue between the sexes the woman always does somehow, save when she wishes to flatter the men by listening, wide-eyed and eager-faced, to his fatuity.

But though Lilian, as was her inalienable right, took the lion's share of the conversation, she nevertheless managed to learn from J. B., directly or indirectly, the main facts of his life since he had come to Ann Arbor,—and a little of what had happened before. He was not conscious, afterwards, of having told her much about himself. Perhaps he hadn't, but Lilian, like most sympathetic people, was good at guessing. She knew that his room, if it were on West Huron, must be far indeed from the Campus, and she surmised that he was poor, though, to tell the truth, any other member of the Seekers After Truth could have told as much, after a glance at Brown's clothes. He spoke vaguely of work, and she jumped at the conclusion that he "waited on table." He mentioned a sickness from which he had hardly recovered, and she knew instinctively that it must have eaten into his slender resources. He did not speak of a single friend, and she thought, as she gazed at his eager, hungry face:

"That boy is actually starving for company, for friendship, for kindly human sympathy."

"She took him, after a while, to Professor Johnston, introduced him, and made explanation. Then, with J. B. still in tow, she sailed down upon Ben Howley, and recited the whole affair to him, beginning by presenting the somewhat dazed and abashed, but very pleased J. B., and concluding with a curtain lecture to Ben, upon the sin of carelessness.

"It is reprehensible in any one," she said, with terrific sternness, "but in a secretary, and especially the secretary of the Seekers After Truth! Oh, Ben, how could you do it?"

"I don't know," said Ben, "it just did it itself." Whereupon all three of them laughed as if the wittiest thing in the world had been said. At this happy moment, a small, but effective gavel made itself heard above the polite hub-bub of the crowded rooms.

"It's going to begin," exclaimed Lilian, "let's sit down somewhere, together."

This, however, proved easier said than done. As the polite hub-bub suddenly died away, there was a polite scramble for seats. At the conclusion of this latter polite manifestation of

MISFIT

activity, Lilian found herself stranded on one side of the room, while Ben and J. B. found seats almost opposite. She smiled resignedly at them. There were not lacking evil-minded people who maintained that Lilian smiled so often, merely to display certain dimples. Neither Ben nor J. B., however, were disposed to question over-curiously the cause of this pleasant phenomenon. They were more than satisfied with the radiant effect.

What happened during the meeting was very wonderful to J. B. He listened, with a sometimes imperfect comprehension, but with a very real pleasure and admiration. The President, for such J. B. judged the important looking person with the gavel to be, introduced a tall, clean cut young fellow, who spoke clearly and pleasingly upon one of the great questions of the day. J. B., listening with close attention, found time, nevertheless, to glance ever and anon across the room where Lilian sat, with shining eyes and parted lips. She seemed such a genuine girl; there was nothing half-and-half, nothing lymphatic, about her. As, when she spoke, she put her whole soul into every word, so, when she listened, it was with a complete absorbed attention.

Glancing at her thus, for the fifth or sixth time, Brown saw that she was struggling with a cough. She smothered herself valiantly with a diminutive handkerchief, but the cough was large and obstinate. He saw her cast a glance behind her. His eyes followed. The window before which she sat was wide open. Some one had adopted this delightfully simple means of ventilating the room.

J. B. hesitated. He was bashful, and disliked intensely to do anything which might attract attention. His hesitation, however, was only momentary. He rose, and crossing the room, attacked the window. He struggled with it as valiantly as had Lilian with her cough, but, alas, just as vainly. It might have been the window of a parlor-car—it would not down.

"Change seats with me," murmured J. B. at last, bending over Lilian.

"Oh, no," she protested.

"I wish you would," he said, his face burning.

J. B. BROWN

"Very well," she said, "but I don't like to do it—you've been ill."

J. B. only smiled back bravely. She thanked him, and crossing the room, sat down,—beside Ben.

Before Brown had been in his new seat three minutes, he realized that he was taking cold. The icy March wind drove in hard, and he received its full force. He looked around to see if he could change his position, but there was no empty seat. To move across the room and stand, would be to obstruct some one's view. And then—Oh foolish, but natural—he did not like to surrender the seat, and thereby make, in some sort, an acknowledgment of weakness.

The tall young man finished at last; the guests began to talk, and to move about. Brown, glad to escape from his arctic situation rose, and mingled with the crowd. His eyes sought Lilian, but he did not approach her. She was surrounded by a merry crowd, and was laughing gaily in their midst. He looked for Ben, but could see him nowhere. At length he thought to glance again toward the corner where Lilian was stationed. Ben was beside her.

Brown lingered near the doorway. What should he do now? He hardly knew, and hesitated in perplexity for some minutes. He solved the problem, finally, by going upstairs and getting his hat and coat. He came down not unobserved, perhaps, but on the other hand, not particularly noticed. The big front door opened easily. Without stopping to bid good-night to his host (J. B. lacked practice in the social amenities) he stepped out, went down the broad steps, and turned homeward.

The night was cold, snow was falling heavily. A fitful wind, forever playing at hide and seek, dashed out at him now and then, as he rounded a corner, and flung a handful of the great wet flakes sharply in his face. He shivered, and huddled down in his coat. He was so cold that his teeth chattered; and his chest felt queer and tight. But he smiled, despite his discomfort, for a certain genial warmth at his heart served in some measure to combat the shuddering, indriving chill, which seemed to lurk in the sifting atmosphere about him.

Several times during the remainder of the evening, Lilian

MISFIT

glanced around for J. B., and not seeing him, wondered somewhat.

"Where do you suppose Mr. J. B. Brown No. 2, went," she asked, on her way home, of Ben, who was the favored individual to accompany her.

"I haven't the slightest idea," said Ben carelessly. He had not been over-impressed to tell the truth, with the young gentleman referred to.

"I wish I knew. Ben, will you do something for me?"

"Anything in the world, except"—

"Except what, ungallant youth?"

"Visit the Art Gallery."

"Oh," said Lilian, relieved, "of course I won't try you beyond your strength. What I want you to do is something very easy. Call on Mr. J. B. Brown No. 2."

"Oh," very expressively.

"You won't do it?"

"I didn't say so. But you know, Lilian, I don't care for freaks."

"He isn't a freak." indignantly, "and what if he were?"

"I suppose it needn't make so much difference," sighed Ben, "I'm getting used to them."

"Seriously, Ben, it would please me so much! You didn't talk with that boy as much as I did, You don't understand him. He has possibilities."

"Really?"

"Yes, I think so. Please don't laugh. Of course, he's something of a bore—all Freshmen are. But he's read a great deal, and thought some—in which he differs much from the average member of his class."

"I should think so."

"But of course that isn't why I want you to go and see him. It's because he is so lonely, and forlorn, and miserable. He didn't tell me,—but I could guess. Will you go?"

"Lilian, you're a girl in a thousand"—

"Oh, no, I'm not," said Lilian, a trifle crossly. "But will you?"

"I surely will," said Ben, and with this understanding they parted.

J. B. BROWN

Lilian, as behoove a Senior, was a very busy girl, and in the three or four days which followed, she found little time to think of Ben, and none at all to reflect upon J. B. Both of them, however, were brought forcibly to her remembrance and attention on Thursday afternoon.

She was hurrying from U. H. to Tappan, en route to a four-o'clock, when she was met by Ben.

"You bad boy," she exclaimed, "I haven't seen you for an age—and I can't stop now."

"Oh, but you must," said Ben earnestly.

She looked at him in surprise.

"Why—what's the matter?"

"You remember J. B.?"

"Yes."

"I called on him this afternoon."

"How good of you!"

"I found him very sick."

"Sick!"

"They think he may die."

"How terrible," said Lilian in a hushed voice. "What is it?"

"Pneumonia. It developed from a bad cold which he caught—last Monday, I think."

"Oh, Ben! It was that window—I know it was! He changed seats with me, you remember. Have you seen him?"

"Yes, and talked with him. That's why I'm here. He wants to see you."

"To see me?"

"Yes."

"But how can I"—

"I know—I told him you couldn't come to his room—but he said you'd find a way. He realizes the gravity of his condition, and is persistent in his desire to see you. He said he would have sent for you, but he didn't know your name."

"I must manage it somehow. I'll stop in for Mrs. Raymer. She would go with me. She lives on E. Huron, directly on our way. Let's hurry."

They went as fast as they could, across the Campus and

MISFIT

down State, to Huron, Ben talking all the while, Lilian listening eagerly. They reached Mrs. Raymer's, and rang the bell. After a considerable interval, a maid answered the summons, only to inform them that her mistress was out, and would not be back until six.

"What shall we do now?" asked Ben, as they descended the steps.

"I'll go without her. It would be hard to get any one else,—and after all, what does it matter? We can't stop to think of such things at a time like this."

As they went down Huron, Ben told her more about the visit which he had made an hour before, and the discovery which it had brought. But before he was half way through with his narrative, they had crossed Main street and the railroad track and reached the house.

"Are there many students," asked Lilian, "who live such a distance from the University?"

"Quite a few, I believe."

They had rung the bell, and a woman now appeared in answer to its summons. She was a typical landlady,—of sour aspect, with a smile which did not mix well with her face, but rather curdled in it, so to speak. Her mouth was of the sort excellently adapted to the biting of nails. Ben said afterward that it was a great wonder to him, why this woman did not move nearer the Campus. That was her proper soil, he affirmed, and there she would flourish like the bay tree.

"I've come back with this young lady to see Brown," said Ben. "May we go up?"

He had deemed it well to throw the sop of a ceremonious entry to this awe-inspiring mistress of the house.

"Yes, you can."

Despite her smile, her tone was far from gracious. She disliked Lilian at a glance—her clothes were too good.

"I've been with him as much as I could," she continued, as they entered, "but I'm busy, and he don't seem to want much."

They went upstairs, Ben leading the way. Lilian followed him, down a long, dark hallway. Almost at its end, he paused, and opened a door. They entered.

J. B. BROWN

"I've brought Miss Ward," said Ben.

Lilian's quick eyes took in the whole scene at a glance; the small, one-windowed room, the poor attempts at decoration, the narrow bed, and on its pillow, the white, homely face, with its shaggy brows and great black eyes. That face had been pale and thin when she had first seen it; now it was ghastly—a sickening clay hue.

There was but one chair in the room. Ben brought it beside the bed, and Lilian sat down.

"I was very sorry to hear you were sick."

"You're awful good to come."

Brown's voice was weak and listless. He did not smile back at her.

There was a pause, during which Brown's labored breathing was painfully audible.

"I don't exactly know why I sent for you, after all," he said at last.

"I was very glad to come."

"I wouldn't have done it, I suppose—only the doctor told me I was very sick—and perhaps wouldn't get better. When things are that way, you know, you'll do what you wouldn't do other times."

Lilian nodded.

"I'm afraid, Mr. Brown," she said gently, "that I'm greatly responsible for your condition. It was that window the other night. I should not have let you do it. You told me that you had been ill."

"Oh, that's all right. I'd have done more than that for you. That's why I sent for you. Since I've been lying here I've done a good deal of thinking, and I made up my mind that if anything was going to happen—if I was going to die—there was something I wanted to tell you first."

"Yes."

"It's just this. "You're the only person in Ann Arbor who has been kind to me since I came here."

"Why—I—"

"Oh, I know it was only ten or twenty minutes that you talked to me—but no one else had done it—not that way—and it meant

MISFIT

a good deal. That's why I wanted to see you, to thank you, and tell you not to stop."

"Why—it was nothing"—

"Not to you, perhaps, but to me. No one else had spoken to me that way the whole year."

"It hardly seems possible," said Ben, half to himself.

Brown suddenly began to sob. Great tears started in his eyes, and rolled down his pale cheeks. It seemed, however, to be weakness, rather than actual grief that was affecting him.

"You don't mean," asked Lilian bending forward, "that you haven't formed a single friendship since you came here?"

"That's what I mean," sobbed Brown. "I'm ashamed to carry on like this—but I can't help it."

After a couple of minutes, during which no one spoke, Brown ceased sobbing, but the tears continued to roll down his cheeks.

"Oh, its hard," he said, and for the first time there was real bitterness in his tone. "I came from a little town in the West. Nobody from there had ever gone to college. They laughed at me all the time I worked and saved. I had to earn all my money for myself. My folks are dead, and there's only some cousins"—

"Do they know you're sick?" asked Lilian.

"No. What's the use. They couldn't do any good. Well, I worked two years, worked, and studied nights,—and dreamt about this school and college life, and friends—and—and all that sort of thing."

His head drooped forward, and his whole frame shook with sobs.

"Come, come, Brown," said Ben, kindly, "you musn't carry on like this, or we can't stay. It will make you worse."

"Oh, it doesn't matter," gasped Brown, making, however, an effort to control himself. "I can't get well. I know it. If I hadn't come here it might have been different. Perhaps its because I'm so queer. But I can't help it—and I've been so lonely, so hungry. I thought I'd meet so many people and—Oh, I didn't meet any one!"

"Didn't any of the ministers"—began Ben.

"I don't go to church much—and it seems as if there isn't

J. B. BROWN

much pleasure here for a fellow like me, unless he's a—what do you call it? Oh, yes—a Christer."

He smiled wanly,

"Those folks in the young people's organizations—they're all right, I guess, but you see I have—well, opinions of my own, and I can't get up in meetings—and give experiences and pray—or go to socials. And unless you do such things, these folks haven't much use for you."

There was a long pause.

"I oughtn't talk to you this way, but it's so long since I've told anybody what I thought—since anybody listened. You don't mind, do you?"

"No," replied Lilian, very quietly, and with quivering lips, "I don't mind."

"And then—I thought all the teachers would be very great men, and that they'd be friends to me. Some of them are great, but they don't seem to care much about any of us, and some of them don't speak when they meet you on the street."

"They don't do it purposely," said Ben.

Lilian said nothing. The tears which had been gathering in her eyes could no longer be restrained.

"I don't suppose it's anybody's fault,—but there's a fault somewhere, and—and we have to pay for it."

There was another silence, longer than any that had preceded. When Brown spoke again he was far more calm. The three talked of other things a while, until the room grew dark.

"I shall have to go," said Lilian, at last, "but I will come again tomorrow, if you wish."

Brown did not speak—only nodded.

Ben lit the lamp, and placed it on the table near the bed.

"I will be back in an hour and stay with you. The doctor is to come at seven, isn't he?"

"Yes."

"Good-bye, until tomorrow, said Lilian, as she reached the door.

"Good-bye," said J. B., wearily.

Ben and Lilian went along the hallway, and down the stairs in silence. When they reached the sidewalk she turned to him with a passionate gesture.

MISFIT

"Terrible," she cried, "terrible! Oh, Ben, Ben!"

"You're right, Lillian," he said soberly.

"Just think, Ben, that poor boy. Oh, the pity of it. And he isn't the only one!"

Ben was silent.

"It's a case of asking for bread and getting a stone. There's a fault somewhere," he said.

"Oh, and there *is*, Ben, there *is*. I believe there are colleges where this wouldn't have happened. I don't mean his illness, of course,—that would have happened anywhere. I mean this starvation, for that's all it is. Isn't it all a big mistake, a school where such a thing can happen?"

"Not all a mistake, but something wrong, perhaps."

"And can't we—can't some one do something?"

"It's the world on a small scale, you know."

"Yes, yes, but it's different here, in school, after all—at least it ought to be. There ought to be something better to offer here, such as this boy—the misfits, if you will—or else they shouldn't be allowed to come here."

"But what can be done?"

"I know what I would do, if I had money enough. I'd build a place for those boys like Brown, and for all the others, and one for the women, too. Places where they could all meet, without having meetings, where they could enter without anybody asking or caring what church they belonged to, or whether they were Christians or Jews; places without any mission—except to be homelike, and inviting—places where they could find friends"—

"It seems very far away, and ideal, but, perhaps, some day"—

"Oh, I hope so. And I'd have the faculty men come and mingle as often as they could with the students and try to know them, and"—

They had reached State street, and turned now toward the Campus. It was near the evening meal hour, and the sidewalk was crowded with students passing in little groups of twos and threes, talking, laughing, calling one to another. From time to time there walked among them a solitary figure.

As Ben and Lillian crossed the Campus, the chimes rang the

SOMEBODY

hour of six. Their full-toned music died away, and in its place, after a moment, came a melody sung by young voices in the frosty distance.

"Oh, Ann Arbor," said Lilian, slowly, "Ann Arbor, Ann Arbor!"

SOMEBODY

I know not why I cannot keep
 My thoughts away from somebody.
I know not why my truant feet
 Would vainly follow somebody.
I only know that when I sleep
 My dreams are graced by somebody.
I only know that when I weep
 My tears are shed for somebody.
There is a beauty in despair—
 It sweetly shines from somebody.
Her image haunts me everywhere—
 My unknown lovely somebody.
And when I homeless forth do fare
 The magic touch of somebody
Could stir my recreant heart to dare,
 And make e'en me a somebody!

THE RELAY

HARLAN P. ROWE

IN one corner of the long, low, covered stand, a band was playing. It was march music, and like the roll of distant drums came the sound of many feet beating time. Across the mass of summer gowns and flannels that rose tier above tier almost to the grimy rafters fluttered innumerable vividly-colored banners, and at intervals bursts of song and cheering rang out.

The straightaway of a cinder track stretched past the front of the stand. Opposite, on the grassy oval which the track enclosed, many lean looking, brown-legged men in white running trunks and jerseys, stood about in groups, or lay at full length on the grass, basking in the sunlight. Others stalked back and forth like Indians, swathed in gaudy blanket robes.

A group of men who had been consulting together in front of the stand broke up. Some of them hurried off across the track. One of those remaining raised a megaphone to his lips and faced the stand. The band stopped playing, and the hum of conversation hushed.

"Everybody out for the two-mile!" he called, and, after a pause, "Get your men ready for the relay!"

The words could be heard in the dressing rooms behind the stand. Before their sound had died away several little groups of blanketed figures were making their way out toward the track, each surrounded by its knot of supporters.

Hoarsely above the confusion of desultory cheering came the second call, the first call for the relay. As it penetrated into one of the dressing rooms, the gloom deepened on the faces of a group lounging about on rubbing tables and benches.

"When did it come?" asked a pale faced boy who had just entered, clinging weakly to the shoulders of two supporters.

"About an hour ago," replied the one whom he had interrupted. "We had just come out of the hotel to get into the 'bus, when a messenger boy came up and handed it to him. He gave it to us after he had read it." All it said was: "Father dying,

come at once.' Of course we were both of us so knocked out we couldn't say anything. We went right over to the telegraph office to see that there was no fake about it, and then he hurried back to the hotel and packed his grip and just had time to catch his train. He felt all broken up about going and leaving us in the lurch like that, but I told him we could manage it some way. I rather guess it's up to us now," he added gloomily.

"What's the matter, boys?" queried a kindly-looking old gentleman standing by the door, who had overheard the last part of this speech.

"Plenty," answered one of them from the depths of his blanket robe. "The man who runs third quarter in the relay has just got a telegram that his father is dying, and has gone home."

"Too bad, too bad," murmured the old gentleman. "But, can't you put some one in his place?" he added with a flash of inspiration.

Those who overheard his sage observation grinned with all the indulgence youth has for old age.

"Of course we'll have to do that," the one who had answered his first question explained. "But that doesn't help matters much. You see we haven't any one nearly as fit."

The discouraged words found reflection in the faces about the dressing room. The relay was the chief event of the meet. For it alone a cup was offered. Two years had this cup stood secure on a shelf in the trophy room of Crane University "gym," a tribute to the prowess of the quartet of quarter-milers she had sent each year to represent her at the intercollegiate. If the relay could be won this year the cup would go back again to Crane, but this time to remain, free to accumulate the dust and traditions of a perpetual residence, undisturbed save as some undergraduate of the future should point out its ancient figure to his admiring auditors "from home," and recount the legends which clustered about it, luxurious as the sea growth on a battered hulk.

That a few typewritten words had snatched this prospect away just as it was about to become a reality, was the cause of

RELAY

the gloom on the faces of the little gathering of Crane men in the dressing room.

Hallowell, the captain of the team, had brought the intelligence. He had been with his team mate when he received the telegram, and although he said nothing about it in his gloomy recital, had dragged him by main force back to the hotel and packed his suit case and hurried him down to the depot to catch his train. Not that he did not himself fully realize all that putting in a new man on the eve of the race involved, nor forget his cherished hope of presenting the relay cup to Crane as the last and crowning achievement of his four-years' career in college athletics. But even for Hallowell life had already presented greater problems than those involved in the leadership of track teams, and the ability to do a quarter under fifty. He had not hesitated in his decision, and now that Torrance, the third-quarter man, had gone, he set himself resolutely to face the consequences.

Even as he sat in earnest conversation with Calligan, the trainer, the crack of a revolver sounded on the summer air.

"There go the two-milers," he said grimly. "We're next."

"I think it will have to be Hart, don't you?" he added.

Calligan nodded.

Just outside the door of the dressing room, the group who had heard Hallowell's story, gathered to discuss the situation.

"Hart seems to be the only man," said one.

"But no one knows anything about him, or what he can do."

"Hart is a sophomore," he went on to explain to some to whom the name was unfamiliar. "But he's kind of a queer duffer. He apparently doesn't care to have much to do with the rest of us. When he was a freshman he never came to class meeting or tried for any of the teams, but just pegged along by himself. He never did any particularly bright work in his class; nor, so far as I can find out, anything outside of college to support himself; just a sort of nil.

"He's been about the same this year, so it was the greatest surprise on the Campus when he came up on the running track in the gym one afternoon at the beginning of the second semester, and joined the running squad. Gad, but he was awkward.

That didn't phase him, though. The guying he got slipped off him like water off a duck; he didn't seem to pay any more attention to it than he did to us."

"Now here's the moral, dears," said the youth, oracularly:—"Hart and those long legs of his kept plugging along until, behold, about ten days ago, in the try-out for the relay team he got sixth place. Then luck took a hand. Langdon, the fifth man, strained a tendon, and Hart went to sub, and now Ter-rance has had to go home, and it seems to be up to our unknown to run third-quarter. I tell you there's something in it."

"Yes, probably," grunted a listener, "he ran so well in the try-out, got all of sixth place."

"Shut up," broke in another, savagely, "here he comes now."

A tall, thin, angular youth was striding across the grass from the stand. He walked with shoulders slightly stooped, covering the ground with a loose, ungainly swing. From under his slouch hat peeped a shock of sandy hair. His face was freckled, but he had a good mouth and jaw, and a pair of purposeful hazel eyes that somehow appeared just a trifle sleepy. He nodded carelessly at the group by the door and entered.

"Temple said you wanted to see me?" he said, questioningly, as he approached Hollowell and Colligan.

The latter nodded to Hollowell, who said: "Hart, Ter-rance has been called home suddenly. You will have to run third quarter in the relay."

Hart stood silent, speechless. Evidently such a contingency had never occurred to him. He shifted uneasily, then raising his eyes appealingly to Calligan, he said, still addressing Hollowell: "Couldn't some one else run it better than I, captain?"

Now there is a limit to every man's courageous adjustment to adversities. Hollowell's had been passed. He turned to Hart, sharply,

"Are you going to be a quitter?" he asked in a hard voice,

But before Calligan or Hart had time to reply, he slipped down from the table on which he was sitting and grasped Hart's hand.

RELAY

"I beg your pardon, old man," he said. "I know it rather took you off your feet; it did most of us; but go in and do your best. The cup is not lost yet by a long way."

Hart's face was crimson with embarrassment. He stammered something to the effect that he would try, and hurried out with Calligan for a few words of instruction and a hasty change of clothes.

Hallowell wrapped his blanket about him and laid down for a moment's rest. Hardly had he done so, as it seemed to him, when the voice of the megaphone sounded through the air, announcing the result of the two-mile.

After the tumult of cheering had subsided, the hoarse cry sounded again: "E-e-verybody out for the relay!"

Hallowell rolled off the table. The rubbers gave a last pat to the legs of two other men, and they wrapped their blankets about them and joined him. They waited a moment for Hart, so that when they at last emerged from the door of the dressing room, the other teams had already gone out to the track.

From the crowded stand came roar after roar of cheering. The stand seemed to tremble under the boom of stamping feet. Hallowell glanced up grimly as Calligan broke a way for them through the crowd which lined the fence, and wondered if the news had yet reached the Crane rooters.

In answer to his thought a fresh burst of cheering went up. He felt the crunch of cinders under his feet. They had passed the gate and were out upon the track, Calligan in the lead, striking toward a cluster of blanketed figures in the middle of the track before the stand. Hallowell called back his wandering thoughts and abruptly gathered all his coolness for the drawing for position.

In the stand one question was upon the lips of the Crane supporters:—"Which is Hart?"

News of the telegram and its consequences, had spread with all the swiftness of evil tidings; but with its darkening of sanguine hopes it brought also a great curiosity as to this unknown, Hart.

The group on the track broke up; the cheering gradually died away, and one of the bands in the stand gathered up its

instruments to play. Then, as though in answer to the queries on the stand, a cry sounded, shrill and clear:—

“Hello, Babe Hart!”

A few eyes in the stand turned toward the section from which the cry came; but most of them sought out the little group of Crane members below on the track. One of these, a tall, gaunt youth, with sandy hair, was staring toward the stand inquiringly,—no need to ask longer which was Hart.

Again the cry came, clear, compelling. By this time the Crane followers realized its meaning. They took it up and rolled it from one end of the field to the other, in a mighty, swelling cheer.

The effect upon the man on the track below was magical. Langdon said afterward that the sleep seemed to clear out of his eyes all in an instant. He stared a moment longer, and then turned his crimson face to Hallowell, and said, with a catch in his voice: “I wonder how they got hold of it. It’s my nickname at home.”

Hallowell laid his hand on his shoulder. “It’s all right, old man,” he said. “They’re with you up there.”

The good square jaw tightened. Langdon was right. The sleep had cleared out of the hazel eyes. All in an instant had come the change. The men who knew him stared in wonderment. Could this be the slow, careless Hart, this alert individual who listened so attentively to Calligan’s last instructions and discussed the prospect in as cool a manner as the veteran Hallowell. Hallowell noticed the change, and a glimmer of hope burned up for an instant in his breast, but he snuffed it out ruthlessly and turned his attention to the track.

The men who were to run first had flung their blanket robes to waiting hands, and were stepping forward to dig their footholds in the cinders. A moment later and those beyond the sound of the starter’s voice, saw them crouch in a row as though by common impulse; saw a revolver barrel glint in the sun above the starter’s upstretched arm; saw the crouching figures raise and swing forward a trifle. Then a ball of fluffy smoke broke out above the starter’s head. A scratching of cinders, and they were already rounding the turn, running well bunched, steady

RELAY

and strong. Down the back stretch they sped. At the 220 pole there were spaces opening between. On the turn these spaces widened perceptibly.

The second-quarter men were waiting nervously.

Ralston of Crane was running in third place. As they swept into the straightaway he swung out and started his sprint. But the pace had been too fast. He fought gamely, but almost at the finish he staggered, and lurching forward blindly touched his man off, a bad third.

Calligan frowned, and said something in a low tone to Hallowell, who shook his head gloomily.

"Can't do it," he said. "This quarter is going to be faster yet!"

It was. Around the turn; down the back stretch; past the 220 pole again. Crane still held third, but the two men behind were slowly creeping up.

Hallowell and Calligan gave Hart a few last words of encouragement and sent him out to take his place, and down from the stand surged a mighty, hopeful chant: "Eat 'em up, Babe Hart!"

Hart's lips tightened, and he glanced up smiling.

Hallowell noticed it, and he said to himself: "I wonder if I did such a fool thing after all, in putting him third," and his judgment told him yes.

Around the turn and into the straightaway swung the runners. Again the colors of Crane swerved out to sprint. But this man had gauged himself better. As he bore down on Hart there was no faltering there. His pace increased as he neared the finish in a spurt that drew a burst of applause from the Crane section. He lunged forward to touch Hart, and then staggered and dropped, limp and senseless to the ground.

With a spurt of cinders, Hart shot away in third place, twenty feet behind the leader. The crowd in the stand caught its breath in wonder.

"He's hitting it up too fast," muttered Calligan to Hallowell, as he took his robe. "He can't hold it."

That was the feeling of all those who knew as they watched him circle the turn and swung into the back stretch at a pace that

they knew from his stride must be terrific. But the stand's judgment was not expert, and over the swaying mass of humanity up there, there dawned a realization that a new runner was being born to Crane in that streak of flying humanity that seemed to be all legs. They saw the distance that separated him from the leaders gradually shorten. At the 220 pole he came up even with the second man; hung beside him a moment, and then slowly drew ahead.

Crane rose in a delirium of joy. Langdon pounded a gray-haired professor of Greek on the back, and yelled in his ear:

"Watch him! Just see him go. Can't he run!"

And the old professor, without turning his head, softly murmured, "You bet!"

Below on the track the knowing ones shook their heads. Eagerly they gazed at the runners for the first sign of weakening. It did not seem possible that Hart could maintain the pace; but he gradually drew away from the second man, and slowly, slowly, crept near the leader.

The stand was hushed and tense.

They were on the turn, the last quarter men were in their places and waiting. The mass in the stand rose to their feet and craned forward.

Into the straightaway swung the runners, sweeping down with great strides toward the finish. Hart was running in the middle of the track to touch Hallowell. His arms were drawn up tense at his side now, and his head was thrust forward. His face was set and drawn. In an agony of suspense the Crane men watched for the first weakening of that sweeping stride. But it did not come. Nearer, nearer—suddenly his hand shot out, he lurched forward and touched Hallowell four feet behind the leader.

"There goes a record," muttered one of the timers to his companions as he clicked his watch.

Hallowell closed the gap on the back stretch. At the 220 pole he was well in the lead, and after that it was only a question of how much.

As Crane awoke to a realization that the cup was won, pandemonium broke loose. The transition from despair to

RELAY

triumph brought delirium. Hats and coats and canes were flung into the air. Spectators leaped the railing of the stand, and swarmed onto the track below. The victorious team were caught up and borne on willing shoulders to the dressing rooms.

Around Hart an enthusiastic mob clamored for introductions, but Calligan waved them all away and hurried his tottering proteges into the dressing room.

After dinner that night as Hallowell strode out on the veranda of the hotel, and stood looking down at the crowds of visitors taking their way leisurely to the trains, he heard his name called from the dusk behind him. He turned.

"If you're not in a hurry won't you come over and sit down for a few minutes," said a voice which he recognized as Hart's.

He took the proffered chair, but before he could utter the words which were upon his lips, Hart laid his hand on his arm.

"I guess I know what you are going to say, Hallowell," he said, "but I want to tell you something before you say it."

"Do you know," he continued, "I never knew what it meant to have a fellow put his hand on my shoulder and call me old man. I never dreamed of experiencing such a feeling as came over me when I heard those up there cheering my name, just because I had been kicked into doing something for the honor of old Crane.

"Dad has tried hard to pound it into my head ever since I can remember, that I was worth something; but I could never manage to agree with him. He has about given it up, I am afraid. But after what I've been through today, I guess I'm well wakened up.

"So you see, old man," he added, with a smile in his voice, "I owe more to Crane tonight than she owes to me. And I really don't deserve all they've been saying about me."

UNREST

M. H. P.

The waves, the waves,
O God those waves,—
With curling crests and flying spray,
Reaching, reaching up the sands,
And calling, "Come away, away!"
But Love has warmly ta'en my hands
And drawn me to a saner rest
Upon his deep-intoning breast,
Yet still I hear,—
Too near, too near,—
The voice that cries;
The pent soul sighs
And notes the path of trembling light,
Leading, leading from the night
Upon the shore to,—no man's land;
I'm wildly borne across the sand,
Impelled by pulse of atmosphere,
And while within the sea I peer,
A cold, cold wave has wrapped me round,
And, shrinking, in a quick rebound,
I loudly cry;
And Love, close by,
Again forgiving foolish me,
Leads me gently from the sea;
And from the weird and mystic moon,
From swaying shadows on the dune,
He shades my eyes,
My unrest dies.—
And yonder, where the pathway turns,
The light of home serenely burns.

At the Sign of the Ass's Head

"BUT, MASTERS, REMEMBER THAT I
I AM AN ASS."



The May Festival

The Eleventh May Festival, fully maintained the standard set by its predecessors. The choice and order of the works given at these five concerts always follows some definitely arranged educational plan. In addition to an excellent selection of minor works, the scheme for this year included the performance of Schubert's B minor Symphony, Beethoven's Seventh Symphony, A major, Bruch's "Fair Ellen," Elgar's "Dream of Gerontius," and Bizet's "Carmen" in concert form.

For the musician, at least, the chief interest centered about the "Gerontius." In earlier work, as in the "Caractacus," heard last year for the first time in this country, Mr. Elgar had demonstrated his complete mastery over the resources of the modern orchestra. But in this work choral and orchestral effects are sought for and attained that are absolutely unique.

Taking his text from Cardinal Newman's great mystical poem, the composer has entered into its spirit to such an extent, and has made the work such an organic whole, that any criticism of the music must apply as well to the poem and to the sub-

ject as a whole. The "Gerontius" has been called an oratorio. In reality, Elgar has created a new form in sacred music. Instead of detached solos and choruses, the music forms an uninterrupted background to the various recitations and choruses. Made up, like the Wagnerian music drama, of a large number of characteristic motives, it reflects to the full the varied play of emotion depicted in the words.

The subject is of such inherent difficulty that in the case of ninety-nine out of a hundred composers, its treatment would be foredoomed to failure. In particular, the question of how to proceed after the stupendous climax before the throne of the Most High has, it would seem, received its only possible solution in the hands of Elgar, and that in a statement that must win even greater admiration as familiarity with it increases.

Under Professor Stanley's direction, the work received a thoroughly adequate rendition, the authoritative work of Mr. Ellison Van Hoose, in the part of Gerontius, being especially noteworthy.

Carmen, in concert form, even with Homer as the heartless gipsy, and Campanari as Escamillo, may seem a questionable proposition. But as long as Ann Arbor is without an Opera House, and the work is done with such spirit, the presentation of operatic music in this manner must find adequate justification in its educational value.

In speaking of the dramatic season of 1903-'04, William Winter says:

"There has not been a time in fifty years when the theater was at so low a level as it has reached today—when the impulse is vanity, the motive is greed, the method is sordid engrossment, the aim is exclusively 'business,' and the result is a barren traffic and an arid waste."

This is a strong denunciation of the stage, and it cannot fail to arouse the younger generation which is in a way actively and passively for the drama of today and of the future. At first we are inclined to assign the cause of such a scathing criticism to the pessimism of old age. In view of the article from which the above quotation is taken, Harrison Fisk carefully studied theatrical affairs of the last fifty years, and came to the conclusion that the modern stage is no worse at present than it has been for many years. Yet it must be confessed that if we review the season as a whole, we find but three productions worthy of consideration: The "Proud Prince," "Ivan, the Terrible," and "Ulysses." This list purposely leaves out of consideration the delightful but unsubstantial comedies, such as "Cousin Kate," or "Pretty Peggy," as we are dealing with the so-called "literary drama." Outside of the three plays mentioned, the stage has been overrun with productions which are not even worthy of attending, much less of serious criticism.

In regard to these dramas which aspired to be worthy respect, and consideration, we may report favorably. The "Proud Prince" was a curious

and interesting play which could not fail to hold one's attention because of its novelty. Yet it is not a play which will live in book-form. "Ivan, the Terrible," was produced by Richard Mansfield—an actor who has such a hold on the listener by his art, that anything he attempts on the stage is, at least, artistic. "Ulysses" is a drama which has been successfully produced in London. Mr. Frohman gave it an adequate representation in this country; and even after it had turned out to be a financial failure, he spared no expense to continue its production, believing that the play had a powerful message to convey to the public, and that it would raise the standard of the stage. The drama failed through lack of patronage. Yet, what are we to expect of the public at large, when a certain critic in speaking of "Ulysses," said: "The prologue representing that session of the gods on Olympus, was scarcely superior in dignity to a meeting of the Detroit Common Council"? If those who are supposed to have the welfare of the stage at heart give the "Proud Prince" unstinted praise and condemn, not even in a dignified manner, the exquisite poetic drama, "Ulysses," Phillips may well say: "*Et tu Brute.*"

. . .

But why is "Ulysses" a success in London and not in America? Why is the present home

The Lack of Aesthetic of romantic drama
Appreciation in in France? Why
America are Shakespeare's

plays produced
more frequently in Germany than in
this country? Are we to come to the
conclusion that American taste in

THE ASS'S HEAD

art is on a low plane? If we must go abroad for all our music and serious drama, are we not well enough educated to appreciate the best that Europe has to offer? Ask this question of any American, and he will point to our universities. Perhaps he is thus answering the question, but not in the way he expected. Go to the average student's bookcase, if he has one, and take notice of what you find, besides his textbooks. There are numerous copies of the "Smart Set," "Letters From a Self-Made Merchant to His Son," "Dorothy Vernon," etc. The commercial tendency of the age has spread into the universities, and even where we should expect to find an acquaintance with the highest forms of art, we discover an appalling lack of artistic appreciation. Can we wonder that this country is behind Europe in the æsthetic side of life, when the supposedly best educated classes—the college graduates—find more to admire in Carnegie than in Shakespeare? Perhaps we should have said scientific school graduates, for truly the college graduate is likely to become an extinct species.

Thus when William Winter lashes the stage, he would do well to turn his scourge against the public. There is more of a crisis in front of the footlights than behind them. The mechanical part of the theater has never been as well equipped to meet demands made upon it as it is at present. The actors—Mansfield, Tree, Bernhardt, and Coquelin—are as artistic as they ever were. The old dramas of merit still exist. Modern plays, worthy of high praise, are being written by Phillips, Rostand, Downey, and D'Annunzio. But where

is the appreciative audience? For the most part they are listening to vaudeville and burlesque. As long as the public demands Webber and Fields, instead of Shakespeare, our stage will degenerate.

. . .

The *Nation* records the results of a highly important piece of research that has just been consummated by Dr. "Categories, Cats and Children" G. Stanley Hall and C. E. Browne for the Carnegie Institution. It is entitled "The Cat and the Child." Cats and children, these learned authors hold, have been in close association since the world began. This association must have modified the child, and possibly the cat, and a statistical study of the attitude of the child toward his feline playfellow cannot fail to cast a certain light upon the mysterious recesses of the child mind. So some three thousand youngsters were set to recording their impression of their favorite pet, answering such questions as these: Why they liked it? How they got it? What was its chief accomplishment? Did it speak and understand what was spoken to it? Did it manifest affection? Had it a life after death?

More than a quarter of the children (statistically 28.4 per cent.) answered for the cat. The systematized answers revealed at once the startling fact that the cat is rarely come by in the way of commerce. To 49 per cent. of the small girls the cat was given; to 19 per cent. it "came to us"; 10 per cent. "found it"; only 11 per cent. "bought or otherwise procured it."

On the basis of these figures the authors maintain with great plaus-

ibility that "the child values his cat because it is his own, and nearly one-half of the cats mentioned in the returns have been homeless and have been rescued and adopted by the child. The two factors of ownership and pity or sympathy are very nearly equal, with the former slightly in the lead."

Returns about the cat as a first-class fighter prove beyond cavil that small girls have somewhat broader sympathies than small boys. Little lassies even pity the mice, rats and birds which the cat catches, while it is demonstrable that little lads are deplorably "focused on the success of the cat." At eight years old 37 per cent. of boys and 30 per cent. of girls love a catfight; at fifteen years 60 per cent. of boys love their pet horrescent, but only 14 per cent. of girls. This shows clearly, our authors justly observe, that "with boys, interest in catfights increases from eight to fifteen and decreases in girls of the same ages." One more great stride in child psychology!

Invariably the cat is anthropomorphosed in a twofold manner. The child imputes his own feelings to the cat, and also his own "relation to his parents suggests to him a similar relation as existing between his pet and himself." Hence certain ethical implications and discoveries. For example, in the matter of chastisement of a bad cat, "boys punishments are more often abrupt and severe; the girls more frequently resort to moral suasion." Hence the axiom dimly divined by suffering males, but only now reduced to a scientific expression: "The boys range of punishment is less extensive than that of the girls; the girl *par excellence* is the disciplinarian." To

wit: 45 per cent. of females punish cats corporally, against 15 per cent. of males; 16 per cent of little girls are adepts in moral suasion against a beggarly 2 per cent. of little boys.

As we come out from the spell of the argument, the cruel suspicion intrudes that these striking conclusions might have been attained by less laborious means. If this be serious scholarship, why is not "Let me provide the cats of a nation, and I care not who makes its school commissioners" a serious social aphorism?

. . .

You cannot imagine with what eagerness and expectation I turned to the discussions at "The Hair-Cutting Sign of the Ass's Head" Again in April's INLANDER, to see what the intelligent gentlemen frequenting that auspicious hostelry had to say about hair-cutting and hair-cutters. But alas, never a word! Can it be that the significance of certain recent tonsorial, not to say barbarous, performances, has escaped the perspicacious vision of said intelligent gentleman? It is probable, nevertheless, that for deeds of sheer destruction, the Association of self-appointed Hair-Cutters will rank in history along with the image-breakers, the Kuklux Klan, Mafia, Katipunan, and other organizations of secret processes, uncanny rites and deeds of camisado.

I would not for the world have it thought that I use the word *destruction* playfully; or that I refer to so trivial a matter as the loss of a greater or less quantity of hair. The Loss of Hair by various victims and Heads of the "sounding scissors." I do not even allude to the somewhat graver

THE ASS'S HEAD

loss of their heads by certain members of the Faculty, at the time when the library, long deemed the Palladium of hirsute integrity, was invaded,—one professor, for instance, giving out the following identification of the ring-leader: "Light hair, an open countenance, and a gray suit!" Quite an ensemble, one must admit. Bertillon signalment could go no further,—but I am not referring to this matter.

My moan is simply this: The annual practice of hair-cutting, besides being as hygienic as spring bitters, has always been Michigan's one great collegiate institution—her one venerable tradition,—but by the past month's developments, it has been ruined beyond repair by its own devotees, mortally wounded in the house of its supposed friends. How this is, I can soon make plain, if you will but tolerate a lapse into reminiscence—and, mayhap, a tear.

In my undergraduate days, a free hair-cut at the hands of rival classmates was a badge of distinction, an emolument of office, a token of rank.

The Freshman toast-master, being an extraordinary figure, was quite certain of one and accepted office with an implied stipulation to that effect. A class president, if he attended the class games and didn't graft, might be voted one—but that was rare. A prominent athlete could occasionally induce his admirers to bestow a similar favor upon him. There were no further dissipations of the honor, however, and, hedged in by its own divinity, the institution of hair-cutting grew dignified and grand. With what lamentation then, I con-

template its present unworthy estate!

That you may not adjudge me a mere bumptious, atrabilious *laudator temporis acti*, turn to the facts. Who under the new dispensation *cannot* get a free hair-cut by merely appearing on the streets after 7 o'clock in the evening? What mug-ugly, what pie-face, what lanthorn jaw, what cock-loft cranium *cannot* today receive facile promotion to factitious fame by seeking out a friendly pair of scissors? Nay! In the case of many I am induced to believe, the tinsel aureola of their spurious tonsure, is from their own hands! And *this* is the work of the Amalgamated Order of Self-Appointed Hair-Cutters!—which is nothing but a contemptible conspiracy of obscure muckers to receive a free hair-cut without deserving it.

What the consequences of this lavish dole of pseudo distinction must be, is evident enough. Already, the best college men, will not permit their hair to be cut outside an antiseptic barber shop. For, they urge with cogency, if the plebs have our funeral, why then they may have it, but they can't have us, too!

Hair-cutting as an institution is dead. Ostracism endured at Athens, as long as men like Themistocles and Aristides were its honored victims. But when the "meanest man" was sent into exile by the oyster shells, ostracism came to an end. Oh! if this historical instance had only been present to the minds of the hair-cutters, perhaps they might have had the ruth to hold their desecrating hands from the sacred scissors—but no—Ilium fuit, so *was* hair-cutting.

AT THE SIGN OF

What could the drones and dullards who wrote the Librettos for past May Festivals have been about that they were so sleep to their opportunities? Never, before this year, we believe, was that publication made a vehicle for the conveyance of a salubrious moral lesson to dissipated concert goers. Heinous sin of omission! But in language approaching the cowboy's epitaph, "Nobody'll never git the drop on us again in that manner." "In the last analysis," says the Libretto, (page 34) "*Carmen* is of interest as a type, and for that reason it has been placed on our program. Through it all we seem to be conscious of the odor of the cigarette —and no one has yet claimed for that any inspiration toward higher living." Bravo!—though of course, it is barely possible that there are intervals in one's life when one lets up in the strenuous search for inspirations—but otherwise—bravo!

Our moralist, however, it is plain, is something of a tyro at this business of moral writing. Like all amateurs he overshoots the mark. For instance, to speak of *Carmen* as an "exploitation of the seamy side of life," is a trifle ridiculous. Elemental passion, even when of a base sort, doesn't necessarily suggest social settlements. Iago was no bar-keep.

We clip the following from the N. Y. *Evening Post*: The attempt to install the honor system at examinations held by Columbia University seems to be doomed

to failure for this year at least. All the classes of the college and the Schools of Applied Science, with the exception of the first-year men, have voted on the question. The senior class of the Schools of Applied Science passed a resolution to the effect that the installation of an honor system at Columbia was impractical under existing conditions. The attitude of the junior and sophomore classes was the same. A formal set of resolutions was submitted to the senior class of the college and received an affirmative vote of 37 to 28, but since it had been decided by the class that a two-thirds vote was necessary to make the resolution effective, no recommendations were made to the faculty. No quorum of the junior class could be obtained to vote on the question, and the sophomore class passed a resolution which really avoided the question.

The movement for the installation of an honor system at Columbia really had its origin in the faculty, but as the dean of one of the undergraduate faculties said, it was absolutely essential that the student body should take the initiative. The board of student representatives, composed of the class presidents of the college and the Schools of Applied Science, was called together by Dean Van Amringe and told that the authorities would do what they could to help the matter along, but that the board would have to put the question to the various classes and take the initiative in every way. Statements of the workings of the honor system at Princeton and at the University of Virginia were obtained by the university authorities.

One of the principal objections to

THE ASS'S HEAD

the system made by the members of the college at their meetings held to consider the matter was that they would not agree to inform against their classmates. The men who were against the honor system further said that at Columbia, under existing conditions, there was lacking that *esprit de corps* which was absolutely necessary before any honor system could be made effective. They said that at Princeton and Virginia, where the honor system is in operation, practically all the students who live in dormitories or near the university, are thrown together constantly, and therefore know each other well. At Columbia, they said, the conditions are very different. Of the total number of students at Columbia comparatively few live on Morningside Heights. Howard Richards, secretary of Earl Hall at Columbia, says that he thinks that it will be several years before an honor system can be installed.

. . .

An Englishman who lives in South Bend, Indiana, read an article in the *Ladies' Home Journal* on "An Ideal Evening at Home," and forthwith resolved to have one. The article gave the method of procedure in great detail so that paterfamilias was at no loss as to what should be done. Item one: Elizabeth must go to the piano and play and sing,—protests tearfully that she cannot sing,—is sent to bed. Item two: Josephine must play and sing. She is too old to be sent to bed. Heated words ensue. Item three: Paterfamilias goes down town.

This little fable should be taken todown the list. 'Jim Jeffries, however,

heart by Faculty Committees, who enter class meetings with great programs for reforming what needs no reformation. Graft must stop, certainly. We find it difficult to sympathize with the Berliner, who, on visiting Frankfort during the regime of the Sanitary von Meyer, exclaimed that "as for him *he* wanted to be able to *smell* his city."

Student graft, the foulness of which has so often been a stench to all nostrils, must and will end. But we can hardly believe that it will end through the unaided efforts of the faculty alone. Students and Faculty must combine for its extermination. The means of approach between these two bodies are lamentably few here at Michigan. The episode we allude to, is then but one argument more for a Michigan Union.

. . .

Sheehan and Company desire to announce that they will be unable to continue the exhibition **Bedsteads I Have Known** of eminent bedsteads that they began with such eclat several weeks ago. It was easy enough for them to secure exhibits as long as they wanted only new models which needed advertising, but when they struck heirlooms—they struck a snag. Procrustes' descendants refused absolutely to allow the old gentleman's bedstead out of their sight. "It had too many associations," they said. Lincoln's old Springfield cot had gone to the Pike. Napoleon's famous folding bed, that always closed up at the end of five hours, giving rise to the phrase, a "short Nap," was swiped at Waterloo by parties unknown in those parts;—and so on,

AT THE SIGN OF

has promised to send on the glove with which he knocked out Fitzsimmons. A like display of public spirit—and other articles—by other gentlemen of the “profesh” will be in time even yet, to prevent what promised to be a notable museum in extenso from fizzling out entirely.

. . .

He put the shot a hundred feet,
He vaulted full thirteen,
No other's hurdling was so neat,
No other's form so clean.
But x -square plus a y -square
Was to him'the same precisely
As the square of x plus y .

He could pitch a cycloid curve,
He could make three homes in four,
He displayed both skill and nerve
When the rooters “wanted more.”
But he really thought that clovis
Was the drug store name for Cloves,
And believed that Magna Charta was a map.

. . .

The Michigan Club House is to be a reality. The executive committee has met and definitely determined on the date of the big banquet, at which the first formal steps will be taken to secure the coveted building. The date set is Friday evening, November 11, on the eve of the Chicago game. At this time the organization is to be perfected, and plans now maturing made public.

With the possible exception of an Eastern game next fall, no other event of recent years has aroused so much enthusiasm among Michigan students and alumni. This has been true of the movement since its inception. No sooner was announcement made of the intended project, than scores of Michigan men, in college and out, offered their services to make the affair a success.

The special committee having charge of the preliminary arrangements, will continue at work during the summer, and by fall, when college opens again, will be prepared to pull off the biggest banquet ever given at Michigan. To give readers some idea of what they may expect, suffice it to say that the committee have on their list of speakers and guests for the occasion such men as Senator Charles V. Quarles, of Wisconsin, and Associate Justices Day, and Harlan, of the United States Supreme Court. There are others we might mention, but these are enough.

Coming, as it does, on the eve of the final football game with Chicago, when hundreds of alumni will be here, and Michigan enthusiasm will already be at white heat, the date of the banquet is most auspicious. That Waterman gymnasium will be filled to the doors is even now a foregone conclusion. This much is known from the responses of alumni and college organizations already received. The committee are beginning to regret that a larger banquet hall cannot be had. There is some talk of making temporary tables out of the seats in University Hall, in case the attendance exceeds the four hundred mark. This, however, cannot of course be determined on until after college opens next fall.

. . .

And still they come. Another club has seen the light. The genius of organization is working overtime. Every Tom, Dick, and Harry, is making a name for himself by founding a club of some sort. Verily, what are we coming to? In the good old days when people knew their

THE ASS'S HEAD

places and stayed there, it was accounted honorable to belong to something. It is no longer so. Nowadays you shine in the *Michiganian* by simply appending your name to your photo. No well-bred Senior, who desires to be thought truly great, will do more. Do we yearn for the former doings? Possibly. But as to yielding to the contamination of these better days in which notoriety is put for greatness, by the gods we will not!

Yet, we would not be misunderstood. "New occasions teach new duties; Time makes ancient good uncouth." We do need a Press Club.

And we have it. The A Press Club field in which it will labor is, so far as we know at present, entirely unoccupied. It is composed exclusively of newspaper men, and will have for its motto the improvement of the college publications and the ultimate installment of a university press on the Campus, whereon will be done all the work now given, from force of circumstances, to poorly-equipped and worse mannered houses of one kind and another. In the Constitution of the Club, which is herewith attached. We opine that the organization will suffer naught by reason of the profane language which is used therein:—

I. The name of this organization shall be the University of Michigan Press Club.

II. The present masculine pencil pushers of the *Michigan Daily* shall constitute the charter members of this Club.

III. The purpose of this syndicate shall be:

(a) To encourage the vigorous use of the hammer.

(b) To butt-in whenever an opportunity presents itself, and various other times.

(c) To promote a feeling of jollity and good cheer.

(d) To give yellow journalism and unfair representation of the University a knock-out blow.

IV. The organization may and shall perpetuate itself on an unsuspecting community by taking into its membership persons actively engaged in giving the public what it thinks it wants, through the medium of the printer's art, provided:

(a) That they are regular non-coed, male students of the University of Michigan.

(b) Aspirants for membership must convince at least three members of their loftiness of character and fitness for membership before their names can be presented for a vote.

(c) To be elected they shall have the consent of all present and voting.

(d) Voting shall be on the quiet.

V. Involuntary donations to the graft fund will be as follows:

(a) Each innocent must stand for a light touch of \$1.89 upon joining the chosen few.

(b) Thirty days will be given to each member in which to unload 89 cents to the Chief Grafter.

VI. (a) The officers of the Club shall consist of a

Purveyor of the Heated Ozone.

Sub. Purveyor of the Heated Ozone.

Wielder of the Stylus.

Gum-on-the-Lip.

Chief Grafter.

Keeper of Stray Junk.

(b) Said notables must be elected by a majority ballot of the members.

(c) The stunts of these officers shall be those performed in other corporations by a president, vice-president, recording secretary, corresponding secretary, treasurer, and librarian, respectively.

VII. The Purveyor of the Heated Ozone must call a conclave of the faithful at least once a month.

The Keeper of the Stray Junk and the Chief Grafter shall provide monthly laughs by a report of their neglected duties.

VIII. This dope sheet may be annulled by a two-thirds vote at any regular meeting."

. . .

In an issue of the *Michigan Daily* there appeared recently a series of interviews favoring the creation of a Senior Council at Michigan similar to those found in several other universities in this country and Europe. It may be stated, briefly, that the object in establishing such a council is to enable the student body to express itself through a recognized organ on important questions connected with university life and university enterprises. In this connection a published interview with Professor Wenley will be of interest to readers. Professor Wenley says: "I should imagine that, in any discussion affecting the mooted Senior Council, a principal question would be that of feasibility. And on this point I may add a word from personal knowledge. The Students' Representative Council, which embodies and carries out the essential idea of the proposed Senior Council, has been in operation

at the Scottish Universities for some twenty years. This body, elected by the students at large, and from the constituencies representing the various classes in all the faculties, is the recognized medium of communication between faculty and students. That it subserves a useful and worthy purpose is proven beyond question by the fact that, in recent parliamentary legislation affecting the government of the Scottish Universities, it received official recognition, as an integral part of that government, even to the extent of a subsidy from the academic funds. While I am of the opinion that it would be unwise, even were it practicable, to reproduce the Students' Representative Council in the different conditions prevailing here, I can testify from my personal experience as President of that body, that the Senior Council idea is thoroughly feasible and might well become a means of distinct practical service to the University. It must be obvious, too, that as the number of our undergraduates increases, a recognized organ, realizing its responsibility, for the voicing of the opinion of the whole student body, which is so hard to gage, could fill a very decided gap."

. . .

A very pretty custom has been inaugurated this year by the Senior class of holding weekly singing meetings on the campus after dusk. The rendezvous is Tappan Oak, and here each Tuesday evening the passer-by may see a goodly bunch of Seniors in caps and gowns gathered in the shadow, relating college myths and singing

THE ASS'S HEAD

college songs, Not infrequently, when the weather is good, large crowds of students and townspeople come out to sit around on the grass and listen. The custom bids fair to become a permanent feature of the commencement season. We hope it will, for the plan is ideal.

. . .

The greatest event of the year for those interested in public speaking, took place in Ann Arbor on Oratorical Friday evening, May 6th, Contest when the Northern Oratorical League held its fourteenth annual contest under the auspices of the University Oratorical Association. There are seven universities in the league, but as the contest is held at each of the universities in turn, it has been seven years since a similar contest had been held here. Without doubt the contest was the best in the history of the League. All of the speeches were of a high order of thought and composition, and were delivered skillfully and forcibly. Those given the first three places ranked very close. The winner was Mr. Jones, of the University of Minnesota, who spoke on "The American City." Mr. Jones was Minnesota's representative in the contest last year, receiving first place

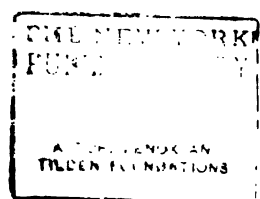
in delivery. His speech, though not so polished as some of the others, was clearly the most powerful. It was a stirring denunciation of corruption in city government.

Mr. Meek, of Chicago, and Michigan's representative, Mr. Halliday, were second and third, respectively. They were practically tied in rank. Mr. Meek spoke upon "John B. Gordon—the Pacifactor," and captured his audience by his rich, mellow voice. "Webster, and the Compromise of 1850," was the subject of Mr. Halliday's oration. His presence on the platform was very attractive, and he delivered his oration in his best style, which to Michigan adherents could not have been improved.

The contest next year will be held at Evanston, under the auspices of the Northwestern University.

The only other event of interest in debating circles this year was the final cup debate which took place on May 20th, between the Adelphi Society of the literary department, and the Webster Society of the law department. It was one of the best Cup debates ever held here. The subject was: "Resolved, That Labor Unions Should Incorporate." Webster defended the affirmative, and Adelphi the negative.

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THE INLANDER

A Monthly Magazine by the Students of Michigan University

THE FRENCH THEATRE AS A PUBLIC INSTITUTION*

JOHN R. EFFINGER, '91

NO one who has been much in France, or who has had even the most casual opportunity to observe a single isolated Frenchman, can doubt the general proposition that the theatre is without question the most natural and adequate expression of the social life of the French people. There are some who go so far as to state with considerable flippancy that every Frenchman is a *poseur*, an actor, consciously or unconsciously, and that nothing else could be expected. There are others, however, who maintain with Henry James, viewing the situation in a more serious way, that it is in the theatre that the French can see more vividly than elsewhere, some clear embodiment of their own national genius. The supreme faculties of the French mind, the art of form, of arrangement, and of presentation, all these are preeminently effective upon the stage, and James ventures the supposition that many a good citizen has consoled himself for his country's woes with the reflection that even if the Germans *have* a Bismarck and a Moltke, they have neither a Dumas nor a Sardou.

Without attempting to settle in a definite manner, however, the precise and essential relation existing between the French people and the theatre which they have created and fostered, a brief retrospect will at least serve to show the important place which the theatre has held in their esteem. As early as the last quarter of the 17th century, following close upon the heels of that glorious time when the three great dramatists, Corneille,

* A lecture in the course on Contemporary France, under the auspices of the Department of Romance Languages of the University of Michigan, delivered February 24, 1904.

THE FRENCH THEATRE AS

Moliere, and Racine, gave to France that wonderful classic drama of which she is so justly proud, Louis XIV., was far-sighted enough to endow a national theatre. In spite of the popular prejudice against the actor's profession, which has been strong enough to refuse a christian burial with due form and ceremony, to the peerless Moliere himself, the great King seemed to see, in some dim way, what future was in store for the actors of France when he took measures for the establishment of the Comedie Francaise. The evolution of the French play which had come to its classic regularity and perfection at this time, after several centuries of development, through the epic dialogue, the miracle and mystery plays, and the somewhat coarse wit of the mediæval farce, had been accompanied by a corresponding evolution in the growth of the actor himself. Harpers' minstrels, and troubadours were certainly the first modern actors, and then, in a period when strolling professional comedians were by no means unknown, a rage for acting seemed to seize the whole people, and during the 15th and 16th centuries especially, the craze for amateur theatricals ran riot, and honest burghers and beardless school-boys were all in hot haste to don the buskin and tread the boards. Then surely, the theatre was a public and popular institution, though theatres themselves, as material things, were not yet in existence.

When the centralizing tendencies of the seventeenth century had come to their most perfect and characteristic literary expression in the dramatic poetry of that time, and not until then, did the need of the trained professional actor become most apparent.

France, having passed its somewhat riotous youth, was now willing to relinquish the buskin to a chosen few, but popular interest in the theatre was none the less keen. Moliere, in organizing his own company of players, endeavored to make them, in turn, realize their responsibilities in the eyes of the world, and he left no stone unturned in his attempt to win a social prestige for them. The enthusiastic reception which they were wont to receive at the hands of the public is reflected in the following anecdote regarding Moliere's great successor,

A PUBLIC INSTITUTION

Baron. Baron, it seems, was wounded one day while acting in the *Cid*. Gangrene came on and the surgeons advised amputation. But Baron refused stoutly, saying, "I have been the King of the Stage, I cannot live with a wooden leg." And he died. Baron's wife was a very beautiful woman, and it is said that one day, Anne d' Autriche, the Queen Regent, drove her ladies-in-waiting from her presence by merely saying, "Here comes Mme. Baron." The dread of comparison put them to flight.

While dramatic literature may have been forced to give way somewhat to that rising flood of philosophical and social discussion which so captivated the French during the eighteenth century and led on, irresistibly to the fall of the Bastille and the ensuing Revolution—the acted play, still kept its hold upon the people, reflecting with the precision of an accurate mirror, the varying phases of passing events and going from the gay and satirical persiflage of the regency to the sentimentalism aroused by the heart to heart propaganda of Jean Jacques Rousseau and his friends.

Here again, in this 18th century, as before in the 15th and 16th, one of the dominant characteristics of the social life of the time, was the rage for amateur theatrical. The privately acted plays of the 18th century differ from those of the 15th and 16th centuries in just the same way as the states of culture and civilization in these two epochs differ from each other, but the fact remains, that deep imbedded in the French genius, is this passion for the tinsel crown and the glitter of the footlights which, up to that time, had only been suppressed, and then but partially, by the cold formality of Louis Quatorze. People were not free to establish public theatres as they pleased, in this 18th century, there was a strict dramatic censorship, and the number of regularly licensed playhouses was practically reduced to a minimum, so that the Comedie Francaise, which had been given an official existence in 1680, had a virtual monopoly of all public dramatic performances wherein there was any claim to literary excellence.

But there were private theatres by the hundred, in all classes of society, in the mansions of the prosperous bourgeois at Paris, as well as in the royal apartments at Versailles, where plays were given unrestricted by any censor's frown. In

THE FRENCH THEATRE AS

Grimm's *Correspondence*, in the *Memoires de la Republique des Lettres*, and in many other chronicles of the times, there are continued references to these performances, and if all that is said of them be true, some of these plays might have profited by a censorship, as they too often revealed a licentiousness which can find its only excuse in the then prevailing standards of morality. *Piron* alludes to this craze in his sparkling comedy, *La Metromanie*, *Taine* speak of it in his *Ancien Regime*, and in a volume of the *Memoires Secrets*, (I. VI. p. 105), it is stated that the minister of war, le Marquis de Monteynard, issued an order forbidding any officer, in garrison, to act, as several of them had abandoned their military careers, that they might give full play to their histrionic impulses.

As the fourth quarter of the 18th century dawned, the theatre became a potent factor in politics. Many have been moved to rapturous applause on hearing Campanari sing what is commonly known as the "Figaro song," yet few have stopped to consider that Figaro, as he appeared in 1784 in Beaumarchais' play, the *Mariage de Figaro*, was a veritable firebrand, so keen was this play in its criticism of existing corruption, Louis XVI. hesitated a long time before he would allow the play to be acted, saying, "The Bastile will be in danger if this play is given." Napoleon said of it, "This play is the Revolution, already in action," and it was the common verdict that *Figaro* had destroyed the power and prestige of the French nobility. Sure enough, the Bastile was destroyed on the 14th of July, 1789. Following close after this event, November 4, 1789, another play was given, entitled *Charles IX.*, written by a young man, as yet unknown, M. J. Chenier, and acted by the great tragedian, Talma, whose wonderful powers were there revealed for the first time. *Charles IX.* was to all appearances an historical play, dealing with the memorable massacre of St. Bartholomew's Day, in 1572, but it was in reality, a terrible arraignment of monarchical governments, and produced wild enthusiasm at its first performance. Danton, the revolutionary orator, on leaving the theatre, said with conviction, "If *Figaro* has destroyed the nobility, *Charles IX.* will destroy royalty," and so it did.

A PUBLIC INSTITUTION

In that chaotic liberty which followed the outbreak of the Revolution, all restrictions were thrown to the winds, all censorship removed, and, as it by magic, a crowd of theatres sprang into existence at once. Many of them were utilized by the leaders of the people in the dissemination of republican ideas, and free performances were given at regular intervals. These theatres were crowded to the doors nightly, and soon became known as vital factors in every political demonstration. Volumes have been written upon this theatre of the revolution. Much might still be said by way of briefest outline, of the conservative tendencies of the actors of the *Comédie Française*, and of their refusal to accept the principles of the revolution,—of the rigid censorship which was re-established with the advent of the power of Napoleon,—and of the lurid melodramas which now for the first time appeared above the dramatic horizon and captured the new public, but they can be given but this passing mention here.

In general, however, it may be said that the theatrical liberty which came with the Revolution, in spite of its various vicissitudes dependent upon various changes in government during the 19th century, still exists, and the following statements taken from the laws now in force, will shed some light upon the actual condition of affairs:—

“Any one has the right to open a theatre for regular performances, after having declared his intention to do so, according to a prescribed form. If the theatre is to be opened in Paris, the application must be filed in the office of the Minister of Public Instruction and Fine Arts; if it is to be in one of the provincial cities, in the office of the prefect of the department in which the city is located.”

Such a declaration serves to give notice of the necessity for proper inspection as to public order and public safety. Any, or all sorts of plays may be undertaken at the discretion of the managers, so long as they do not violate any existing laws of public propriety. Any play, and any dramatic composition of any kind, to be presented to the public, songs included, must first receive the authorization of the Minister of Public Instruction and Fine Arts, or of the local Prefect. Duly certified copies of all such compositions must be deposited by the interested parties, and

THE FRENCH THEATRE AS

subjected to careful examination before such authorization will be issued. To show the care with which such matters are kept dependent upon legal restriction, it may be added that copies of all theatrical programs, and public posters, must be deposited in the same way. Any one wishing proof of this fact, should go behind the scenes at the National Library in Paris and penetrate into the immense storerooms where all these things are corded away for the use or neglect of future generations.

Under these regulations it may well be believed that Paris is amply provided with public places of amusement. Twenty-six theatres, to state the number with precision, are now in operation at the French capital, and the variety of entertainment which they offer should suit the most exacting. Grand opera may be heard three and sometimes four times a week, and the *Opera Comique* is open every night. At the *Comedie Francaise*, and at the *Odeon*, which is sometimes called the second *Comedie Francaise*, the classic repertoire may be found, and also those plays which represent the best contemporary effort in comedy and drama. Then there is Coquelin's theatre, *La Porte St. Martin*; Sarah Bernhardt's theatre; the *Vaudeville*, where Rejane is queen, and the *Gymnase*, where Jane Hading is the reigning star. The *Chatelet*, which is the largest theatre in the city, with a seating capacity of 3,600, is devoted particularly to spectacular plays and extravaganzas. The *Theatre Antoine*, one of the recent theatres, which was founded in 1887, devotes itself exclusively to modern plays of a symbolistic, realistic, or social character, Ibsen, Sudermann, and Hauptman, with their French disciples, noticeably Monsieur Brieux, being the favorite playwrights. Two theatres at least are devoted to the melodrama, and a good half dozen to modern comedy and farce in its lightest form, where the plays, in the language of the American press agent, are "constructed for laughing purposes only."

In all this multiplicity of playhouses, however, which cannot fail to be confusing, this simple classification may be made, so far as the leading theatres are concerned, which will help to clarify the situation: The *Comedie Francaise*, and the *Odeon*, are directed by a conservative policy, while Sarah Bernhardt, Coquelin, and Rejane, in the management of their theatres, are

A PUBLIC INSTITUTION

entirely liberal and modern in their ideas. The Opera, the Opera Comique, and the Theatre Antoine, for what, I trust are apparent reasons, are omitted from this classification.

The conservative policy favors the idea of the stock company, and the liberal or modern policy is quite in accord with the starring system which has such a hold upon England and the United States. This modern policy, being a matter of international practice and commonly understood, needs no explanation here. The conservative policy, however, which follows with fidelity the French tradition, and is therefore characteristically French, may require some word of comment. Of the two conservative theatres, the *Comedie Francaise* and the *Odeon*, the second is but a copy of the first in all essentials, so that by confining our attention to one theatre alone, we shall be able to get a clear idea of the matter involved.

This *Comedie Francaise* which exists today is the same theatre which was organized by Moliere, and definitely established by Louis XIV., and it is considered by all, whatever criticisms may be made upon its present management, as the typical theatre in all France, and in loving memory of its first great celebrity, it is often called *La Maison de Moliere*. Here the actors have a definite share in the management of affairs, although a *directeur*, or manager, appointed by the government, is the nominal head of the institution. The actors are divided into two classes, the *societaires* and the *pensionnaires*. The *societaires*, as actual life members of the company, are entitled to a fixed proportional share in the profits of the theatre, in addition to a fixed salary for their work, while the *pensionnaires* are young actors and actresses who are engaged for a certain period, and at a certain salary, and have no participation whatever in the profits or in the management of the house. *Pensionnaires* of ability are made *societaires* as soon as their efforts seem to merit such reward. Costumes are furnished to both classes of actors by the management, and there is an annual government subsidy of some 240,000 francs, or \$48,000, which makes it possible to conduct the theatre in a manner worthy of its best traditions.

So far as the repertoire of this theatre is concerned, the first care is to give adequate and frequent performances of the best

THE FRENCH THEATRE AS

plays which have been written in France, from the *Cid*, which appeared in 1636, down to the present time. Thus France can proudly say that the masterpieces of her own dramatic literature, are performed more often in France than in any other country, and can put to shame her neighbor, England, who is forced to acknowledge that the plays of Shakespeare are presented more often, each year, in Germany, than they are in the country of their origin.

The second care on the part of the management is to present such new plays from time to time as shall best represent the highest achievements of modern dramatic writers.

With such a policy, as to the choice of plays, with such close association in the direction of affairs, and with the consciousness of the uncontested dignity of their vocation under such surroundings, it is no wonder that a *societaire* of the Theatre Francais is regarded as a *personnage* of some distinction. The building occupied by this theatre is filled with the memories of past triumphs, under its eaves is a most attractive collection of books, manuscripts, and archives of various sorts, dating back to the beginning, and brimming with interest for any inquisitive student, and in the foyer and in the long narrow gallery adjoining it, are scores of paintings and marble busts of the actors and dramatic authors who have felt it an honor in days gone by, to associate their interests with those of the House of Moliere. There are special birthday performances each year in honor of Moliere, Corneille, Racine, and Victor Hugo, and every winter there is a series of Thursday matinees devoted to the old classic repertoire.

A striking illustration of the respect and reverence shown by the actors of the *Comedie Francaise*, for their art and their theatre, is revealed in the fact that no actor steps upon the stage, whether it be morning, noon, or night, and for any purpose, without first removing his hat, unless he happens to be acting in a play where he is required to wear it. Such delicacy of sentiment must of necessity excite our admiration.

The modern rage for personal success, and a rapid fortune, however, has induced some few players, and notably Coquelin, to leave this historic home of the drama for a more independent career, and the conservative policy of the management has been

A PUBLIC INSTITUTION

much criticised in some quarters, and with justice, perhaps, because it has been too conservative and too timid in its recognition of new plays and new authors, but it is no less true that the Theatre Francais remains the leading theatre, not only of France, but of the world. There, the art of acting ranks with the fine arts, and nowhere else can it be seen developed with such grace and eloquence.

The English poet, Gray, said his idea of heaven was to lie all day on a sofa and read novels, but Henry James has suggested that a much better heaven would be to sit all night in an orchestra chair at the Theatre Francais, and he goes on to say: "I often think of the inevitable first sensations there of the cultivated foreigner, let him be as stuffed with hostile prejudices as you please. He leaves the theatre an ardent Gallo-maniac. 'This,' he cries, 'is the civilized nation par excellence! Such art, such grace, such finish, such taste, such a marvelous application of applied science, are the mark of a chosen people, and these delightful talents imply the existence of every virtue.' His enthusiasm may be short . . . but certainly during his stay in Paris, whatever may be his mind in the intervals, he never listens to the traditional toc-toc-toc which sounds up the curtain in the rue Richelieu, with murmuring, as he squares himself in his chair and grasps his lorgnette, 'after all, the French are prodigiously great!'"

After these somewhat general remarks, it may be of interest to make a few short statements, comparing various phases of theatrical detail in France, with similar conditions in our own country. To begin with, theatrical advertising in France—as all advertising for that matter—is upon a much more modest scale than it is here. In place of the large billboards which deface our cities, displaying special scenes from the plays, or containing the names of stars, in letters several feet high, the French theatres are contented with a poster about two feet by four, in size, composed of a brownish paper, whereon is printed in sober black, the name of the play to be given, the cast of characters, and all necessary information. These posters are put upon cylindrical signboards, located along the sidewalks and at street corners, and as the announcements for all the leading theatres

THE FRENCH THEATRE AS

appear together in these places, they are often printed side by side, and one below the other on the same sheet of paper, so as to simplify matters for the hard-working bill-posters. The very same notice on a grated bulletin board, at either side of the theatre entrance, is all you find when you go to buy your ticket for a reserved seat, as they do not follow our custom and make a liberal display of photographs in such a place. There is a liberal display of the photographs of actors and actresses in the Paris streets, it is true, as any one who has been there has noticed, but they are confined to the windows of the shops where they are for sale. In every theatre in Paris, with Sarah Bernhardt's as a possible exception, a seat reserved in advance costs extra. The prices for single seats ranges from 17 francs to 50 centimes, that is to say, from \$3.40 to 10 cents. The most noticeable difference between French theatres and our own, so far as construction is concerned, is in the large number of private boxes, as whole galleries are often devoted to them. It is to be supposed that the same love of privacy which is responsible for the compartment cars on the railroads of Europe, is also responsible for the stuffy, uncomfortable, and inconvenient boxes at the theatre.

The ushers on the first floors of the better theatres are distinguished-looking gentlemen in evening dress, but on the upper floors, where there are many more boxes than individual seats, the ushers are replaced by stout, middle-aged women, who are called *ouvreuses*, because it is their duty to open, unlock with a key, the box to which your ticket admits you.

So far as I know, not a single theatre in Paris provides programs for its patrons. It is true that in almost all the theatres programs are distributed, but they are all issued by an illustrated weekly as part of an advertising scheme—and unless you occupy a high-priced seat, these advertising sheets are not handed out with any liberality, and it is generally necessary to slip a copper into the willing palm of the obtuse *ouvreuse*, before she fully comprehends what you want, and fishes it forth from the capacious pocket of her black apron. Special theatre papers, published each day, and containing the programs for all the theatres, are sold about the doors, and in the auditorium as well.

People attend the theatres with somewhat more regularity

A PUBLIC INSTITUTION

than they do in this country, and it is quite a general custom among the well-to-do, to have a private box or seat in some theatre, which is their special property for a whole season. The people in this country who subscribe for a series of symphony concerts in Boston, or Thomas concerts in Chicago, are doing about the same thing, but so far as I know, this custom does not obtain in any American theatres. A subscription to the Metropolitan Grand Opera season in New York would hardly stand for the same thing.

As has already been stated the theatres are generally small, the Chatelet, with a seating capacity of 3600, being the largest. The Opera has 2200, the Odeon 1467, and the Theatre Francais between 1200 and 1300 seats. At the Theatre Francais, and in a number of the older playhouses, the hour for beginning the performance depends upon the length of the play, the main idea being, apparently, to close at midnight, for such is the common practice. Another difference between the French theatre and our own, is to be found in the construction of the stage itself, for in France the floor of the stage generally slopes up toward the back, at a gentle angle, which is supposed to aid the scenic perspective, while the English and American stages are almost always constructed with level floors.

After this attempt to give some idea of the historical importance of the French Theatre, of the number of theatres in the French capital, and their characteristics, with special reference to the *Comedie Francaise*, and after this resumé of some of the points of difference and resemblance between the American theatre and the French theatre, the general attitude of the French public today, so far as the theatre is concerned, is left for consideration.

This whole attitude might be summed up in a concise manner by saying that in Paris, the streets and public squares are quite often named after the theatres which are located upon them, or contiguous to them, while in this country the theatres are quite often named after the streets and squares. This does not mean that the name of a Paris street is changed as soon as a theatre is erected upon it, but it implies that in this civilization, which is much older than our own, theatres have long been

THE FRENCH THEATRE AS

looked upon as a public institution, and that a theatre, or the site of a former theatre has a certain historic significance which a street name is often well calculated to preserve. Thus the *rue de l'Ancienne Comedie* is the street on which stood the theatre, used at the time of Moliere, and the *Place du Theatre Francais*, and the *Carrefour de l'Odeon* are named directly from the theatres located near by.

The public character of the theatre is more clearly indicated, however, by the statement that four of the Parisian playhouses receive annual subventions from the national government—the Opera, L'Opera Comique, the Theatre Francais, and the Odeon. To give some idea of what this subvention amounts to, it may be stated that the opera receives the sum of 800,000 francs, or \$160,000, while the \$48,000 received by the Theatre Francais has already been mentioned. Furthermore, there exists in Paris, under the direct control, and with the direct support of the government, what is known as the *Conservatoire National*, where instruction in declamation and dramatic singing is given free of charge to all who can show themselves fitted to profit by it. This conservatory has for its professeurs, members of the Opera company and members of the *Comedie Francaise*, and it is in reality a training school for young actors and singers who expect to enter upon a professional career. So there can be no doubt but that the theatre is regarded by the government, and by the people it represents, as a desirable and necessary public institution, for if this were not the general opinion of the people, this use of public funds could not long continue. Furthermore, French army officers garrisoned in provincial cities, are compelled by the government to give financial aid to the local theatres by means of season subscriptions, another indication that the theatre is considered as a legitimate public function. In giving this active support to theatrical enterprises, the public has taken care to guard its own interests by means of the restrictive legislation to which reference has already been made,—and also by means of a law which decrees that children of either sex, under 13 years of age, cannot be employed in any theatre without special permission from the minister of public instruction and fine arts; and also, no contracts, according to the general law on contracts, are

A PUBLIC INSTITUTION

valid between a minor and a theatrical manager, without parental consent, tacit or expressed, and no married woman is allowed to make such contracts without her husband's consent. More than this, that the theatres may become, in some literal sense, public utilities,—a tax called *Le Droit des Pauvres*, is levied by the state on each theatre ticket sold, and amounting to about ten per cent of its value,—for the benefit of the Municipal Bureaux of Charity, both in Paris and in the provincial cities.

Since these things are so, it is evident that the theatre must have something to offer to the public which the public wants, and the question now comes—where do they get it? Do the French managers cross the seas every summer and scour the earth for new plays? By no means, for with few exceptions the home supply is fully adequate to the home demand, and such is the excellence of this dramatic output, that French plays, in literal translations, or in adaptations, have gone forth to gladden the hearts of the managers in practically all the civilized countries of the world. Italy and Russia have been notably dependent upon France in this respect. This does not mean that foreign plays are never seen in Paris, for *Charley's Aunt* succeeded in amusing the Parisians for a number of continuous weeks, and other cases might be cited,—but the fact still remains that France has never lacked a respectable dramatic literature of its own. The glory and prestige of the dramatic literature of the seventeenth century was such, that from that time to this, all of the great men of letters, with few exceptions have been tempted to try their hand at dramatic composition. A good play, from the French standpoint, must be, not only actable, but it must have literary merit as well, and it has been because the French have known how to satisfy these two essential requirements, that the French theatre is so securely established in public esteem. Great dramatists are rare in all countries, even in France, and great plays are not matters of daily occurrence to be sure, but the greatest play of recent years, *Cyrano de Bergerac* was the work of a Frenchman, and the future of the French play bids fair to rival its past. There are, it should go without saying, scores of French plays which are trivial in the extreme and absolutely unworthy of serious consideration, but the best standards of excellence are high.

THE FRENCH THEATRE AS A PUBLIC INSTITUTION

standards, and the French dramatist who attains them, stands the peer of any, in the field of literary endeavor, and meets with a hearty welcome in that distinguished company which is known to the world as the French Academy.

In conclusion let me cite, with special reference to France, the following sentence taken from a notable address on "The Theatre in Its Relation to the State," delivered some years ago at Oxford by Sir Henry Irving:—

"As the theatre must deal with the eternal conditions of humanity, so must it ever have weaknesses, which result from human imperfection. But as humanity has its nobler part, so, too, the theatre has capabilities of good, which are as illimitable as the progress of man."

WISDOM

RICHARD KIRK

I have known joy so long
I begin to be sad;
Sing me a sorrowful song
And bid me be glad;
For I know that joy is not all
Of life to be had.

I have known smiles so long
I fain would have tears;
Too long have I loitered among
The primrose-hedged years;
Tears wash mine eyes till I see
Clearly my hopes and fears.

THE INTERVIEW WITH MINNIE MADDERN FISKE

GUS M. JOHNSON

"And they all with one consent began to make excuse."

IN an interview the afternoon of her performance of "Hedda Gabler," Mrs. Fiske said, in substance: "One would think that when an attempt was made to arouse interest in something other than the absolutely rotten dramatic literature of the day that the effort would be recognized by at least the educated, intelligent people. But it is evidently not so here, this is the only college town in the country where there is a faculty so utterly apathetic. Why, what is the matter with them, are they asleep, dead to the outside world, *provincials, bourgeois?* There are no words strong enough to condemn their attitude. It is not the young men I blame, but the faculty who are the teachers, the leaders. Why this ought to have been talked of and discussed weeks beforehand. How are the students to know of these things unless their professors tell them?"

The theatre was barely half filled for the performance, the audience being made up for the most part of students, with a sprinkling of faculty members. At the opening of the second act peanuts were in such evidence that Mrs. Fiske was forced to ring down the curtain. However the peanuts were scarcely as insulting as the empty seats.

After the performance Mrs. Fiske summed up her impression of us. "The actor who respects the most important literature of the theatre and who is interested in its highest endeavor, suffers a peculiar humiliation in presenting his plays in the University town of Ann Arbor. My bookings were made by a man of intelligence, who thought that surely in Ann Arbor would be found the sympathetic appreciation so necessary for the production of an Ibsen play. But I told him, when I found it out, that there was no intelligence of that sort here. Your professors are, no doubt, very proficient men in their specialties, but they seem to be utterly at sea when it comes to an appreciation of the drama."

THE INTERVIEW WITH

Such was the criticism made to all the artistic world of our intellectual life here at the University. Nor can we assuage our shocked sensibilities with the thought that it is only the impression of a piqued actress, for it comes from a pre-eminent artist, who has tried us and found us wanting, not once, but thrice. No doubt Mrs. Fiske has made an extreme statement of the matter, but is there not some justification for this arraignment?

Of course it is our first impulse to indignantly cry "No!" and fall to making plausible excuses and foolish arguments. "Ah yes," said a member of the law faculty, the day following, "I very likely should have gone had I not had a dinner engagement. Mrs. Fiske is charming, but, you know, she plays such *not worth while* things. I saw her in 'Mary of Magdala,' she was wonderful, but it was distinctly unpleasant. And this man Ibsen, I know him, yes, I have read the 'Doll's House.' It is quite impossible. Very much not worth while. And it is so with all art, if a thing pleases me, I like it—otherwise I'll admit the man has ability, but I don't care to consider it." Ibsen distinctly not worth while! Can we wonder that our intelligence is questioned? But what else is to be expected of the man who measures the matter by a personal standard of criticism?

Another remarked that after all Mrs. Fiske was no great artist and that her interpretation of "Hedda Gabler" was very commonplace. Of course there is nothing to be said in reply to this, for either a person can or cannot see the power of Mrs. Fiske's interpretation.

Still another made excuse that it was a personal discomfort for him to see an Ibsen play. This is particularly interesting since Hedda Gabler is a study of a person who avoids these unpleasant things.

Another excuse was the wretched theatre and the ordinarily low grade of the attractions, as if Mrs. Fiske were not sufficient recompense for a stuffy theatre!

Some did not even know that Mrs. Fiske was in town, and yet, for a week Haskell posters had been a delightful spot in the long waste of bill-board horrors. One is irresistibly reminded of the professor who in his abstraction bumped into a cow. "I beg your pardon, madam," he exclaimed, then seeing his mis-

MINNIE MADDERN FISKE

take hastened on only to presently collide with a woman. "What!" he cried without looking up, "is that you, again, you beast!"

But the most significant excuse of all is that the faculty have other places to see Mrs. Fiske than in Ann Arbor. This seems to be the straw which indicates the whole situation here at Michigan. If the faculty have other opportunities of seeing Mrs. Fiske than in Ann Arbor, they seem quite indifferent as to whether the student body has an opportunity to see her or not.

It is this indifference against which Mrs. Fiske is crying out, and how small must it appear to an outsider. It is not a matter of appreciating Ibsen or enjoying Mrs. Fiske's interpretation, those are questions to be settled according to men's abilities. But the whole matter is significant, only as it gives us a glimpse of our intellectual stagnation, as seen from without. It is very much the old situation of the big frog and the little puddle, and, in reality, Mrs. Fiske has only cast the much needed stone, which causes a ripple in our ridiculous self-complacency. However the ripple will subside and we will be as self-satisfied as before we were told these unpleasant truths.

We are, as Mrs. Fiske suggested, suffering from over specializations. We seem to be tending toward a professional school rather than a university. Our purpose appears to be rather to teach men how to earn their living than how to develop their deepest possibilities. We are too utilitarian in spirit. These are very sweeping charges, but as a matter of fact does the engineer appreciate the aesthetic? Do not the majority of law students know and care only for those things pertinent to their professional work. Is the scientific student interested outside his experiments. And even in the department of letters is not the average student commercial in his interest and little better educated than the other specialists?

Our university life runs in ruts. Outside the classroom there is little interest on the part of the faculty in the student, and inside the classroom the interest consists too much in the teaching of a single subject, independent of all else. Under such conditions how are students to become educated men and women, with an attitude to life rather than a hundred and twenty hours' credit?

MRS. FISKE IN

What broadening or refining influences are there? Certainly very few from the faculty who are our "teachers and leaders." The student is driven to find his reading matter at the newstand and the circulating library. There is slight encouragement at the general library, at times the policy there seems even to be to keep books out of circulation and hoard them for future generations. In the direction of the drama the opportunities consist of "A Yankee Consul" or "A Hot Old Time," consequently the average student fails to discriminate between a psychological drama and vaudeville, and prefers Marguerita Sylva to Mrs. Fiske. Until we have a faculty less self-centered and an institution less highly specialized, we will fail to fulfil the function of a university, much as we may excel as a professional training school. But this will not come about until there is the demand for it among the students themselves. Until that time we will lack the opportunity of becoming other than warped and one-sided individuals.

MRS. FISKE IN "HEDDA GABLER."

WILKIE N. COLLINS

WHEN Mrs. Fiske decided to present "Hedda Gabler" this season she had chosen the Ibsen play that, aside from "A Doll's House," is most popular with theatre-goers, if the vogue of any Ibsen play can be termed popularity. Written in 1890, "Hedda Gabler" was played in London in 1891, at one performance in New York in 1898, and by Blanche Bates, in Washington, in 1900. Mary Shaw also put on the play in Chicago this season. So Mrs. Fiske had not only a present rival but a young tradition to face in an interpretation of the rôle.

That she succeeded, so as to make the part almost distinctively her own, seems to be the consensus of critical opinion, East and West. On the occasion of her opening performance, last October, James Huneker, the brilliant dramatic critic for the *New York Sun*, gave a column and a half to a discussion of the play and Mrs. Fiske's acting in the title rôle; and the reviews of the past season, now appearing, mention Mrs. Fiske's produc-

"HEDDA GABLER"

tion of "Hedda Gabler" prominently in the list of standard attractions which attracted large audiences in an unusually disastrous season, prolific of mediocre plays. The success of Bernard Shaw's "Candida," and of Ada Rehan and Otis Skinner in comedies of Shakespeare and Sheridan, furnished other surprises of the same sort as "Hedda Gabler."

For this triumph, much praise may be given the play, and more to Mrs. Fiske's acting. Hedda Gabler is a supremely selfish woman. She "must have no hand in mournful work," she "loathes all forms of ugliness." Married for convenience to a professor of much industry and no originality, she adapts his income to her wants, not her wants to his income. She is in despair at the prospect of being a mother, because of the burden it involves. She is greedy for wealth, yet is doomed to "genteel poverty;" she craves for power and influence over men, yet is bound to a man who will achieve neither, and is not worth an attempt on her part to dominate him. But she never abandons her insistence for these things.

Out of such a character, in its effect upon the lives within its circle, grows a great tragedy of modern life. Moliere might have made Hedda Gabler the central figure in a scathing comedy; Ibsen takes the nineteenth-century attitude, gives us the story from the standpoint of the person concerned, and makes it tragedy. "Hedda Gabler" has a more direct appeal to the emotions of the audience than almost any other of Ibsen's dramas, because this desire to have everything and evade as much responsibility as possible, is more or less a characteristic of all of us. We dodge the problems that meet us on every street corner. We want to see the world with its clothes on. And Hedda Gabler is an extreme instance of a very common tendency.

The play is full of contrasts. There is the old aunt, who says, "It's such an absolute necessity for me to have some one to live for," and Mrs. Elvsted, who, in her inassertiveness, wields over Eilert Lovberg the influence that is the envy and despair of the masterful Hedda. Then the hopelessly respectable pedant, Hedda's husband, and the scarcely-reformed, finally-lost man of genius, Hedda's "comrade" of ante-nuptial days; and cautious Assessor Brack, perfectly respectable in the vices

MRS. FISKE IN "HEDDA GABLER"

that cost Lovberg name, fortune, and life. Finally, the crowning contrast between the book, "the child" of Thea and Lovberg, awaited with such joyous anticipation, and the disgust of Hedda at approaching maternity.

At the very last, in her death, the selfishness of Hedda Gabler is predominant. She never considers the life that she sacrifices with her own. In the development of this story, it is as Norman Hapgood says, "The play moves as swiftly as it does quietly. Each move wraps the interest, until the spectator is enthralled."

Any of Ibsen's plays, notably "Hedda Gabler," even more notably, perhaps, "Rosmersholm," which Mrs. Fiske is to produce next year, require remarkably keen powers of analysis for their full comprehension and unusual command of expression in voice and features for their presentation on the stage. Some one has cracked the joke that the most incomprehensible thing in the universe would be "Hedda Gabler" with Lillian Russell in the title part. But even a supremely intelligent rendition of a part does not make a character. Mrs. Fiske has been characterized as an actress of great powers and numerous mannerisms. Some of her rôles, it has been said, show "acting with unlimited brains" and too little imagination. In playing "Hedda Gabler," most of her mannerisms were blended into the part, and that certain steeliness of her art was in the fibre of the rôle she had assumed. But—she rose to the heights and, without alleviating the tragic selfishness of the character, added the touch of imagination that made Hedda Gabler a human being, the touch that, lacking, spelled disaster for the play when it was brought out in New York in 1898 by another actress.

A matter of interpretation, of course, is purely relative. Mrs. Fiske's Hedda may not have been Norwegian, any more than her Mary in "Mary of Magdala" was Oriental. And, again, perhaps it was. Who cares? All we require is that an interpretation be comprehensive, consistent, and conceived with intelligence and sympathy.

There seems to be no nook of Hedda Gabler's character that Mrs. Fiske had not searched. She was surprising continually by bits of unexpected strength. But there were no purple patches.

FRESH SPRING

The great moments of the drama and the little incidents were in consistent relation. And it is not the least of the merits of the performance of "Hedda Gabler" given here that the whole impression of the character is unified, whereas the contradictions in Hedda might easily be made to seem inconsistent.

Those who saw the presentation at the "Athens Theatre" the first of June, will not soon forget the great scenes of the drama, around the table just before she burns the manuscript, the drinking scene, and that at the end when the audience watches her silently make up her mind to shoot herself. And with these remain the side-play in the first act, after Lovberg's entrance, while the conversation is confined to the three men, her passionate exclamation to Thea, "I think I must burn your hair off, after all," and the scene where she assures Tesman that she burned the manuscript for love of him, her husband.

As an instance of Ibsen on the stage, and as dramatic art, the performance here was a notable event of the university year.

FRESH SPRING

L. C. HULL, JR.

Now gently through my feelings
A tingling charm doth glide;
Ring, ring, dear little spring song,
Come ring out far and wide.

Come, ring forth till thou reachest
The home where flowers grow;
And when thou a rose beholdest
To it my greetings throw.

—From the German of Heine

FACING THEIR BACK YARD

MABLE HOLMES PARSONS

HE rushed in eager and rather short of breath. "Oh say, pap, got the chance of my life time,—a chance to go west. Dan Miller's uncle says he can use half a dozen of us fellows easy, out on the ranch—pay our expenses out. Gee, but I call that luck—call that a chance, don't you, pap?" Here a little spell of coughing checked his flow of words. "Al Smith, Henry Doran, Fred Brenner, Hal Connor, Dan and me—were the ones to go. Don't know why Dan asked me first—but he did. Said he s'pos'd I'd be sort of a tender-foot at first, but he'd reckon I'd be as coltish as anybody in no time. Gee! Think of the muscle I'll get out there—guess the fellers'll stop kiddin' then. What d'ye say, pap—eh?" Their small upper flat was already warmer than outdoors, and outdoors was too warm for the season,—and his father, dark, strong of jaw and of muscular build, sat before the open window, collarless and in his shirt sleeves. Perspiration stood upon his forehead, and he fanned himself vigorously with his straw hat.

A woman, the boy's mother, sat before the other front window. Her face, high-bred and suggestive of unusual culture, had been bent above her darning until the boy came in, but when he began to speak, she gazed off absently toward the next street, a street with beautiful homes—the wide awnings telling of cool interiors,—with wide lawns and inviting shade. A smile crept over her tired face.

Her boy resembled her, but his frame was even the more delicate of the two.

"Don't think much of it." The man's voice broke upon her reverie. "The boss kin use you all right,—they're short o' men over to the barns. Schoolin' spoils you kids nowadays. Ye ain't satisfied with yer hard-workin' dad and his job, but ye want'a fly yer kite a lot higher. I've seen yer been figurin' to cut loose if ye could, and I was jest waitin' for somethin' like this. I've heard enough of this high-kite flyin' tune all these years." He glanced darkly at his wife, who seemed to shrink into her

FACING THEIR BACK YARD

chair and grow more pale, while the boy clinched the frail fists at his side and a flush mounted his face. "Yer my son, I say, and its high time you was showin' some gratitude for the way I've slaved to put you through that high school. Yer mother had her way 'bout that,—but ye ought to 'ave been buying yer own bread and butter the whole four years back, now," and he brought his fist with emphasis down upon the chair arm, "you kin stop right to home and help me to feed and clothe and keep all of us warm in winter. I guess there ain't no use sayin' any-thing more. You understand me, I reckon." He rose from his chair and started to leave the room.

The boy's chin began trembling and he bit his lip in an effort to check it.

"Mother," he said, and his tone was a question. •

Thus addressed she roused herself with sudden energy. "Yes, John. Don't be hasty, John. Think it over, won't you? It might be a chance, as Harry says,—and maybe some day, you know, if he succeeds some way outthere—it may be the means of bringing father—"

"Now, that will do." He raised his hand with the gesture of a man who will brook no interference. "You had yer chance of goin' to yer father when we was most in need of it, but ye wouldn't. Too proud! Well, if ye won't go when ye need to, ye needn't go when ye want to, on some other durned-fool terms. Ye've made yer own—"

Hastily she checked those words which she felt to be coming and with which she was over-familiar—with a pathetic and appealing gesture.

"But you know it does not agree with him here in the city. That fresh, free western air will give him a chance to get strong again." She laid her hand timidly on the man's sleeve and her eyes sought his—"and—and—he'll get over his cough—John—this nasty cough—John—please—for the boy's sake, please think again."

For a moment the man was silent while his eyes gloomily sought the floor. Then he shoved her back and raised his head decidedly. "No, I see yer game, ye're both lookin' for a chance to quit me and get back to yer dad again, and fine feathers, but

FACING THEIR BACK YARD

the world don't move that way. You've made yer bed, and the boy's got some dooty to me. Workin' is what he needs to strengthens him up. The books you made him swallow's killed him,—and now the work I give him in the open air'll make a man out of him all right and a man as ain't ashamed of his father either. Come on, Harry!"

Listlessly, wearily, the boy followed his father from the house. Compressing her lips the woman began an aimless settling to rights of the over-crowded interior. She shoved away carefully under the beds, arranged a piano, the centre table, or dusted in the well-nigh bookless bookcase those treasured but useless articles, rather encumbrances, with which the poor, particularly the poor in spirit, are always surrounded. She was not allowed the exercise of her own taste, and these glittering objects were frequently exhibited as veritable prize possessions by her husband.

After she had finished straightening up—"redding up," as he would say—she resumed her darning and her place by the window. Her lips were still compressed to a thin line, and she frequently gazed off longingly toward those cool, inviting, luxurious homes on the next street, whose back yards she faced.

* * * * *

Toward the end of the week, on a hot day when the sun was beating down upon their close rooms with more than the usual fierceness, the train to the west carried away six expectant lads; but Harry was not among them. Later in the same day they brought him home on a stretcher, wan and blue-white. A bad hemorrhage had suddenly attacked him at the barns.

The doctor shook his head gravely, and said, "I didn't think it was as serious as this. Really had hopes for him." Then he suddenly asked, "Has he had any unusual excitement?" The mother sobbed outright and would have spoken, but the father anticipated her. "Why, no, he ain't. Been over't the barns for three or four days, workin' around quiet as anythin'—feelin' fine—lookin' fine—when all of a sudden this came."

"H'm! Over at the barns! H'm! Too bad—too bad! And again the doctor shook his head.

MY CIGARETTE

HARRY R. TRUSLER

The sun of life will never set
The while I smoke my cigarette
And sit and dream;
For through the curling rings of blue
My lady's eyes are ever true,
And sweet her mien.

Long years have turned her love to ash
And when I think, I can but dash
The tears away.
My Love is cold and dead—but yet
The while I smoke my cigarette
I love her clay.

O cigarette, my cigarette,
The truest friend I ere have met,
I crown thee queen;
And thee and I the evening through
In cloudy castles rich and blue
Will sit and dream.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON AND THE VIRGINIBUS PUERISQUE
ESSAYS

C. P.

IN considering, however briefly, an author's style, it seems important to know something of his attitude toward art, and toward life. These may not directly affect the technical side of his style, but must inevitably have a close bearing, not only on what he has to say, but also on his manner of saying it. Art may not always be influenced by character, but it is sure to bear the stamp of temperament, and a man's philosophy of life, his religion, and his ideals are surely little else but the expression of his peculiar temperamental bias.

Stevenson's attitude toward art can perhaps be best exemplified by a passage from a letter written in 1883 to his friend Henley. He says: "An art is a fine fortune, a palace in a park, a band of music, health, and physical beauty; all but love—to any worthy practicer. I sleep upon my art for a pillow; I waken in my art; I am unready for death because I hate to leave it. I love my wife, I do not know how much, nor can, nor shall, unless I lost her; but while I can conceive of my being widowed, I refuse this offering of life without my art. I *am* not, but in my art; it is me; I am the body of it merely.

Sursum Corda:

Heave ahead:

Here's luck!

Art and Blue Heaven,

April and God's Larks,

Green reeds and the sky-scattering river;

A stately music,

Enter God!

"Ay, but you know until a man can write that 'Enter God,' he has made no art! None! Come, let us take counsel together and make some!"

I give this passage at length, because it seems to me, broadly-speaking, one of the most significant of his utterances

STEVENSON AND THE VIRGINIBUS PUERISQUE ESSAYS

in regard to his artistic convictions. We have here the expression of his intense devotion to his art, and in the exclamatory outburst following, he gives, in brief, a summary of the most prominent qualities of his own style. Who can read Stevenson, even superficially, without noting the gay and defiant courage with which he is prepared to meet any fate that may befall. "Heave ahead, here's luck!" And surely it is equally apparent that everywhere in his essays and letters, "Blue Heaven," "Green Reeds," and "God's Larks" abound! He who reads more thoughtfully will also admit that the moral element—his "Enter God"—is no less vital a part of much that Stevenson wrote. Underneath all, his gaiety, his capriciousness, his wit, that note of things high and serious, can be clearly heard.

In his attitude toward life, Stevenson was a persistent, one is almost tempted to say, an incorrigible, optimist; but his optimism was not of that easy kind so much in vogue at the present day. He was in no sense of the word an idealist. He did not even own such a thing as a pair of rose-colored spectacles. His optimism was rather that of the realist, who sees clearly all the ugly facts of life, recognizes the manifold weaknesses of human nature, faces the dark side of things manfully, making no attempt at self-deception, but whose conclusions are that life is, in spite of all, worth living, and human nature a great and glorious thing. He is the foe of gloom and despair, and no matter what your sins may be, he will clap you on the shoulder and assure you that after all you are not such a bad fellow, and had better thank God you are no worse. In one of his essays he has said that, considering the pitfalls which beset our path, and the weaknesses inherent in our nature, we should all be thankful to reach the end of a year with any rags of honor left. It is then by *its* aspirations, and not by *its* achievements, that he measures human nature, and finds it good.

This never-failing hopefulness and optimism might be misleading, did we not know the circumstances of his life. It so far deceived one critic that he accused Stevenson of being a hard-hearted athlete, who never knew pain or suffering. In his reply to this review, Stevenson states clearly his philosophy of life, and he who reads between the lines perceives at once, that while

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON AND THE

his cheerfulness is partly temperamental, it is none the less a matter of principle. It is the natural expression of a singularly buoyant and childish nature, but it is also something more, it is the armour of his soul.

There is something infinitely touching in this resolute gaiety, this unflagging brightness on the part of a man whose life was one long conflict with illness and pain. It smacks also of that lofty courage before which we involuntarily bend the knee and doff our hats. It is almost impossible to conceive that, circumstanced as he was, he should not have had his moments of discouragement, but however this may have been, not a single note of despair is to be detected in anything he wrote. One finds, on the contrary, a certain staccato tone in his style, which seems like the expression of inexhaustible vitality and joyousness. An illness, which to many a man would have seemed the one, great, overwhelming fact of his life, and which would have been allowed to color all his work, was to our author a mere accident, an incident in his career; and were it within the scope of this paper, it would be interesting to trace the contrast between Stevenson's real life and the imaginary world in which he dwelt with the romantic creations of his brain; but it is the essayist, and not the writer of adventurous romances, with whom we are concerned.

This form of the essay seems peculiarly adapted to his talents. It is but an attempt to give a few stray thoughts on one or two aspects of a question. It does not aim at being conclusive; but it gives this author a rare opportunity of clasping hands with his reader, of meeting him, as it were, face to face, and of bringing to bear upon the latter the full force of his personality.

That Stevenson recognizes and uses these opportunities, is clearly apparent in the "*Virginibus Puerisque*" essays. It is a matter of small concern to him whether he succeeds in convincing his reader, in fact he frankly says as much, but one feels that he is deliberately bent on fascinating; and so potent is the spell he weaves, that one yields to it smilingly, with a kind of joyful acquiescence, and even revels in this literary coquetry of his.

In the last analysis it is perhaps charm, that most keenly

VIRGINIBUS PUERISQUE ESSAYS

felt, yet elusive of all qualities, which chiefly distinguishes his style. He himself frankly alludes to his own manners as being most agreeable, and certain it is that his literary manners are vastly so. When we try to analyze this charm, we feel at once that it is twofold in character. There is first the strong light of a most winsome and lovable personality, which shines upon us through the pages of this little book like sunshine filtering down between green leaves; and secondly his style, the garment in which he clothes that wonderful, all-pervading personality. It has been suggested that in the prominence he gives to this personal element, there may be detected something of a pose; but even though he may cock his hat a trifle too much at times, it is surely a fault which may be forgiven to one who wears that same cocked hat with so gallant an air! Objections are also made to his style, which is accused of being self-conscious and over-studied; and this is a point which seems worthy of consideration.

It cannot be denied that much of his writing bears the stamp of the literary workshop. It smells of the midnight lamp, and by its very exquisite finish betrays the author's evident striving for perfection. We know from his own testimony how laboriously he learned his craft; how, all through his youth, he practiced imitating the styles of various masters of English, how he destroyed and re-wrote, and—according to his own opinion—never succeeded. Unlike most authors, who gather specimens and material first, and acquire form later, Stevenson first perfected his styles, and then poured into this mould all he had to say. This is, indeed, scarcely the method which genius would pursue. He finally says that a *great* writer will never be produced in this way, but insists emphatically that it is the only method by which one may become a *good* writer.

The result of all this devotion to technique is a certain aristocratic distinction and elegance of style, but it must be admitted that this virtue goes hand in hand with one decided fault. He is indeed self-conscious. He is lacking in that quality, which invariably distinguishes true genius, viz., simplicity. The great ones of the world's literature address us directly with a sort of naked simplicity of speech, whereas Stevenson wraps himself in

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON AND THE

his elaborate style, as in a garment. The works of genius are apt to give them the effect of having sprung full-armed from the pregnant brain of their creator, but Stevenson's essays leave upon us a distinct impression of effort. He is studied, when apparently most simple, and often artful in the midst of seeming artlessness.

If we judge him then by the standards we apply to genius, we shall find him lacking, and it would be unwise for even the most enthusiastic of his admirers to claim more for him than clever artistry. It is not as a great creative artist, but rather as an artisan, a skillful craftsman, that he stands supreme. You may search for him in vain among the great pillars that support the temple of art, but in some quiet corner a skillful bit of carving, and a few delicate arabesques will betray the work of his cunning hand.

On this purely technical side he seems to achieve coherence rather by means of easy transitions from sentence to sentence, and a closer connection of thought, than by any more obvious device. This coherence exists side by side with a most delightful discursiveness, and the two qualities combined produce an effect of remarkable clearness and grace. Nowhere do we find rigidity, or anything that even remotely suggests the dry bones of a too obvious structural skeleton. The self-consciousness, of which he is justly accused, lies all within the limits of the single sentence, or phrase, is even sometimes confined to his choice of single words. We know that he loved a good word for its own sake, and that the whole day was illuminated for him if he but hit upon a happy phrase. This peculiarity has been aptly characterized by Henry James, who says in substance that Stevenson treated language as though it were a pretty woman, and he who proposed to handle it must use a certain amount of gallantry. It is perhaps this fastidiousness in the choice and use of words, which more than any other quality has given Stevenson so decided a manner of his own, and which at the same time has brought down upon his head the charge of being studied and over-nice. It is a difficult matter to decide whether this is a virtue or a vice. The reader is often conscious of the labor an expression has cost the author, but is inclined to forgive him, for

VIRGINIBUS PUERISQUE ESSAYS

the phrase is sure to be so deftly turned. A word may be all too obviously selected, but it would be difficult indeed to find one which would fit more exactly the thought it is intended to express.

In this matter of the choice of words and framing of sentences, Stevenson had a keen sense of rhythm and harmony. He rarely offends by jerkiness, or by an unpleasant break, and we have his own word, as well as the testimony of his writings, for the care he took to vary both consonant and vowel sounds. He did not think it sufficient to avoid the clumsy trick of alliteration, but also gave the strictest attention to medial and final consonants. A good writer often does this unconsciously, being guided by a musical ear, and a certain inborn good taste in matters of literary styles, but it remained for Stevenson to reduce these principles to a definite theory.

The "Virginibus Puerisque" series illustrates perhaps better than any of his other essays what one critic has called the survival of Stevenson, the child, in Stevenson, the man. He illuminates for us the commonplaces of everyday existence with that freshness of view which is characteristic of childhood. He is whimsical to a degree, full of quaint turns of thought, yet always the aristocrat in manner, so that he earned for himself, on account of these papers, the name of "Mr. Fastidious Frisk," a happy bit of criticism which he himself highly appreciated.

In the first and third of these addresses to youths and maidens, Stevenson discusses the all-important questions of love and marriage. These two essays show more clearly than the others his characteristic high spirits and lightness of touch. He quotes *Puck*, "Lord, what fools these mortals be," gaily assures us that love is the one utterly surprising and inconsistent thing in life, wonders how it is that so many marriages can be even passably successful, but seems in the end to exclaim: "Give me the man who has courage enough, and good red blood enough to make a fool of himself!"

That these essays contain a great deal of very stern moralizing, does not seem to detract from their delightful flavor. He strikes many a hard blow, but we know all the time that it is only his way of prefacing an embrace. We are perfectly sure

STEVENSON AND THE VIRGINIBUS PUERISQUE ESSAYS

that though he may knock us down and bully us a bit, he will eventually set us on our feet again, and send us on our way exhilarated and rejoicing.

In our calm acceptance of all this sermonizing, lies perhaps a distinct tribute to the charms of Stevenson's style. I find it difficult to imagine myself enjoying so much common sense as these papers contain, if it were not for the author's engaging manner; and here we touch undoubtedly both upon his weakness and his strength. There is value in what he says, yet it is always his way of saying it that chiefly impresses us. His style is so conspicuously brilliant, that it often blinds one to the import of his words.

The question whether Stevenson's fame will rest ultimately upon his achievements as a novelist, or as an essayist, has called forth a great variety of opinion, and a vast amount of criticism, widely differing both as to the premises and the conclusions. It may be a matter of prejudice, but I must confess to the view that he will be cherished as a graceful essayist and letter-writer, long after his gruesome and blood-curdling tales have been forgotten. It is as a stylist that he will speak to posterity; it is as a craftsman that he will live. Whoever has a taste for the ornamental in art, whoever admires finished perfection and grace, whoever takes pleasure in manner for manner's sake, will find in his essays an unfailing source of delight, a perpetual, and enduring charm.

At the Sign of the Ass's Head

"I DO BEGIN TO PERCEIVE THAT I
AM MADE AN ASS"



An innovation was made at the recent election of student members of the athletic board of control which should prove a thoroughly wholesome change. Hitherto only members of the University Athletic Association could vote at athletic elections. By a recent action of the Athletic Election Board the polls this year were thrown open to all students in the University. As a result over one thousand of them turned out at the election on Thursday, June 2nd. Considering the large attendance and the informal manner in which the vote was taken the election was very well conducted, only a few minutes being required to collect the ballots. The gathering was orderly and quiet and no demonstrations, such as are common at large meetings of students, were indulged in. Perhaps the most interesting feature of the whole election was the presence of nearly one hundred girls. Never before have Michigan girls participated in an athletic election. Many did not this time from modesty and a feeling that they would be the objects of undesirable comment. But none of this, it can truthfully be said, was indulged in. In fact the courteous treatment of the

girls by the men was one of the pleasantest things about the whole affair. We have nothing but words of commendation for the girls who were present. Undeniably, it required considerable courage to avail themselves thus for the first time, for what is now, and what we hope will continue to be, their right and privilege. But now that a few have done so, the girls as a whole will hereafter be a factor to be reckoned with in athletic elections.

. . .

On Saturday, June 4, Michigan for the fifth consecutive time defeated all other competitors in the Conference Meet, the great athletic event of the Western College World. Michigan had been picked to win by most of the "dope" makers, but an element of uncertainty in the outcome was introduced by the fact that the meet had been thrown open to all schools desiring to send men. The entry of the crack aggregation from Stanford probably caused the most worry to the men representing the pre-eminent school of the old Conference Nine. She did not prove as strong, however, as had been anticipated. Wisconsin and Purdue were the most potent factors in upsetting the calculations of the experts. The final outcome found Michigan in the lead with 32 points. Chicago followed a close second, with 29, and Wisconsin finished a strong third with 25. The rest of the points were divided as follows:—Purdue, 12; Illinois, 9;

AT THE SIGN OF

Leland Stanford, 8; Indiana, 6; Drake, 3; Iowa, 1; Oberlin, 1.

The meet was replete with surprises and sensational performances. Not until the last event was decided was the outcome of the meet certain. The defeat of Rose in the hammer-throw by Thomas of Purdue, the failure of Perry and Garrels to get better than thirds in the mile and quarter respectively caused no end of surprise among those who were well informed on the abilities of the men. The wonderful all-around ability of Michigan's team, however, is shown by the fact that her men scored in every event but two—the broad jump and pole vault.

All of Michigan's men gave a good account of themselves. Rose, as was expected, carried off the individual honors of the day by winning firsts in the shot and discus, and second in the hammer-throw. The defeat of Hahn by Rice of Chicago was disappointing, but not unexpected, as the popular little sprinter has been suffering from a sprained toe, which was injured in the Varsity meet three weeks earlier. Nicol, the freshman hurdler, delighted his friends by taking thirds in both the high and low hurdles.

One of the most fiercely contested races of the day was furnished when Breitkrentz of Wisconsin defeated "Mother" Hall in the half mile, establishing a new Conference record of 1:58½. Kellogg, Michigan's popular captain, fulfilled the expectations of his supporters by winning the two-mile. Stone failed to get a place in this event.

Poage of Wisconsin ran a great race in the quarter, doing the distance in the fast time of 50½ seconds. He

also annexed a first in the 220 yard-hurdles which he took away from Catlin of Chicago.

Michigan's relay team, composed of Rebstock, Garrels, Norcross and Goodwin, easily won the mile relay, defeating Iowa, who were second, and Chicago, who finished third. Goodwin and Norcross, together with Nicol and Keller, who placed in the high jump, will be awarded the coveted track "M."

Viewed from a general standpoint, the meet was highly satisfactory to Michigan. The fact that so many of her men were in poor condition and that some of her stand-bys were unable to compete at all, makes the team's performance truly remarkable. Needless to say, a large part of the credit belonged to Trainer Fitzpatrick, whose efforts have gained for him a reputation held by no other man in the field of college athletics.

. . .

The Michiganensian is out. The book itself is not radically different from its predecessors. The Michigan- for the past three or ensian four years. In many respects, however, the work of the editors is quite creditably done. Some innovations have been introduced, two of which are the use of sepia ink and a frontispiece by Christy, entitled "The Michigan Girl." We do not think, however, that either of these have added materially to the beauty of the book. In fact, the sepia ink does not give as good results as the ordinary black ink would have given. For this reason, much of the printing is indistinct. The Christy picture, to us, doesn't resemble any Michigan girl of our

THE ASS'S HEAD

acquaintance. It isn't a good composite. But, perhaps, such pictures are not intended to stand very searching criticism. One of the commendable features of the book this year is the absence of many pictures of alumni which have filled the pages of former *Michiganensians*, and which have had for their object no laudable purpose, as every one knows. The cover of the book, however, is a disappointment. It is evidently cheap, and anything but attractive. Many of the pictures, also, are old and have been seen in former editions. The art work is very well done, several of the drawings being exceptionally fine. Anything more than a passing comment on the book as a whole, is all we have space for at present. We cannot, however, refrain from wishing that some day somebody will get out a year book that will be a credit to the University. As much cannot be said of the 1904 *Michiganensian*, nor of last year's, nor of *Michiganensians* in general. As a University we are lamentably behind the others, many of them of lower rank, in the publication of an attractive year book. Nor will any change for the better be possible, in our opinion, until those ideas which at present control in the publication of the *Michiganensian* are eradicated, and new and higher motives are introduced in their stead. In other words, not until private gain is supplanted by the desire to bring credit upon the University which the book is supposed to represent. We think the feeling is spreading that such a change is absolutely necessary. For ourselves

we have long believed it. Not only in this instance, but in many others, the ideals which govern in college enterprises need to be lifted to a higher plane. We gladly lend both hands to help in the achievement, and believe that sooner or later a healthier notion of how to conduct college affairs will prevail.

. . .

Again Commencement Week has returned, the sixtieth in the history of the University. Beginning on Sunday, June 19th, the exercises continue until Thursday evening. This is always the pleasantest time of the year for Ann Arbor folk, but the Campus was never more beautiful than this year. Despite the inclement spring, June this year brought ideal Commencement weather. The Baccalaureate Address by President Angell, Sunday evening, is the first event of the week. Here the graduating classes in all departments of the University meet together for final words of advice and encouragement from the President. On Monday are the class day exercises in the law department, the senior promenade on the Campus, and the senior girls' play. Tuesday morning the Board of Regents hold their meeting, and the class day exercises in the literary department are given. In the evening the annual Senior Reception is held in Waterman gymnasium. Wednesday is Alumni Day, and a large number of class reunions will bring together many loyal graduates. In the morning the senior engineers hold their class day exercises, as also the medics and pharmacists. The annual Senate Reception

will be given in the gymnasium in the evening, a reception by the President and the University Senate to invited guests, graduates, former students, and friends of Michigan. Thursday is Commencement Day. The graduating classes will form for a procession at 9 o'clock, under the direction of the class presidents, and march to University Hall. The Commencement Oration will be delivered by Professor Calvin Thomas, of Columbia University. The last scheduled event of the week is the Commencement Dinner, following the graduating exercises and the conferring of degrees.

The graduating class this year is about the same size as that of last year, but it is interesting to note that many of those who graduated in the literary department this year will be back again in the law department next fall.

The six-year literary law course is becoming more popular each year.

Books

The 10th volume of the *Cyclopedia of Law and Procedure* is remarkable in several particulars. It covers 1370 pages, and is, therefore, one of the largest text-books ever published on a legal subject. Appearing, as it does, within thirty days after the 9th volume of the series, it speaks loudly of the energy and enterprise of the publishers.

The most striking thing about the book, however, is the fact that, aside from a few definitions, it is taken up entirely with a treatment of the law of private corporations. It is, in short, a new and elaborate treatise

on the subject that is today of the greatest importance in the business world.

The author, Seymour D. Thompson, is far and away the best known American law writer of the present day. Judge Thompson was a youthful soldier of infantry and an officer of artillery in the Northern army during the Civil War. While the war was still in progress in 1864, his first published work appeared. It was a history of the infantry regiment in which he served, and was entitled, "Recollections with the Third Iowa Regiment." After the close of the war he entered upon the practice of the law, and soon became associated with Hon. John F. Dillon, in the management and editing of the *Central Law Journal*. Later he became proprietor of and principal contributor to that periodical. He entered the domain of legal authorship over a third of a century ago. The volume and quality of the work which he has since produced is nothing short of amazing. In 1870, in association with Thomas M. Steger, who is still practicing law in Nashville, he revised the Statute Law of Tennessee. In 1874 he got out an edition of the Bankruptcy Law, and about the same time, in collaboration with Mr. E. G. Merriam, he published a work on "Juries." His "Homestead and Exemption Laws" was published in 1878. His "Charging the Jury," "Liability of Stockholders," 1 volume; "Liability of Officers and Agents of Corporations," 1 volume; "Law of Negligence," 2 volumes, now being revised in six volumes, three of which are out and a fourth about to appear; "Carriers of Passengers," 1 volume; "Law of Trials," 2 volumes,

BOOKS

and "Corporations," 7 volumes, though but a part of the work of this remarkable man, would constitute a noble monument to the life of any lawyer. In addition to all this, the author served a term of twelve years on the bench of the St. Louis Court of Appeals, and he has been associate editor of and chief contributor to that most trenchant and authoritative of our legal periodicals, *The American Law Review*, ever since its consolidation with *The Southern Law Review*. Prior to the combination, he had edited the latter magazine from the time when it was bought from the founder, Mr. F. T. Reid, of Nashville, and brought to St. Louis. He is also active in the practice of his profession in New York City, and has recently argued important cases before the Supreme Court of the United States. He was the special master appointed by Judge Caldwell of the Federal Bench to hear testimony, decide all questions, and conduct the election, in the famous Colorado Fuel & Iron Company's case.

It is now about nine years since the first volume of Judge Thompson's "Commentaries on the Law of Corporations" was given to the public. By that work the author, whose fame was already established in this country, achieved a world-wide reputation. The work has taken a high place in countries where a knowledge of the language in which it is written is confined to the erudite.

This work is now out of print. On this account, therefore, the publication of this new work by the same eminent author, citing as it does, the recent cases, and tracing the later development of the law, is a matter of

the greatest interest to the profession, both here and abroad.

The space actually taken up by this treatise covers 1363 pages, and is equal in size to three ordinary volumes of text-books. The whole law of Private Corporations having a joint stock is embraced, except what properly falls under the head of Foreign Corporations, which will be treated under its own title in a later volume by the same author. The great learning, vast experience and mature judgment of the author, have all been brought to bear in the production of this volume, and have united to make it the crown of his achievements. The result justifies the most sanguine expectations.

This book, in view of its subject and the character of the treatment, and the circumstances surrounding its appearance may be regarded as one of the most notable law books since the war. Without any doubt it is the high-water mark of encyclopædia-making.

Some idea of the exhaustiveness of the treatment here, and of the carefulness with which the detail is worked out may be gathered from the fact that the analysis covers 142 of these large octavo pages. The writer has taken whatever space seemed to be necessary to the full and clear statement of the law. The notes are voluminous, and include everything useful and necessary by way of explanation and illustration. The examination of the authorities cited must have involved a tremendous amount of labor. The citation embraces, on a conservative estimate, about 25,000 decided cases.

The space within which this re-

view must be confined will not allow a very detailed examination of the article. The scope and manner of treatment may be gathered from the following chapter heads:—

- I. Nature, Kinds, and Organizations,
- II. Reorganization and Reincorporation,
- III. Consolidation or Amalgamation of Corporations,
- IV. Corporate meetings and Elections,
- V. By-Laws, Rules, and Regulations,
- VI. Capital Stock and Subscription Thereto,
- VII. Shares Considered as Property.
- VIII. Liability of Shareholders to creditors of Corporations,
- IX. Directors,
- X. Ministerial Officers and Agents,
- XII. Formal Execution of Corporate Contracts,
- XIII. Notice to Corporations,
- XIV. Estoppels with Respect to Corporations,
- XV. Ratification by Corporations,
- XVI. Franchises, Privileges, and Exemptions,
- XVII. Corporate Powers and Doctrine of Ultra Vires,
- XVIII. Corporate Bonds and Mortgages,
- XIX. Torts and Crimes of Corporations,
- XX. Insolvent Corporations,
- XXI. Dissolution and Winding up,
- XXII. Actions by and Against Corporations.

The difficulty of selecting from such a list a few titles of paramount

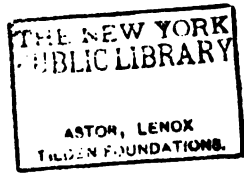
importance is apparent. But as embracing matters of peculiar and constant interest, attention is called to "Consolidation or Amalgamation of Corporations," "Liability of Shareholders to Creditors of Corporations," "Rights and Remedies of Shareholders," "Torts and Crimes of Corporations," and "Actions by and Against Corporations."

The question of the subject of corporate powers and doctrine of *ultra vires* is always important, and to the treatment of this subject here, a special interest attaches in view of the far-reaching effect of certain recent corporate action. This chapter is especially rich in the citation of modern cases, and is thoroughly up to date. It will be found invaluable as embracing many questions and discussing important cases not dwelt upon in any other published work.

The Cyclopedia of Law and Procedure, Volume 10. Edited by William Mack. New York, The American Law Book Company. A new work on corporations by a great author.

. . .

In these days of belauded second-class books, issuing pell mell from groaning presses, a sound piece of advice to readers is—Whenever a new book is thrown at you by a dollar-chasing publisher, go back to an old one. Thus, to make old books new, were a wise task, provided the choice be justified. Everybody who knows anything of English literature is aware that the classics of country life are White's "Natural History of Selborne," and Jefferies' "An English Village." The new edition of the latter, edited by Mr. Hamilton Mabie, and illustrated by Mr. Clifton Johnson, is one of the most admirable examples of making old books new



THE INLANDER

A Monthly Magazine by the Students of Michigan University

TO THE NIGHT WIND

THOMAS MAITLAND MARSHALL

The night-wind blows from the sea, my love,
From the Orient it comes,
From Mandalay and far Cathay,
And from Jaipur, where the Brahmins pray,
From Buddha's huge statue rising gray,
With laden indolence it hums.

Oh, the breath of the Orient, my love,
Is the essence of desire,
Laden with musk and madrigore,
And lotus gathered at Jahore,
With scent of spice from Singapore,
It teases sense like a languous lyre.

Canst feel its touch on thy temples, love,
Its passionate fingers long for thee,
Like a harem song, it pleads and yearns,
'Till the fire of the East within thee burns,
The smoldering fire that reason spurns,
It folds thee in felicity.

THE MUTINY AT CATABANGO

A. C. POUND

AS the government transport, Hancock, plowed its way steadily through the water, the white-clad group of voyagers on the promenade deck gazed landward in ever-increasing wonder. Fairy isles loomed up ahead and disappeared gradually as the great steamer progressed. To the majority of the passengers this was the first journey among the islands of the Philippine archipelago, although some of the party had administered its affairs from their Manila offices for more than a year.

The Hancock was conveying the Philippine commission on a tour of inspection among the Islands. These dignitaries were accompanied by their families, relatives and secretaries. At some fifty or more mud-colored towns, the only ugly spots in that land of tropical splendor, the officials had been wine and dined with more generosity than judgment. Worn out by the continuous round of speech-making and the disposition of so many barbarian menus, most of the commissioners were recuperating in their state-rooms. As a result the merry group on the deck was composed for the most part of younger men and women, whose youthful digestions had not been wrecked by Filipino hospitality.

"We reach Catabango at four o'clock, just an hour from now," announced the captain, as he descended from the bridge.

"Any soldiers there?" asked a young lady coquettishly. Her question brought out a hearty laugh from all except the young secretary, who was vainly trying to monopolize her conversation.

"Really, Miss Newcomb, you are always on the qui vive for new worlds to conquer. Yes, Major Brook commands there. Great martinet, one of the old school soldiers, but several spruce lieutenants might be glad to see you," responded the grizzled captain jovially.

"Good, we're saved. Here's hoping they won't be a bore like those gawky volunteers at Zamboago."

"Anyway, Kate, a uniform is always fair game," exclaimed a laughing voice. Miss Newcomb glanced over her shoulder at her sister, who was safely escouced under a dainty lace parasol held obediently by a blushing second lieutenant of marines.

MUTINY AT CATABANGO

"Don't interrupt, Sue," she said playfully. "Please remember I'm trying to make a good impression on the captain. Well, I guess I'll have to wake poor old daddy. This trip is ruining his digestive apparatus and I suppose the poor man will have to prove his patriotism by eating another native dinner tonight." She vanished down the companion-way, leaving the men smiling indulgently and the women glaring jealously, as they thought of her perfect figure, so admirably gowned and her fair complexion upon which the tropical sun seemed to have no ill effect.

Gossip had a clear field when Miss Kate went below as her sister had meanwhile accepted the arm of the happy lieutenant for a promenade. Mrs. Green, an ancient female with a prominent jaw, who had been invited by a charitable commissioner to whom she claimed relationship, immediately took advantage of the opportunity.

"It seems to me," she began in a rasping whisper, "that those girls carry on too much. Why, its perfectly scandalous and if Judge Newcomb had half an eye he would see it that way. It's a pity their mother didn't live to bring up those girls. Why," she went on indignantly, "they're flirting with every man on board and every soldier at the ports. The old judge, even if he is a good politician and lawyer, has no more brains than a jack-snipe when it comes to making those girls toe the mark. They just wind the judge around their little finger and whatever they say, goes with him. Why, you know, they say those girls can drink more liquor and mix a better cocktail than any man on board."

"But, you know, they lived in New York," returned one of the group, who had evidently never forgotten her youth, "and folks down there don't look on things as we used to."

Meanwhile the Hancock was rapidly nearing its destination. The captain decided that it would be dangerous to run up close to land, so he anchored the transport half a mile out in the bay. A steam launch conveyed the party to the shore. As they stepped out of the launch, a native band hit up an air which sounded suspiciously like "A Hot Time." A company of soldiers, the representatives of Uncle Sam in this far-away Oriental land, were drawn up on the shore to receive the guests. After the formali-

THE MUTINY

ties of introduction were over, the cavalcade, followed by an excited and enthusiastic horde of Filipinos, proceeded to the port.

The officers quarters were put at the disposal of the new arrivals. When the inspection of the garrison had been finished, the "presidente" of the village, a very important little brown individual, arrived with the information, the ever-present climax of festivities, that banquet was ready in the town hall. The commissioners dutifully accepted the invitation; but several of the ladies, including Judge Newcomb's daughters, were excused from the ordeal on the plea of illness.

It was already apparent that these young ladies had impressed the strapping lieutenants favorably. Mutual friends were promptly discovered and before an hour was past, the officers were completely under the spell of coquetish brown eyes. Buried in a wilderness of palms and nipa huts for over a year, it was a foregone conclusion that they would throw their lonely hearts at the first American girls to invade their solitude. Accordingly when the banqueters moved down the path, just as the sun was setting, Lieutenants Hall and Nixon, resplendent in new blue and brass, could be seen enjoying the company of the most consistent flirts in the Islands.

"Remember, girls, that the launch leaves the pier at ten," the Judge called back as he left the house. "The captain says we must be on time if we are to keep our appointment at Laguna tomorrow morning."

After the Filipinos and their guests had alternately assured each other of the undying loyalty of the Islands to the United States, carriages conveyed the Major and his guests to the pier where the launch lay.

The captain was in a hurry to get to sea and glanced impatiently at his vessels which with steam up lay a half mile off shore.

"Every one here," he asked, as the party took their seats.

"I don't believe my daughters are, but I'm sure I told them to be here on time," said the Judge slowly.

"I will send a messenger, said the Major, as he turned to his aide-de-camp. "Sergeant, my respects to the ladies, and ask Lieutenants Hall and Nixon to escort the young ladies here

AT CATABANGO

at once." The aide touched his cap and hurried away. In ten minutes he returned.

"I have the honor to report, sir, that the young ladies said they would come when they are ready and not before."

The Major's jaw stiffened and his gray moustache fairly bristled, as he drew himself up proudly.

"Sergeant, repeat my request to the young ladies, and my orders to the officers. If they refuse again, call out a corporal's guard and escort the Misses Newcomb to the pier. Have them here in twenty minutes. The officers may consider themselves under arrest."

In common with the rest of the party, Judge Newcomb was too thunderstruck to remonstrate.

"By heavens, man," he finally gasped, "I cannot have my daughters treated like that."

"Silence," thundered the Major. Then more calmly: "Please remember that I command here, and my orders must be obeyed. The Hancock must not be delayed because of the fault of my officers."

A quarter of an hour later the sergeant escorted a sulky quartette to the pier. He had evidently not found it necessary to call out the guard. When the girls looked into the angry eyes of the straight old soldier and noticed the awed aspect of the group in the launch, they realized the enormity of their offense and saw what it might mean to their companions.

"Please forgive us," said Miss Sue, with one of her most effective smiles. "The officers are not to blame. You see," she ended rather lamely, "we were having such a jolly time and thought papa could arrange to have the launch wait."

Peter Newcomb, who had by this time recovered his usual good humor, added his voice to the apology.

"Major," said he, "you are the first man my girls ever struck that they couldn't boss. I gave up long ago. If their own old daddy cannot bring them to terms, no wonder these handsome young fellows found it impossible."

"Since you put it in that light," said the Major, still on his dignity, "I'll revoke the penalty on these officers, but order must be maintained."

THE MUTINY AT CATABANGO

"Aye, aye, sir," assented the captain, as the launch began to churn the water. "I've had some experience in that line, myself." By the time the Hancock was reached, he had fully decided that the next breach of ship discipline by the Newcomb girls would be punished by a liberal application of Major Brook's recipe. But the captain had been too long under the spell of brown eyes to attempt any arbitrary measures, and the two New Yorkers lorded it over the Hancock during the remainder of the trip in spite of their rout at Catabango.

Soon after the commission returned to Manila, Major Brook received official notice from headquarters that he had been brevetted colonel for conspicuous bravery in the face of danger. The recommendation had been signed by the entire commission, and Judge Newcomb's name appeared at the head of the list. By the same mail, two dainty envelopes addressed to Lieutenants R. P. Hall and S. M. Nixon reached Catabango Fort.

The Major relaxed his dignity a little under the influence of his unexpected promotion. "Gentlemen," he said to his officers that night at mess, "our mutiny looked dangerous for a time; but it seems to have benefited every one concerned. I hope that our fortunate lieutenants may soon be able to announce the unconditional surrender of the chief conspirators," he added, as he raised his wine-glass.

CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE

RUTH DUTCHER

PROFESSOR LANE laid down his glasses and looked long and silently into the eyes of the assistant.

"This is a very serious matter," he said finally.

"It is that, of course," responded the assistant. "I suppose it means expulsion?"

"Inevitably," was the grave answer.

The assistant walked to the window and stood looking out absently over the snow-covered Campus. At length he turned suddenly, and walking back to the desk, picked up the sheets of rhetoric paper and the magazine which he had reluctantly handed to Professor Lane ten minutes before.

"I can't understand it," he said. "She is surely an unusually clever writer. I can't bring myself to believe that this—that she has ever done this before. And it's so wonderfully like her in style—in mannerism, if I may say so."

"Either she has deliberately copied this man—what's his name? I never heard of him before—from the first, or she has been very fortunate in finding an author whose style conformed to hers, exactly."

"But her writing has developed steadily. She has acquired this very style almost under my eyes, it seems. I am firmly convinced that she has been original in her work up to this point. Besides, there have been impromptu exercises in the class, where she must have depended on her own resources."

"The evidence is still indisputable," answered Professor Lane. "The plagiarism is almost word for word. And in the slight changes she *has* made, she *has* beyond dispute improved it."

There was another short silence.

"The motive, of course, is still lacking," remarked the elder man. "It is possible that it may be explained by some decided defect of character—indolence, or ambition, ill-directed; but it is not probable."

The assistant stood gazing from the window, and made no reply. Suddenly he started.

CIRCUMSTANTIAL

"She is coming into the building," he said, turning. "Don't you think we might—"

"By all means," assented the other, gravely. "Ask her to come in here." He sighed almost unconsciously when he found himself alone. "Still," he murmured philosophically, "this is really *flagrante delicto*." And he smiled as he thought of the ubiquitous king's pet phrase.

In a moment the assistant flung open the door, and followed Miss Marvin in. She was fresh from a brisk walk up town, and her cheeks were becomingly flushed. She glanced questioningly from the younger man to the older.

"You wished to see me?"¹ she asked in her clear decisive voice.

Insensibly Professor Lane began to develop a prejudice against the assistant.

"Yes, Miss Marvin," he said gently; and then, even as the assistant had shown them to him, so he, without a word, spread out before her eyes her last theme and the accusing magazine. Her eyes ran hurriedly over the opening words of each. They were identical. Her color deepened slightly as she turned to Professor Lane.

"I suppose it was rather a queer thing to do," she began frankly.

"Queer! Good heavens!" said the assistant, under his breath.

"But," she continued, "I really hadn't time to write anything—I was working on a Latin paper, and—"

"My dear Miss Marvin," answered Professor Lane, "it cannot be possible that you realize the seriousness of this affair. A thing like this cannot be passed over, you know."

The girl looked slightly bewildered. "Of course I have never done it before," she said, and I shall never do it again; but the magazine happened to be lying on my writing table, and it was *so* much easier than thinking up something new."

The assistant could no longer restrain himself.

"Have you no realizing sense of what you have done, Miss Marvin?" he said excitedly. "Don't you know that plagiarism is—"

EVIDENCE

"Plagiarism!" cried Miss Marvin, sharply. "What do you mean?"

He stood silent, bewildered by the anger blazing in her candid eyes. Suddenly it dawned upon her. She grew a bit pale, and leaned for a moment against the desk. Ignoring the assistant, she turned to the other man.

"I *wrote* that story, Professor Lane," she said in a low tone, "I wrote it last summer, and it was accepted and published last month. I can show you the editor's letter."

There was an appeal in the dignity of her quiet voice.

Professor Lane at once experienced an intense relief that made itself felt in his manner. He became cordial, expansive, almost paternal.

"My dear young lady," he said courteously, "that will not be necessary. And I need not say that no one, more than myself, regrets the—ah—unfortunate experience to which you have been subjected. But you must admit, Miss Marvin, that appearances were really very much against you; and unfortunately, it is by appearances that we must judge—in most cases, at least."

The color was returning to the girl's cheeks.

"I suppose," she said, hesitatingly, "that I have no reason to feel badly about it, but—"

"I understand perfectly," he answered gently, as he ceremoniously walked with her to the door. The assistant walked solemnly at her other side. He said nothing. There really seemed to be nothing for him to say. As she went out he bowed deferentially to her, and glanced inquiringly at Professor Lane. He had an irritating suspicion that he had been over-zealous.

Professor Lane returned to the desk, picked up the magazine and scattered sheets of paper, and handing them to the assistant, pushed him gently toward the door. "Come," he said, "it's nearly dinner time." There was a comprehensive twinkle in his eye as he added softly: "And we learn something every day, even in college."

TO YOU

GEORGE JUDSON KING

In a certain second story
I have a pleasant room,
And the atmosphere prevailing here
Has not a shade of gloom;
With merry jests of repartee,
The blues are put to rout,
And if you can tell a story, why—
The
Latch-
String's
Out.

The walls are hung with pictures
From masters old and new.
And if gentle art can swift impart
Her rapture thrills to you,
You'll be a happy fellow
While you linger here, no doubt,
So if you love a picture, why—
The
Latch-
String's
Out.

On every shelf and table,
On the bed, and chairs, and floor,
Are books for looks, and books for use,
And magazines galore.
'Tis well to know a few things
The masters wrote about,
So bring the book you love, and find
The
Latch-
String's
Out.

TO YOU

Long hours of heart to heart talks
With souls that live and know,
Will help beguile and reconcile
Us to our lot below;
Whether we think alike or not,
We'll never sulk nor pout,
And if camaraderie 'o joy to you,
The
Latch-
String's
Out.

The door squeaks on its hinges,
With a squeak that's ever true,
In welcome to the fellows that
Make up the elect few,
Who live for something better
Than the rabble quarrels about,
And if you've the right gleam in your eye—
The
Latch-
String's
Out.

A FISH STORY

WM. C. SANFORD

JACK RUSSELL walked slowly back and forth along the promenade deck, lost in thought. He had been placed in a strange position for which he had no fancy. The Governor of the state, with a party of ladies and gentlemen, was going for an outing and fishing trip to his summer place on the shore of Lake Superior. Although the Governor would allow no correspondents with the party, Russell's paper had sent him to get as much of a story as was possible.

Ordinarily this would have been a pleasant duty, one accompanied by some adventure and chance for originality. But in this case Russell knew the Governor's daughter; and Miss Margaret was with the party. He had met her when they were both freshmen at the college. She was a strange girl, who would rather go to a big university, than to an eastern girl's school. He in turn was a strange man, who cared more for English than football. And so they grew to be friends. She left college after her second year; but he kept on with his work, and developed an ambition to become a writer. Then he graduated and became a journalist, and after two years of service he had become the leading correspondent for the *Free Press*.

It was rather late in the evening, so most of the people were inside. He grew tired, but instead of going in, he went up to the bow, where he sat down and lighted his pipe. It was one of those beautiful nights that are seen nowhere on earth except on the Great Lakes. He smoked in silence for some time, enjoying the breeze and moonlight.

All of a sudden he was aware that some one was walking toward him. It seemed to him as if there was something familiar in the appearance of the stroller. She was a rather slender girl in a blue sailor suit, then he remembered her: it was Margaret. He did not have long to think, for she was walking directly to where he was sitting. As soon as she noticed him, he arose and spoke to her.

"How do you do, Margaret?" he said simply.

She was startled at first, but remembered him almost the next instant.

A FISH STORY

"Why Jack!" she said. "Is that you? I am ever so glad to see you."

They had a great deal to tell each other, so he offered his arm and they began to walk the deck. He told her about the last two years at college, and about his work since he had graduated. Then she told him about herself; how she had spent a year traveling in Europe, and how glad she was to get back. She explained to him all about the trip they were on; and invited him to be one of the party.

"But of course", she added, "you must not write a newspaper story about it."

Then he confessed to her just what his paper had sent him to do. After talking the matter over, they decided that he should go with the party, but should send nothing to the paper without the Governor's consent.

It was a merry fishing party that set out from camp a few days later. Russell wished to go with Margaret, but she had arranged that he should go with her father. He found the Governor a fine fellow, who knew a great deal about fish and fish stories. Between the Governor's experiences and Russell's tobacco, they soon became as old friends.

They reached the fishing grounds by sunrise; and anchored on the bank of weeds just at the edge of deep water. The fish did not seem to be biting, they worked hard all morning, with only a few small bass for their reward. In the afternoon they went several miles farther along the shore to the mouth of a small river. Here their luck was much better. By six o'clock they had a good string, but none of any great size. It was getting late, but they kept on fishing and hoping for a big one.

Suddenly their hopes were realized. The Governor made a long cast toward the shore; and his minnow was seized as soon as it touched the water. Then the battle was on. The fish made for deep water, but he had to fight every inch of the way. Time after time he was reeled in, only to plunge away again when in sight of the boat. The struggle lasted for twenty minutes. Then the fish began to show signs of weakening. Slowly, but surely he was brought to the side of the boat. Russell was ready with the landing net; and the fish was soon lying before them.

A FISH STORY

It was a great pickerel, which weighed just twenty-two pounds. The Governor was as happy as a boy over his first sun-fish. He regarded his catch admiringly, while Russell rowed slowly homeward.

Suddenly he looked up and said, "Did I understand my daughter to say that you were connected with the *Free Press*?"

"Yes, sir," said Russell wonderingly.

"Well, do you think," he continued, "that you could write a good story about this trip?"

"I am quite sure I could," Russell assured him.

"Be sure and mention the fish," added the Governor proudly.

When they reached camp that night, the rest of the party were waiting for them at the shore. On the way to the house, the Governor walked ahead, explaining how he caught the fish, but Russell walked behind with Margaret.

"Well," she said, "did Papa ask you to put it in the paper?"

"Yes," he answered, quite surprised.

"I thought he would," she said laughingly.

Then he understood it all. This was Margaret's work.

"Margaret," he said softly, "you are the dearest girl in the world."

But just then the Governor called her to come and see the fish.

HIS FIRST CASE

J. M. B.

“MY cases must have been taken from the drawer; I remember distinctly putting them in there and locking the drawer. When I went to get them to go over my trial for the last time, the key was in my pocket where I put it, and I opened the drawer readily enough, but not one brief was there. I don't think the fellow who has the other side of the case, took them, for he is a fine fellow and above anything like that. But, if the person who got the cases, gives them to him, it will mean a whole lot to me, for I had a great many briefs of arguments, not only on my own side, but also on his. I shall have to argue now, without notes of any kind, except those I have just scribbled down.”

“Four o'clock, James; it will be up to you in about five minutes. Good luck, old fellow. Don't lose your head; you probably will not win now, but you can make a good fight of it. Good-bye, old boy.”

The conversation had been carried on by two students, outside of the law building. A case was to be tried by the senior laws, and one of the two speakers, a stranger before this year in the university, was the attorney for the negative in the case. At the ringing of the four o'clock bell, doors quickly flew open; the before deserted campus was filled with hurrying students; men poured out of the law building. When his friend left him, James ran quickly up the steps and through the crowds in the halls to the room where the case was to be tried. Just as he entered the room, a lusty “rah!” for his opponent, Ellis, rang out. When the laws saw James, as an afterthought, the good-natured fellows shouted for him, but James felt, as he entered that everything was against him. He had lost his carefully worked-out briefs; he was a comparative stranger in college, and Ellis was well-known and very popular, among the law students gathered in the room. The force of circumstances and opinion was clearly against him. If he could have heard the words spoken by two elderly gentlemen, strangers in the department, who were sitting

HIS FIRST

in the back of the room, he would not have been disheartened.

"The young fellow, James, looks as if he had brains and grit. I shouldn't wonder if he would win."

The other nodded, and answered:

"Yes, they tell me Ellis is a popular fellow, and a good talker, but James has the knowledge, and a genuine enthusiasm for his work."

Anyone looking at him critically would have said the same. He was a fine young fellow, small in stature, but standing very straight. His broad forehead and square, determined chin and his large, firm mouth were in direct contrast to the face of his opponent, Frank, laughing, debonnaire, with rounded, regular features, and dancing eyes.

Ellis was to speak first; all hearts went out to him, as he began, a little boyishly, to argue his case. He stood in the midst of a perfect library of books; as many as eighty, great law volumes were piled up around him. He cited case after case in a fine argument of the question; every case he verified in black and white, from the volumes about him. He finished his argument with the graceful ease of a polished talker. The room rang with the applause of his student friends. It seemed that James was beaten utterly; nothing seemed left for him to say. One of the gentlemen in the back of the room said:

"That was a fine talk; it will be hard for James to do anything." The other answered, "If James can see them, and doesn't lose his head, there are some loopholes left open for him yet."

James walked to the front of the room, and stood there awkwardly for a minute, in the midst of the applause for his opponent. The man in the back said, uneasily, "He has lost his head." James's face was very pale, and the lines of his square chin and his firm mouth stood out distinctly.

"Honorable Judge, gentlemen of the jury." At the first words the room grew still. Everyone was surprised at the firm tone of the young man's voice. "I am afraid I came here today laboring under a misapprehension. I came to argue a case and I find there is to be a reading contest. I am afraid I cannot enter in such a contest, for I have not practised it, nor have I brought

CASE

books; I shall be obliged to argue my case. Even my argument must be handicapped, for I come here without notes or briefs, due to a very mysterious disappearance of my evidence at the last moment. Even handicapped as I am, I feel that it will be easy for me to win my case. There are many flaws in my opponent's polished argument."

Flaws! One after another he seemed to find them and to bring them out with stinging, sarcastic words. The confident, pitying look died out of the faces of the students, and a look of intense interest took its place. The face of one of the gentlemen in the back of the room was as white as the speaker's own. The only sound in the room was the harsh, rasping voice of the little attorney. His eyes were blazing and his square jaws seemed to pound out the words he spoke. Every one forgot that he was small and awkward. At last he stopped; he had long overrun the time allotted him to speak. His opponent's argument was shattered. There was dead silence in the room for a minute, after he finished, then the students on the jury began talking in low tones. In a minute the foreman rose, and said:

"Mr. Judge, the decision of the jury is unanimous in favor of the negative. We wish to extend our congratulations to Mr. James."

Every one in the room agreed to the verdict of the jury, yet there was little applause. Some few men came up and shook hands with James; more gathered around Ellis. But the majority went silently out of the room, or gathered in groups to talk in low tones about the mysterious disappearance of James' briefs.

That evening the two gentlemen who sat in the back of the room, called upon James. One of them asked permission to try to open the drawer in which James had kept his briefs, with a key which he had brought. The key easily opened the drawer. The gentleman turned to his friend, and said, "Convicted on circumstantial evidence," then he spoke to James.

"Ellis's father was my partner in a law firm, when we were young men," he said. "He ran away one night, taking a large amount of money belonging to the firm, with him, and has never been heard of since. I said I would never trust his son; but, for the sake of young Ellis's mother, who is my sister, I decided

HIS FIRST CASE

to break my word and to take my nephew into the partnership his father had held, provided he won the case this afternoon. Ellis knew what depended on his argument today. This is the key to his writing-desk, and your landlady tells me he called upon you some few days ago, when you were out, and he went into your room to leave a card. The sins of the father, according to the evidence, have been visited upon the son. I heard your argument today; you are the sort of man I want for a partner, and I think we can easily agree to the terms on which we can enter into partnership. I do not want you to answer, of course, until you have looked into the matter, but I think you will find you are not doing amiss by accepting my offer, for I have the largest law practice in the city of Grand Rapids.

BOOKS

Exchanges

The April magazines of the various colleges and universities were especially rich in good essays. "Books in Old Virginia" in the *University of Texas Magazine*, "The Club—Heroding of Herod" in the *Yale Literary Magazine*, "Notes on Turner" in the *Harvard Monthly*, and "The Celtic School and Yeats" in the *Georgetown College Journal*, are a few essays that show considerable search, and are well handled by the writers.

In the realm of verse we would commend "Carmen Amorum" in the *University of Texas Magazine*, "Love Song" in the *Vassar Miscellany*, "The Rose—True's Secret" in the *Brunorrian*, and "Inspiration" in the *Georgetown College Journal*.

Good stories are "The Loss of Heart's Desire" in the *Vassar Miscellany*, "The Hunger of Phacides" in the *Harvard Monthly*, and "Over the Pass into Five" in the *Yale Literary Magazine*. The last named is an unusually strong bit of fiction. "German Falls—how" in the *Smith College Monthly* is a very pleasing fantasy. "The Soul of a Dog" in the *University of Texas Magazine* is the title of a short sketch which contains more than mere words. "A Letter from Italy" in the *Bowdoin Quill* is interesting.

Books

It has come to be the fashion in the composition classes of most schools and colleges to spend a considerable part of the time in the analysis and appreciation of well-

written prose. To meet the needs of such classes a variety of compilations have been made of which Gurney's *Handbook of Rhetorical Analysis* is perhaps the most notable example. Very recently has appeared the collection by Professors Carpenter and Brewster which is the subject of this notice. Like its predecessors it has drawn upon the classics of English literature—the writings of Gibbon, Macaulay, Arnold, Ruskin, Newman, and DeQuincey; but it differs from similar compilations in that it covers a wider net and gathers in such names as Hamlin Garland, James Lane Allen, Maurice Hewlett, Jack London, and others whose immortality is by no means firmly established. There is even a selection from Greenough and Kittridge's "Words and their Ways" sandwiched between Huxley's "Glacier Ice" and Arnold's "Sweetness and Light." Granting, however, that catholicity of choice is unobjectionable in so extensive a collection, it is due to the compilers to say that choice has been made with taste, judgment, and a lively sense for the actual need of college freshman. The important types and sub-types of prose discourse are appropriately represented. Many varieties of individual styles are brought up before the student for comparison. Best of all, the selections are interesting to young readers. There is little risk in prophesying that the work will become a standard text-book for freshman classes in colleges and universities.

Modern English Prose. Selected and edited by George Rice Carpenter and William Tenny Brewster, Professors in Columbia University. New York: 1904. The Macmillan Company.

BOOKS

"Books that you may carry to the fire and hold readily in your hand," said Doctor Johnson, "are the most useful after all." The good Doctor would have been pleased, we may be sure, with these handy little volumes, which slip easily into the side-pocket of one's coat. Nor is this their prime quality. No better edited texts have appeared of late from any source. With interesting and scholarly prefaces, full equipment of notes (not too many), bibliography and glossary, they are ideal editors, both for the class-room and the private library.

(1) *The Good Natur'd Man and She Stoops to Conquer*, by Oliver Goldsmith. Edited by Austin Dobson and George P. Baker. (2) *Eastward Hoe*, by Jonson, Chapman and Marston, and Jonson's *The Alchemist*. Edited by Felix E. Schelling. Boston: 1903. Heath & Company. The Belles-Lettres Series.

. . .

This book is a good specimen of what may be called the dogmatics of criticism. The writer assumes that the principles of art and literature which he sets forth are accepted, and always have been accepted, by everybody in the world who is or has been entitled to an opinion. He gives not the slightest suggestion that critics for thousands of years have held diametrically opposite view—have indeed made their reputations by undermining one another's strongholds. One might suppose that the violent upheavals of the past few

years in the theory of literature would send some tremor through the book. But no, all is calm as the surface of a mill-pond. In short, the work is written in the fashion of the logical treatises of fifty years ago, when men spoke with bated breath of the "laws of mind" and of the dreadful things that would happen if these laws were violated. Perhaps for immature pupils this is well to conceal from such pupils the unsettled foundations of modern critical theory, just as we conceal from them the fact that nobody really has any idea how Greek and Latin poetry was scanned. But certainly, for good or evil, the stream of tendency is setting in the other direction. In the best modern text-books there is nowadays something of the stir and fret of the laboratory. High school pupils somehow hear of fourth-dimensional space and the non-Euclidean geometry, and hearing of these things, grow restless. To young persons who have caught something of the vibration of living criticism, Professor Painter's book will, I fear, seem to have the airs and graces of an old-fashioned beau.

The work is simply and pleasantly written, presents all of the commonplaces of rhetoric and style, and is illustrated by well-chosen extracts in both prose and verse.

Elementary Guide to Criticism. By F. V. N. Painter. Boston: 1903. Ginn & Co.

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MADAME GIELOW will make her debut in Ann Arbor under the auspices of the S. L. A. The date of her appearance has not been definitely fixed, but it will probably be during the *last week in October*. Madame Gielow is well described as a writer and dialect reader. She chooses to portray the negro of the South and that she has been successful is shown by the reception accorded her while in England by King Edward and Queen Alexandra.

President Northrop of Minnesota, Walter Wellman, Isabel Beecher, Lyman Abbott, F. Hopkinson Smith, Henry van Dyke, and the *Oratorical Contest* are the remaining numbers of the course. The Association is in correspondence with President Eliot of Harvard, Secretary Cortelyou, and Senator Stone of Missouri, and confidently expects to secure one of the above named.

The Association has made it possible in presenting its attractions at an early date to allow for a discontinuance of the course before the opening of spring.

THE ASS'S HEAD—BOOKS

are put right in these other things. And now the goose is hot, and we'll see about those knees. One dollar. Good day, sir; better come again Monday and let us look you over.

Do students read and buy books? Apparently not, in the opinion of this bookseller:—

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"Yrs trly,
" ————"

We can live without prose—What is prose but a vanity? We can live without verse—what is verse but insanity? Song of the Business Manager We can live without fiction, or science, or fads, but where is the journal that can live without "ads"?

BOOKS RECEIVED

The Jones Readers, a new basal series in five books, by L. H. Jones, Principal of Michigan State Normal School, Ypsilanti. Ginn & Co., Boston.

Agriculture for Beginners, by Burkett, Stevens, & Hill. Ginn & Co., Boston.

Special Method in History, by Charles A. McMurray. The Macmillan Co., New York.

The Elements of Arithmetic in Theory and Practice, by John W. Hopkins and P. H. Underwood. The Macmillan Co., New York.

The Primary Public School Arithmetic, by J. A. McLellan and A. F. Ames. Teachers' Edition. The Macmillan Co., New York.

Mental Arithmetic, by John W. Hopkins and P. H. Underwood. The Macmillan Co., New York.

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THE TAXIDERMIST

"You work too hard," said the taxidermist's wife.

"O stuff, stuff," said the taxidermist.

DON'T

"Don't marry a housemaid"

"Why?"

"She'll make your dust fly."

Weak heads forget, strong hearts forgive.

Conversation is the birthplace of wit.

P'RAPS

When my ship comes in

With 'er load of tin,

'Spose I won't feel jolly

Er wuth a dum, by golly,

Till it's all spent agin.

—R. R. K.

THE DANGER

"He was sitting on the rail of the boat smokin' a cigarette. 'Twas mighty dangerous."

"Yes, them cigarettes is bad things."

Cash Did The Business

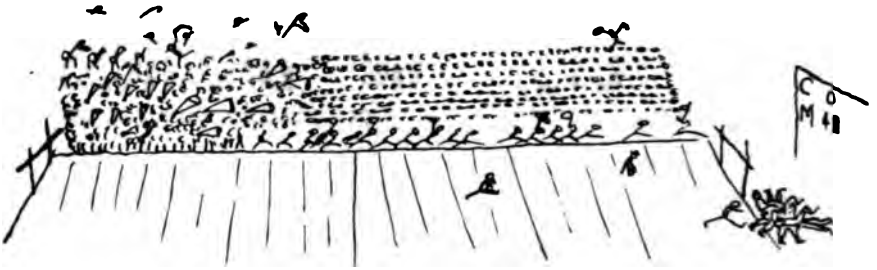
We made a cash offer to Mr. Stern of Rochester, N. Y. to close five lines of Overcoats and we got them. These coats will be on sale the latter part of this week, and if you are alive to your own interest you will own one of them

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1. If those who do not go are not disappointed concerning this;



2. And if those who go witness something similar to this;



3. And see nothing like this;



4. And experience nothing so thrilling as this; then we will take up once more the routine of life, and be thankful for Thanksgiving.

QUITE OTHERWISE

Near-sighted Papa—That must be one of your 'Varsity rooters, Maud.

Maud Sophomore — Why, papa, that's old Mr. Brown sneezing.

Hit's a good thing to pray, but you sutny otto pray in a sensible man-nah. Ah knew a man to pray in front of a railroad train to have it stop, an' it did stop, too, but ah wouldn' a had the lambastin' that coon got when th' engineer climbed down. That man sutny was ired.

THE ROGUE, PAT

Pat was up before the magistrate for purloining a pair of trousers.

In vain had he denied the charge. The evidence against him was too conclusive.

Finally he admitted the theft; but "they wasn't fit to wear, anyway, yer honor."

"Where are the trousers now, Pat?"

Pat looked slyly down at his legs, then up at the judge, and said with a grin:—

"Shure, I'm wearin' them, yer honor."

A SOLITARY WAY

Tonight a lonely road, wide gloom of field and sky,

Clouds chase the quivering moon, but never glint of star;

Wind's breath from hay new-mown and pines that tower and sigh

And on the dark hillside, one light alone and far.

Pale winds the road away, a ghost of dreams forgot:

Still path to shades and sleep which never dream shall mar!

Heart's moan, the hurrying clouds blow by and answer not,

So long, so long the way,—ah, my one light, how far!

—*The Stanford Sequoia*

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SLOW TRAINS

"Yes," said the man on the back platform, "travel is rapid transit sure enough these days. Now I remember when speed such as these street cars develop would make an engine driver's hair stand on end. Say, we used to have a train go past our district school when I was a kid so slow that in the winter time we used to amuse ourselves breaking the window of the rear end door with snowballs as the train went by at full speed."

"I remember that train," piped up the little man in the ulster, "one day the fireman wanted to see a fellow at the end of the run half an hour sooner than the train was scheduled to arrive, and to accommodate him the conductor started half an hour early and missed all his passengers. Said he didn't care if he did lose half-a-dollar or so."

"Did no one object?"

"I believe some one did remonstrate, but as the fireman and conductor had a controlling interest in the road, the kick didn't avail."

THE TRUE QUEST

I wondered if all Time could give
Enough of hours for half my toil,
Or books, or wealth, or worlds supply
A mind insatiate for spoil.
Heart-worn I stole from tasks undone
To nature's busier haunts and hives,
Sure no eternity could pay
For half the pain of human lives.

The sweet airs swept from heaven's
gates
Through apple-bloom and violet
meadow,
The sweet-fern nestled by the wood,
And from the pool where fell his
shadow
The robin drank his fill and sang.
I heard the sound of children's
laughter,
Their glad arms dropping blossomed
gold;
I wondered what I was striving after.

—*The Bowdoin Quill*

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BOOKS

known to me. Jefferies' work is a delight in itself, and this edition succeeds in rendering it even more charming. The pictures, made on the spot in Wiltshire, bring back Jefferies' very haunts to us, and play

their accessory part with the utmost effect. No lover of good literature can afford to be without this beautiful volume.

R. M. W.

An English Village. By Richard Jefferies.
Little, Brown & Co., Boston. 1903.

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MARY WILHELMINA HASTINGS

The bank is blue with violets
A-dancing in the breeze,
The fields are bright with gay sunlight,
And gemmed with budding trees,
Sweet April smiles on all our ways,
Deep wood and dappled lea—
Ah, Sweetheart of the April days,
Have you no smile for me?

The brooding skies grow darkly gray,
The gentle raindrops fall
And brim the cup each flower holds up,
And hush the robin's call.
Nature's dear face grows dim—ah,
Sweet,
E'en April weeps to see!
My heart lies broken at your feet—
Have you no tears for me?
—*Smith College Monthly*

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Volume Fourteen

218071

Number One

September

1903

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TABLE OF CONTENTS

	PAGE
TO THE NIGHT WIND—THOMAS MAITLAND MARSHALL	401
THE MUTINY AT CATABANGO—A. C. POUND	402
CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE—RUTH DUTCHER	407
TO YOU—GEORGE JUDSON KING	410
A FISH STORY—WM. C. SANFORD	412
HIS FIRST CASE—J. M. B.	415
EXCHANGES	419
BOOK REVIEWS—	419

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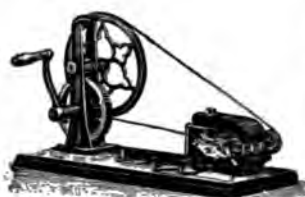
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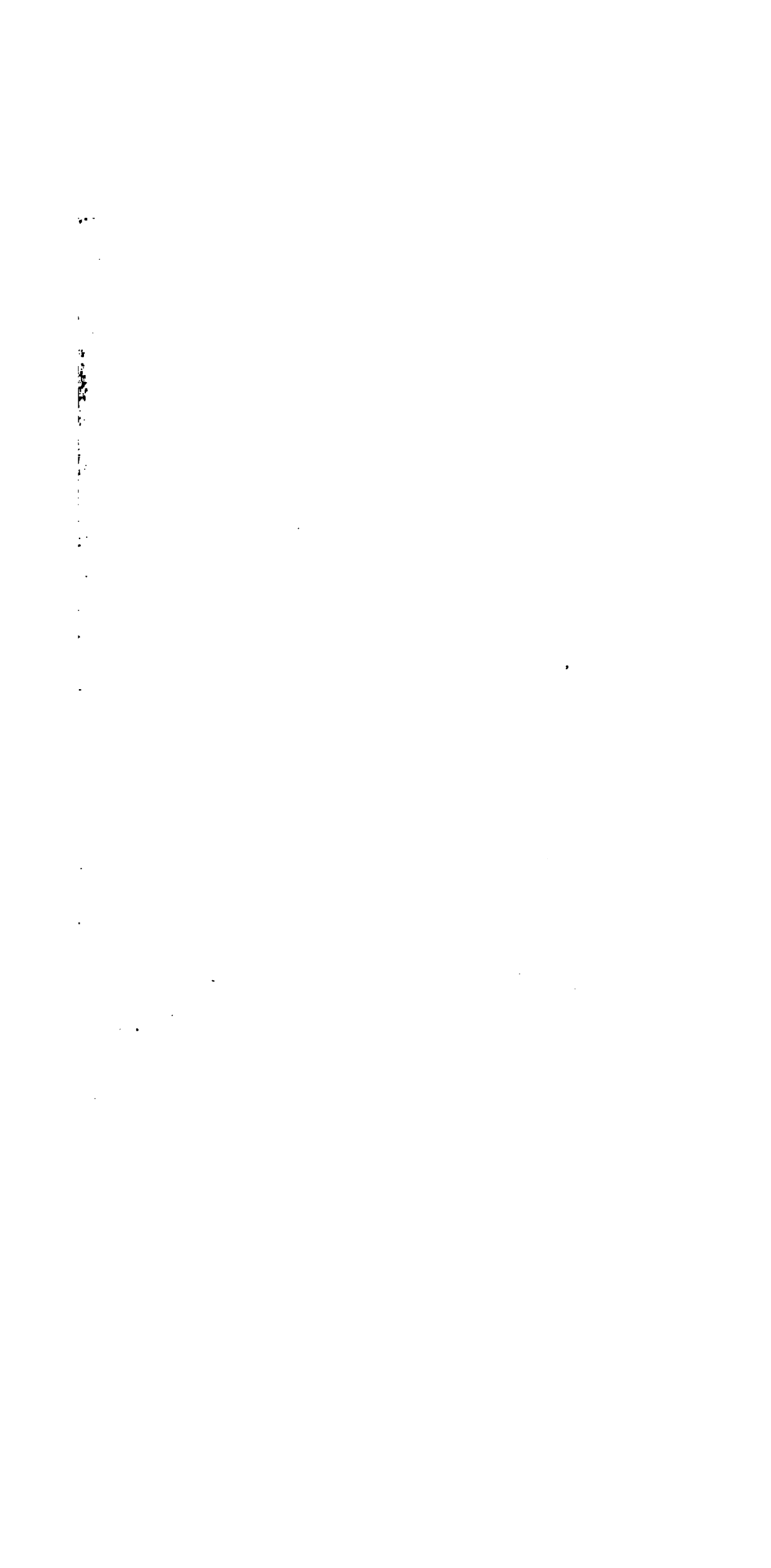
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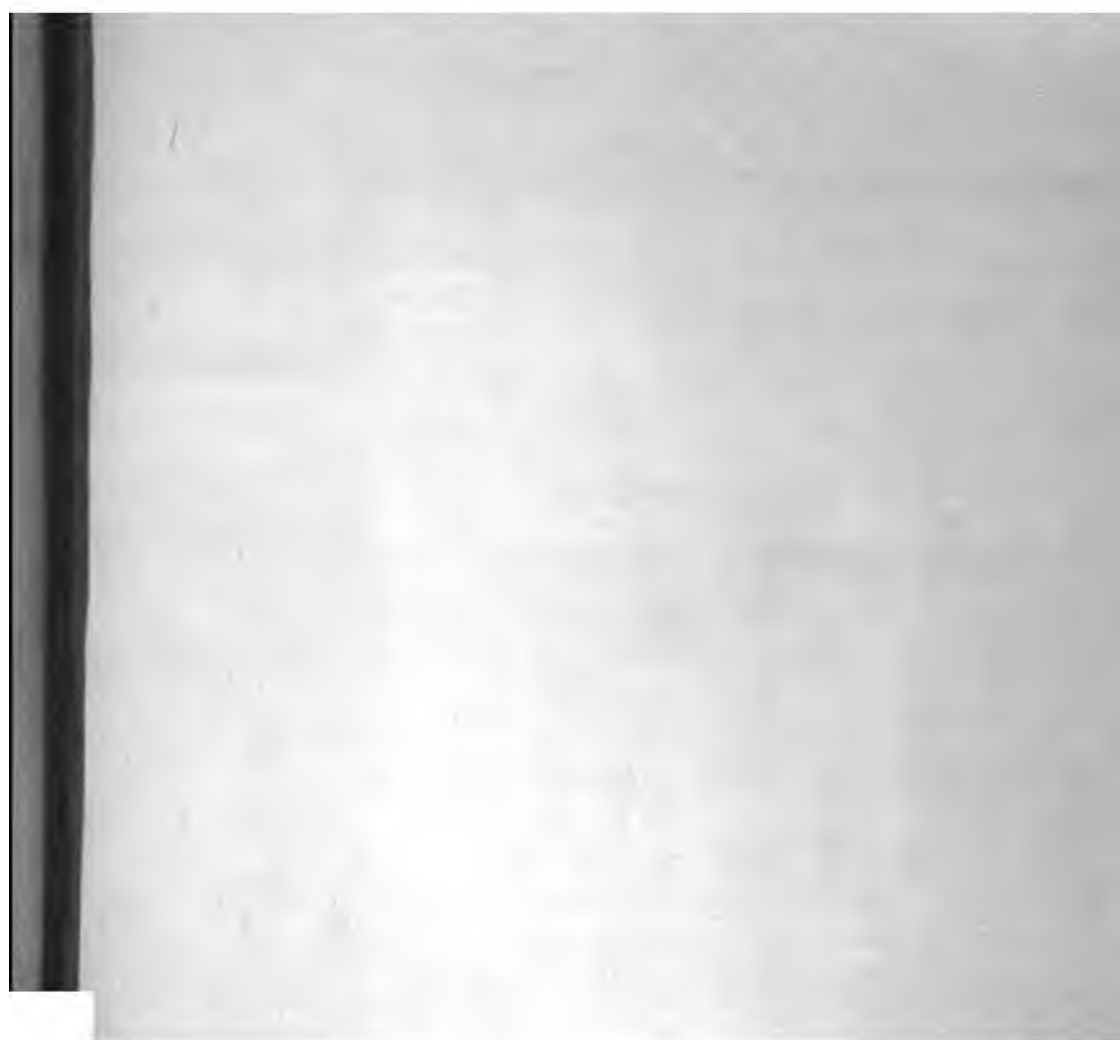
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